

MCCALL'S

February
1932

Ten Cents
15 Cents in Canada



Beginning TEMPLE BAILEY'S
gayest romance

LITTLE GIRL LOST

also Land Of The Pilgrims' Pride

Decidedly smart
for Bathrooms, this

BON AMI

package de luxe



Smart, indeed—in every sense of the word! It's smart to have a good cleanser always handy on the side of your tub or on the shelf—always ready quickly to make spotless basin, tiles, tub, windows, mirrors, woodwork, etc. And Bon Ami in this lovely, new, *de luxe* Package for Bathrooms, is so smart in appearance that you're proud to keep it out in plain sight, anywhere. It harmonizes perfectly with any bathroom color scheme. Smart, too, in the design of its sifter-top . . . under the neat, brass cap are four holes already made.

This big (almost double size) black and gold package contains exactly the same Bon Ami millions have used for years. Ask your grocer for it—along with the regular Bon Ami Powder and Cake packages for kitchen and general use. Bon Ami has no unpleasant smell, doesn't scratch, doesn't leave gritty sediment—and does not redden the hands. THE BON AMI COMPANY NEW YORK, N. Y.



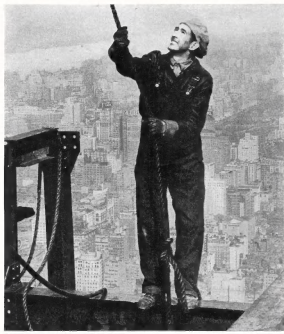
She—LIVES ON PARK AVENUE

You may have all the luxuries money can buy—and every attention and comfort in the world—but they won't keep you safe from "pink tooth brush."



He—ONLY WORKS THERE

And no matter how strong and muscular you are, or how much time you've spent out-of-doors, your gums need daily attention—to keep them firm!



"Pink Tooth Brush" doesn't care *Who* you are!

A WOMAN of wealth is just as likely to have a "pink tooth brush" as is the woman who slaves in a factory. And hard muscles and splendid general health won't keep you from having "pink tooth brush"! Even *truck* drivers can have it! For "pink tooth brush" is the result of a *gum* condition, and can be defeated only one way—through daily, intelligent care of the gums.

Gums become soft and flabby because they don't get enough stimulation. The foods of civilization are too soft to give it to them. That's why your gums

finally become so tender that you find "pink" on your tooth brush.

And while a first tinge of "pink" needn't frighten you, it's wise to combat "pink tooth brush" before it leads to serious gum troubles, such as gingivitis and Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea. It's certainly wise to get rid of it before it threatens sound teeth!

Start in today hardening those unhealthy, touchy gums of yours with Ipana and massage. Clean your teeth twice daily with Ipana Tooth Paste. First of all, it's a *good* tooth paste. And don't forget that a good

tooth paste, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury.

Then, each time, put a little *extra* Ipana on your brush and rub it into your gums. Don't rinse it off. The zincol, the toning agent in Ipana, does better work if left there.

In a few days your teeth will look much whiter—more sparkling, too. Before the first tube of Ipana is gone, your gums will have recovered some of the firmness they had when you were a child. Keep on using Ipana with massage, regularly—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush"!

Ipana
TOOTH
PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E-22

75 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

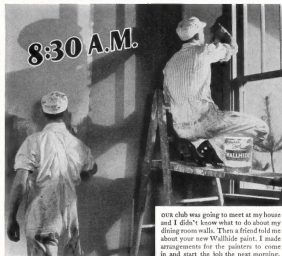
Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

© 1935, B.-M. Co.

*"We had dinner in our dining room
the same day it was painted"*



Our club was going to meet at my house and I didn't know what to do about my dining room walls. Then a friend told me about your new Wallhide paint. I made arrangements for the painters to come in and start the job the next morning.



They actually put on two coats of this marvelous new paint and were out of the house by 4:10. I hung my pictures, curtains and drapes and we had dinner in our dining room that same evening.

—from a letter by a woman in Glencoe, Ill.

"VITOLIZED* OIL"...

makes it possible to paint walls one or two coats
and hang your pictures the same day

ANY woman who has ever had her home torn up for the painters will welcome this news. For now, a new discovery has made it possible to apply the second coat of paint to your walls within four hours after the first coat has been put on—and your pictures, curtains and drapes can be hung *four hours later*.

Think of it—let the painters start to work in the morning, after your husband leaves for work. Surprise him with clean, new painted walls with rooms all settled when he returns in the evening.

Save money also

This new Vitolized oil wall paint is called Wallhide—and it does hide the old walls better than any paint you have ever seen.

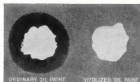
It contains a new pigment known as "Titanium." This Titanium base gives

Wallhide much greater hiding qualities. One coat of Wallhide covers as well as two coats of ordinary paint. This means economy.

One coat of Wallhide is all that is usually needed over old paint. But even on walls that have never been painted, two coats can be applied the same day and still you can hang your curtains and pictures by evening. Have you ever heard of a paint like this before?

Ask your painter to use Wallhide

A paint that brings you such convenience—such saving of trouble, mess and money as this new Vitolized oil paint—is worth insisting on—isn't it? Ask your painter to use it. Mail the coupon now, for testing samples and color card, showing the many beautiful pastel shades in which this remarkable new Wallhide paint is supplied.



*VITOLIZED OIL —stays in the paint

The Vitolizing process gives oil entirely different properties. As used in Wallhide First Coater the Vitolized oil stays in the paint film to keep it alive and elastic indefinitely. The oil is the life of the paint film. When it is absorbed out of the paint, the film is likely to crack, blister or peel. Above we see what happens when a few drops of ordinary first coat paint and a few drops of Wallhide First Coater are placed on common wrapping paper. Note how the ordinary oil soaks into the paper—how the Vitolized oil stays in Wallhide First Coater.

Make your own test— Mail coupon today

Every woman will want to know all about this new kind of paint for walls. Upon request we will gladly send you postpaid, a small tube of Wallhide "Vitolized Oil" paint and a tube of ordinary oil wall paint with full instructions for making an amazing test of this great discovery. Descriptive literature and color chart will be included. Just fill in and mail us the coupon now.



Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.,
Paint and Varnish Division
Dept., 112
Milwaukee, Wis.

Gentlemen: Please send me testing outfit, color chart and literature on Wallhide, the Vitolized Oil wall paint.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



WALLHIDE

THE "VITOLIZED OIL" WALL PAINT



"Lass, I want to wish you all the joy there is—" "Thank you, Pan"

THE TRAIL DRIVER

By Zane Grey
Illustrated by Herbert Stoops

Conclusion

BRITE'S outfit left Dean's Post before sunrise next morning. In the afternoon of that day a band of Comanches rode out from a pass between two hills and held up the cavalcade. Brite galloped ahead in some trepidation, yelling for Reddie to leave the remuda and follow him. When he arrived at the head of the herd, he found Texas Joe and Pan Handle, with the other drivers, lined up before about thirty squat, pointed-faced Indians.

"Boss, meet Nigger Hawse an' his outfit," was Texas' laconic greeting.

"Howdy, Chief," returned Brite casually, facing the stolid Comanche.

"How," replied Nigger Horse, raising his hand.

"What you want, Chief?"

"Beef."

Brite waved a hand toward the herd. "Help yoreself."

The Comanche spoke in low grunts to his men. "Tobacco," he went on, his dark, inscrutable eyes again fixing Brite.

"Plenty. Wagon come," replied Brite, pointing to Moe, who had the team approaching at a trot.

"Flour," resumed the chief, and Brite nodded his willingness.

"Coffee."

Brite held up five fingers to designate the number of sacks he was willing to donate.

"Beans."

"Big bag," replied Brite, striving to remain calm.



Manifestly this generosity from a trail driver had not been the accustomed thing.

"Boss, the old devil wants us to refuse something," put in Texas.

"An' he'll keep on askin' till you have to refuse," added Pan Handle.

Moe arrived with the chuck-wagon, behind which the Comanches rode in a half circle, greedy-eyed and jabbering.

"File out, Moe," ordered Brite. "Open up the box an' get out the goods we selected for this missionary business. An' pretend that the stuff is heavy."

"Yas, s-suh," replied the negro, scared out of his wits.

"Sack of flour first, Moe," said Brite.

"An' throw it up on his hawse."

When this had been done, Brite ordered Moe to burden the Comanche further with a generous donation of tobacco, coffee and beans.

"There you are, Chief," called out Brite.

"Flour," said Nigger Horse.

"You've got it," replied Brite, pointing to the large sack.

The Indian emphatically shook his head.

"The old robber wants more," ejaculated Texas. "Boss, this is where

you stand fast. If you give in now, he won't stop until he's taken all our grub."

"Brite, don't give him any more. We'd better fight than starve," said Pan Handle.

Whereupon Brite, just as emphatically, shook his head and said: "No more, Chief."

The Comanche yelled something in his own tongue. Then he roared at Brite, "Heap powder—bullet."

Brite shook his head in slow and positive refusal.

"Give Injun all!" yelled Nigger Horse.

"Give Injun nothing!" returned Brite, furious at the Indian's unreasonable demand.

"That's the talk, boss," shouted Texas. "You can bluff the old geezer."

"Brite, stick to that," broke in Pan Handle. "If it comes to a fight, Tex an' I are good for Nigger Hawse an' four or five on each side of him. You boys look after the ends."

Reddie, you duck back behind the wagon an' do yore shootin' from there," ordered Texas.

It was a critical moment. The wily old Comanche had made his bluff and it had been called. Probably he understood more of the white man's language than he pretended. Certainly he comprehended the cold front of those frowning trail drivers. Texas and Pan Handle held a gun in each hand. At such close range they would do deadly work before the Comanches could level a rifle or draw a bow. Nigger Horse undoubtedly saw that he had bluffed the wrong outfit, but he did not waver. [Turn to page 100]



Double Action ~ Single Cost



How gleaming bright! How clean and sweet! Knives, pots, pans and everything that's cleaned with Sunbrite Cleanser. Let Sunny and Brite, the busy double-action pair, help you in all your household cleaning. They're the twin spirits of Sunbrite Cleanser. They're in every tiny particle of this matchless cleanser. They sweeten and clean—they scour and purify. You've never met a more effective cleanser than Sunbrite. Order a supply from your grocer today.

Swift & Company

TUNE in daily, except Sunday, 12:15 p.m. E. S. T. for Pat Barnes, 'the man of a hundred voices' on stations—WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WUR, WLW, WENR, WTMJ, KSTP and WEEB. You will enjoy the inimitable program and you will be interested in the premium offer in exchange for Sunbrite labels and Quick Arrow tops. Or, you may get the premium by using the coupon.



Dept. Q.A.M.
Swift & Company,
Chicago, Illinois.

Enclosed find a Sunbrite label and a Quick Arrow top. Please send me the attractive souvenir you are offering.

Name.....

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PATRICIA MARY ELLEN ROBERT JOHN HONOR

Mrs. White sent us this snapshot of her family

Mrs. White's 5 Reasons

FOR THIS ACTUAL LETTER FROM A P AND G HOME

DEAR ANN CUMMINGS, or whoever may get this letter: I have read the letter of the woman in Georgia whose colored Mammy did the washing, the mother from Texas, the mother in Indiana and many others. But I have never read a P AND G story from Kansas where North, South, East and West meet—and where it's just a little muddier when it's muddy—and a little dustier when it's dusty.

And I think I give P AND G a real test, too, living on a farm and with five children and extra help. You can imagine the size of my washings.

There's Mary Ellen, age 14, who loves her wash silk or print frocks. There's Robert, 6 months, who has a wash on the line all the time! They are just two reasons why I need P AND G. To say nothing of little John,

age 5, and Honor, 9, who spend the hot summer days down at the "crick" and often come back—well—none too clean.

But why scold them and spoil their fun when P AND G rolls the dirt out so easily?

And what a satisfaction there is in using P AND G for all cleaning and dishwashing!

If someone else does my shopping and by mistake gets a different brand of soap, Patricia (who is 13 and none too fond of washing dishes) says, "Mother, why don't you get P AND G? I just can't get sud from this soap!"

There is another big reason why I buy P AND G White

Doesn't it seem nicer to use a white soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women are turning to white soaps, and most of them are using P AND G, the White Naphtha Soap!

© 1935, P. & G. Co.



Naphtha. The economy of it counts, now when I'm shaving every expense.

You may tell my P AND G story to the world if you wish.

Mrs. John F. White, Belvue, Kansas

MRS. WHITE'S letter and summery snapshot brightened up a winter day. They were so perfectly grand that I've printed them. I wanted you to have a chance to enjoy them, too.

If you use P AND G White Naphtha you know that it's a mighty fine, quick-working white soap. But perhaps you don't know why P AND G is an outstanding soap bargain. It's because P AND G White Naphtha is the most popular soap in the world. Those firm white cakes of P AND G are made by the millions. So each cake of P AND G costs less to make—and the saving per cake is shared with you!

ANN CUMMINGS

P AND G washes more clothes than
any other soap in the world

He sang of
burning altar fires
—of shrines and
pedestals. But
hers was a song
of hearthfires.

This is their
story

LITTLE GIRL LOST



"Are you going to marry him?" "He hasn't—asked me..."

CHARLES J. MOORE

Temple Bailey's new romantic novel

HER name should have been Cinderella; but her mother had called her Araminta, after her only sister, whose name was Minerva. But Araminta's mother had wanted something more romantic, and out of it all had evolved—Araminta. Araminta was the child of her mother's second marriage. The other girls were Leontine and Helen and Iris. They had been named by their father, and Araminta's mother had had very little to do with it. Araminta's father, on the other hand, hadn't cared in the least what his daughter was called, so long as his wife was satisfied. So Araminta was Araminta, and that was the end of it!

Or it would have been the end, if Araminta's father had been able to provide for his family. But he wasn't. He had no flair for financial matters and said so, frankly. The father of Leontine and Helen and Iris had left a comfortable fortune. His wife was to have her share of the income if she remained unmarried; if she married, it was all to go, except her dower rights, to the first husband's three daughters. And so it happened that Araminta's mother, having spent the major part of her dowry in two glorious years of honeymooning in Europe with her improvident husband—who was a painter and perfectly delightful, but whose pictures never sold—came back with a brand new baby to live with Helen and Leontine and Iris. The girls were very fond of their mother and, when they came home from the school where they had been placed during the honeymoon interim, took their stepfather on his own terms of good looks and gayety and gentle manners.

So that was Araminta's family—Leontine and Helen and Iris, and Araminta's mother, Mary, and her father, whose name was Nick! It might have been a happy family except for the fact that Araminta grew into the

loveliest of them all—an exquisite little creature, wearing the clothes that her stepisters handed down with such grace and distinction that they might have come straight from Paris.

Araminta looked like her grandmother—the grandmother who had married a bishop, and who had been the toast of two Maryland counties. And while Iris and Helen and Leontine tried to be generous and big-hearted, it was not easy for them, with their more mature years, to look with complacency on the conquests of Araminta's youth and inexperience.

So, since Araminta had a wit to see and a heart to be hurt, here she was, at this moment, running away to be married!

Three ducks flew across the moon, and Araminta, touching her lover's arm, said, "Look, Barney, look!"

"I know, Loveliness..."

The moon went with them as they drove. It hung above the bay, and after the ducks were gone, thin clouds drifted across it, then bigger clouds, until at last there was no moon, and the night grew black and the thunder roared, and the rain came down in torrents. But not a whit did the lovers care for thunder or wind, or for the lightning which flashed about them. For they were safe and dry in Barney's car, and it was spring and the night was warm.

Their lights picked out the white dogwood against the darkness of the pines, and the bridal white of the bloom was like the bridal white of Araminta's wedding gown, packed in a bag on the back seat. The gown was made over from one of Leontine's, but that did not matter. Nothing mattered but the fact that Barney and Araminta were to be married tomorrow.

In an open space in the road, Barney brought the car to a stop. "It's dangerous under those trees. We'll wait until things let up a bit."

Araminta was content to wait. She laid her cheek against Barney's sleeve, and he told her over and over again of his great good luck in winning her. "I can hardly believe it, Loveliness."

ARAMINTA said nothing. Three hours ago she wouldn't have believed it. Not until Leontine had come into her room, just before dinner, and said, "We are planning a trip for you, darling."

Araminta, gazing in Leontine's last year's pink lace, had asked: "What kind of a trip?"

"To the Riviera. Juan-les-Pins is lovely in summer. You could all take an apartment and Nicky could paint."

"You mean that Nicky and Mary are going?"

"Yes. They jumped at it. Helen and Iris and I will put up the money."

"But why, Leo? I'm happy here."

"We thought you'd love it." Leontine prided herself on her frankness, but she had hesitated to tell the truth to Araminta. The truth was that Araminta, growing up to unexpected loveliness, had put her stepsisters completely in the shade. And something had to be done about it!

Leontine did not underrate her own charms. She was tall and slim, with golden skin, and a head like a Greek god's; and she seemed to lack the things that made men mad about Araminta—perhaps it was some magic quality of youth, perhaps the old-fashioned air of femininity which became Araminta so well. But whatever it was, Leontine knew that she and her sisters were being swept off the stage by this star performer!

"Honestly, Minta, there are too many of us ... four unmarried women in one family. It's positively indecent!"

And now here was Barney Tyson! Thinking of Barney, Leontine had flung reticence to the winds.

"There are too many of us. We thought if you'd run along to Europe with Nicky and Mary—we might have a chance at things. . . ." By "things" Leontine meant men, and Araminta knew it.

"Oh, Leontine, how silly!"

Leontine had laughed, but she had stuck to her point.

"It may sound silly to you, but honestly, Minta, four unmarried women in one family is positively indecent! We thought if you would go, we would fix you up with gorgeous clothes—and give you plenty of money. . . ."

She had stopped suddenly, for Araminta had made a quick, imperative gesture. "I don't want your money, Leo. I've always hated being dependent, but you wouldn't let me work—"

"Why shouldn't you share things?"

"Because Nicky and Mother and I really haven't any right. And as for marrying, I don't want to marry—anybody."

"You think that now. But you'll marry, of course, with a man like Barney Tyson after you."

"Oh, Barney!" Minta's light tone had dismissed him.

"I don't love him in the least and he knows it," And Leontine, who loved him, had felt a flame of hope.

"You mustn't think we want to get rid of you, Minta. But a year over there would do a lot for you."

"Of course you want to get rid of me, for you wouldn't have planned it." Araminta had been close to tears, for she adored them all.

At last Leontine had said, "Darling child, if you feel that way about it, don't go. But, as I thought, . . ." And then there had been arguments all over again.

In the midst of them the dinner gong had sounded, and they had gone down to find Nicky in fannels at one end of the table, and Mary in a stay-at-home chiffon at the other. Araminta and her sisters were going to an officers' box at Annapolis, and three men were coming for them in two cars at nine. In one of the cars would go Leontine and Helen and Iris, with two of the men (mother was to meet them at Annapolis), and in the other would go Araminta and Barney. And it was because Barney happened to be the man nearest at hand that Araminta decided to marry him!

She liked Barney. Perhaps she might have loved him if it had not been for Janney Breckenridge. But Janney was out of the picture. And so there remained—Barney. Barney, with his crisp gold locks, his little figure, his facile wit, his dancing eyes. Barney, who loved her, and who had asked her to marry him, not knowing that

two years ago she had put marriage out of her life—forever!

But that was another story, and sitting beside Leontine at dinner, Araminta had felt that Barney was a sail to a shipwrecked mariner, a life line thrown. . . . Yes, Barney could save her from being banished to Europe and from the thousand humiliations which came from her dependence upon her stepsisters.

Outwardly Araminta had shown no sign of the blow that had been dealt her. She had been, apparently, serene—with her bright hair gathered in feathery curls on top of her head, her skin as white as milk, her eyes gray, with a slight blue-greenness which darkened in moments of emotion to black. Leontine's last year's pink lace sheathed her slim body according to the latest mode, and her only jewels were a pair of pearl clasps which caught the lace across her white shoulders, and a pearl ring which had belonged to her grandmother.

IF ARAMINTA married Barney, I she would have the world before her. A house of her own—two houses—three, if you counted the camp in Maine, And Iris would have her chance, And Helen, And Leontine. For wasn't there some truth in what Leontine had said, that four unmarried women under one roof was—"indecent"?

So as soon as dinner was over, Araminta had telephoned to Barney.

"How soon can you come over?"

"Right away. Why?"

"I'll tell you when I see you."

"Look for me in twenty minutes."

When Barney arrived, Araminta had welcomed him with a faint smile, and taken him for a walk. Leontine's eyes had followed them, and she had said to her jealous heart,

"She doesn't love him now, but she may at any moment." For it seemed incredible to Leontine that anyone could resist Barney. She had loved him for years. Leontine was twenty-

six and Barney a year younger, and they had been friends since childhood. Then Barney had gone away, but now he was back again and quite mad about Araminta, who was nineteen, and not the least in love with him.

The thing Leontine did not know was that what Barney had felt for any other woman was as milk and water compared to the strong wine of his love for Araminta. The best that Barney had to give of manhood and strength and tenderness was for the child in Leontine's made-over pink dress, who now walked beside him in the garden. He wanted to protect and shield her. There was, indeed, a spiritual quality about his love for Araminta that shook his heart.

They had walked toward the garden toward a little hill, which overlooked the Chesapeake and was topped by a summerhouse. The





Illustrated by
Charles D. Mitchell

garden, as they passed through it, was dim with twilight, and the sky was a clear green, pecked through with bright stars. Beyond the summer house was a rustic bench and table, and Araminta, sitting on the table and swinging a glistering toe, had said: "I don't know quite how to begin, Barney."

"Why not?"

"Well—"

"Go on . . ."

But for once Araminta's ready tongue had failed her. Barney's glowing youth had seemed to her, for the first time, formidable.

"Go on," he had urged, standing beside the table.

"Well, I'm trying to ask you—to marry me, Barney!" She had been a little frightened at the storminess of his response. Yet it had been wonderful. He had lifted her from the table, laughing—and his laughter had been triumphant, as young Lochinvar might have laughed, lifting his lady lightly to the saddle!

AND now, here they were on the road to Washington, where Araminta would spend the night with Aunt Min. Aunt Min had inherited her money from a great-uncle, who had thought Mary safely married and had willed her fortune to the single sister. And Aunt Min had felt that, while Mary had come to lean days, it was her own fault, because she had wanted a second husband more than she had wanted what the first one had left her. But then, if Mary had not married again, there would not have been Araminta, and Aunt Min adored Araminta. She liked Nicky, too, in spite of the fact that she didn't approve of him. And she was fond of Mary, although deep in her heart she was aware of a subconscious jealousy, since Mary had known happiness in two marriages, and Aunt Min had not married at all. Yet Aunt Min was happy in her own way. She loved to eat, and all the epicures of Washington came to dine with her. She loved politics and her home was often the

"I hate being early." "Oh, well, if you want to make a spectacular entrance—"

scene of star-chamber discussions. As for the rest, there was her Persian cat and her Pekingese, and her collection of Baxter prints—and her lamps and her lanterns, brought from all corners of the earth. For Aunt Min had traveled widely, and once she had taken Araminta with her—two years ago, when Araminta had lost her color and her appetite and had needed a change.

"There may be some trouble in getting a license," Barney said, as they sat in the darkness of the car, waiting for the storm to pass. "I don't know the District laws. But you'll be safe with your aunt, and I'll stay at the hotel. And I'll get in touch with Uncle Ted tomorrow, and ask for his best. I want you all to myself. Loveliness, out there on the water—with this moon over the bay . . ." Then, after a moment's silence, "What made you change your mind, Minta?"

It was the question she had been dreading. She couldn't say, "You happened to be the nearest man." So she murmured, "Oh, you're such a darling, Barney."

And Barney, asking no more, gathered her up in his arms, and was aware of faint and Wordsworthian fragrances, for Araminta had touched the lace of her gown and the tips of her ears with the scent of—primroses? Violets? Daffodils? Eglantine? Barney did not know what flowers were caught in her hair or in her cobweb laces. He only knew that he held Spring in his arms and loved her!

They had left Great-Grand without giving a hint to the family of the finality of their departure. The two men had come for Leontine and Iris and Helen promptly at nine. One of the men, Oliver King, was in love with Leontine, and the other, Taylor Pierce, was in love

with Helen. All that one could say of them was that they served admirably as escorts, but could not be thought of for a moment as husbands. Taylor's debonaire attractiveness scarcely balanced the drawback of his insolence, and Oliver's good looks were weighed down by his lack of brains; and they were both without adequate incomes.

It had been expected, of course, that Barney and Araminta would go with the others, but Araminta had hung back. "I hate being early."

And Leontine had said, with a touch of coldness, "Oh, well, if you want to make a spectacular entrance! . . ."

"Why not, Leo?"

So Leontine, with much perturbation, had been forced to leave her behind. There was, Leontine was sure, something in the wind. She had felt it from the moment that Araminta had come in with Barney from the garden, and had faced the lights of the house. A glamour had hung over them like a glittering net. It had been disturbing and distracting, and Leontine's mind had been filled with the thought of it all the way to Annapolis.

Having disposed of her stepsisters, Araminta had gone upstairs, leaving Barney on the porch. She stayed for a long time, and when she came down, Mary said, "Did it take all that time to powder your nose?"

"I wrote two letters, Mother."

Mary did not know that one of the letters was addressed to her, and that it lay on Araminta's dressing table, propped up with one to Leontine. Besides writing letters, Araminta had packed her bag, and hidden it in the shrubbery by the side door.

IN the note to Leontine, Araminta had said: "Darling, I am not going abroad with Nicky and Mother. I am marrying Barney, instead. I love him a lot, and it will make things easier for everybody. And there must be no hard feelings, because I am really very happy, and I am always your adoring Minta." [Turn to page 30]

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS'

By Morris Markey

Map by George Illian

OF THE America which is our very own, whose traditions and ideals are woven into our lives and hearts—it is of this America—yours and mine—we sing. And not in the mood of the troubadour, but in the simple songs of America's own people!

As dispassionately as we would discuss those picturesque folk who lend color to foreign lands, with equal candor, in the pages of McCall's, we will tell you of yourselves—and your own country, that country you want to know more about. For together we are living in a tempestu-

ous era, an era in which changes come with breathless rapidity; from all sides we are overwhelmingly assailed by new technical developments, new cultural aspects, new economic conditions. And to these influences your response and mine, the response of your neighbor and mine, is vital, reflecting as it does the temper of today's America. This is the picture Morris Markey has drawn for you—from life.

In this, the first panel, Mr. Markey has sketched the iron country—using as

his medium the voice of the people. Folk talk mostly, the talk of miners, bosses, steel workers, boat captains, capitalists. Honest, frank talk, spoken without benefit of audience. Fascinating talk, all of it—

Following this picture of the Iron Empire, the four corners of these great United States—and the miles between—will be mirrored in McCall's Magazine—an amazing panorama of this land of rocks and rills that you call home.

—The Editor.

FOR this first part of the story, the road lies through the Iron Empire, that triangle in the middle of the country which Andrew Carnegie described as the most perfect spot in the world for the manufacture of steel. And the very beginning is along that low range of hills called the Mesabi, for the earth there is thick with iron, and from red, dusty iron the empires springs.

Duluth, in Minnesota, is the city of the Mesabi. It is spread in the curve of a steep bluff, and the streets mount from the blue water of Lake Superior through many trees to the edge of an empty plain. They stop abruptly there, and you stand looking out into a wilderness. It is a slightly shabby wilderness, to be sure, for



America's Iron Empire, the region surveyed in this article

PRIDE

three separate generations have snatched three separate treasures from it: fur, timber, and now iron. But even along the concrete road that leads out from the city, even when the ore trains are whistling their heavy way down to the lake, there is brooding and loneliness and the faint flavor of premedial beauty.

Sixty miles from Duluth, through that empty land, are the hills, and the greatest deposits of iron in the world, and a chain of little towns that perch on the rim of the vast canyons dug out by electric shovels. It was a little strange to discover that there are no miners. The pockets are so rich and so thick that extraction is simply a matter of stripping off a few surface feet of sand and rock and gravel, spooning out the iron, and putting it into railroad cars. A few men with a few machines can take out fifty thousand tons a day.

THE largest town of the Mesabi range is Virginia, and there I talked for a while with a shovel man. He was a hard-bitten fellow of fifty, and it was his job to perch in the carriage of a vast electric scoop and work its levers and gouge the iron ore out of the earth. He had not been in the country very long. He was from Pennsylvania, and most of his life had been spent digging with just such a shovel the foundations for buildings and for bridges.

I said to him, "Tell me why you came out here."

"The new country is better for the kids," he answered at once. "Too crowded back there in the East. A youngster coming along don't get a chance to stick his head up."

I asked, "How do you like the way you live, now that you are here?"

He glanced up in genuine surprise. It was quite evident that it had never occurred to him to wonder about the matter of living. "Oh," he said, "they treat you well enough."

I told him that I did not mean precisely that. "How do you like the kind of life you have?" I insisted. "Do you have a pretty good time? What do you do when you're not working?"

He thought hard for a moment. "There's a couple of movie houses, but they're mostly for the youngsters. Sometimes you go out and fish in one of the lakes." He shook his head. "No. You just work along, and get tired, and figure with the wife on what you're going to make out of the kids. This is pretty tough country, Mister. You don't have much time to frolic around."

He was speaking, without knowing it, the eternal creed of the pioneer: the sacrifice of all the amenities by one generation, that the next might have the fruits. The schools in Virginia were extraordinarily large and good. The women met in parent associations and sewing circles. The men labored and went into the woods for brief holidays, and gave most of their thought to their children.

Back in Duluth, I found the more complex life of a city, and the pleasant excitement that comes from encountering human beings of spirit and grace. I met these people at a dinner party, and they were, without exception, pioneers or the sons and daughters of pioneers along the Mesabi.

It was cheering to sit in a beautiful room and to talk with people who concealed beneath their urbanity that timeless vitality which we like to think of as a heritage with the American race. They had won a certain meed of wealth from the iron, but they no longer owned the mines. Most of that hoard belongs to the steel corporations now. Yet their sense of possession of a land that they live upon is very strong. The wilderness, the dark forests, the red hills of iron are among the constant and intimate realities of their lives.



When We Grow Up

Photo by Chas. H. Archer

That is not to say that they regard their land romantically. It is simply a part of their existence, and I think they still feel a little astonishment that they were able to come into it and bend it to their wills—bend it to the end that they might sit, now, in amiable drawing-rooms. The talk, when it dealt with America's future, was full of a calm faith, bred from the futures that they had made in a struggle against grinding odds. But, more important than that, it was a clear sign that there were people at the springs of the Iron Empire who had learned how to live with serenity and yet with enthusiasm. The lives of the pioneers along the Mesabi have solidity and they have the touch of permanence. These people sit, watching the ore move down through the edge of the town to the docks, and they do not have to concern themselves with vague searchings after culture.

While the ore from the Mesabi floats across the lakes in ships, they are taking coal out of the ground along the westward slope of the Alleghenies—and coal is a part of steel. You ride along the curving ribbons of white road, and the mountains reach somberly above you toward a clear, pale sky. And now and again, rounding a hillside, you will see the bleak, angular tower that marks a pit head jutting abruptly from the earth.

THE coal mines are scattered over a wide country. The cities are few, and most of the miners live in remote little villages that stare blankly out upon the road. They are company-owned villages for the most part, with houses that are primitive and small and very old. The melancholy air of poverty hangs heavy upon them—that air of rural poverty which [Turn to page 38]





Although he almost upset her, the gesture was chivalrous

By Wallace Irwin

Illustrated by W. C. Hoople



"Oh, my gosh." The young man unhooked the racquet from his shin and examined the hole with gony eyes that were handsome and guileless. "I leap out of a grand stand with the noblest intentions, and land with one foot on a prize." He examined the broken calgut. "Of course, if I'd gone through with both feet, I might have broken a couple of arms and a neck."

"That would have been swell," replied Ducky, whose pertness was a thorn in Aunt Laura's side.

"I'm not much on sports," admitted Samuel Campbell—for thus his name stuck in Ducky's mind. "I'll bet you hate statistics, but I'm ready to prove that accidents like this only happen once in thirty-four years. There's no kind of insurance that'll cover it. Would you seriously object if I took this thing round to a violin maker, or whoever does the work, and have it tuned up for you?"

"I would object." She tried to look haughty, but his sheepish expression made her laugh. "It doesn't matter. You wouldn't know where to take it."

"No. I'm not much up on such things." With a certain sadness he surrendered the racquet.

SHE stood there, wondering why she was letting Samuel Campbell waste her time. There was an appealing something about him, and truly he had taken her by surprise. As he had said, accidents like this happen only once in thirty-four years.

"I just wanted to tell you, before I stepped through," he went on. "That I liked the way you went after that big woman. She could make two of you, and when she started shooting it looked like trying to stop a cannon ball with a feather duster. But it just tickled me to death to see what you've got."

"Well, what?" He seemed waiting for the question. "You're the little kind that's born to worry the big fellow. Like David, with a brickbat, shouting, 'Come on, you Goliath!' Headwork and footwork. That's the stuff that worries the giants."

"You're a tennis expert?" she asked, knowing that he wasn't.

"Don't jeer me. This is the first game I've seen since I left the University of Idaho. That's four years ago."

"What inspired you to come today?"

"Well, you see I'm a lawyer."

"Of course, that explains everything."

"Partially. Right after lunch I won a petit larceny case at Minola, and my client, who'd been locked up for three months, asked me to take him somewhere where his wife wouldn't find him. We both enjoyed the game a lot. I think I'll come often."

"Will you promise me something?"

"Anything I've got is yours," he said humbly, "after what I've done!"

"Well, next time will you bring a murderer?"

"I didn't have much luck with my last one," he apologized. "But if I can get one loose, he's yours."

The crowd was vanishing, and Ducky had a thirty-mile drive ahead of her to Uncle Brixton's place on the North Shore. She moved toward the clubhouse, and Samuel Campbell, as one mortified by inattention, hurried away.

While she was under the shower, Ducky thought with amusement, and a little disturbance, too, of this awkward Samuel Campbell, his awkward compliments, unruly feet, and habit of taking criminals to tennis matches. Lucky Aunt Laura hadn't been there to see him. Aunt Laura thought of Ducky as a wild duck, indeed, and openly dreaded her visits. But Aunt Laura was really a dear, only she didn't know that Disraeli was dead, and thought that all husbands should be patterned after Brixton Mayfeather, an ornament to bench and bar.

SAMUEL CAMUEL

Men like Lord Chesterfield have kept gracious traditions alive ◊ ◊ ◊ Men like Samuel Campbell preserve the legend of the bull in the china shop —and keep the world amused

HE WAS the second person to shake hands with Ducky Holden after she had won the elimination match handily against the square-rigged girl from Borton. This square-rigged girl had put up a good fight across the Forest Hills court, and Ducky glowed with modest pride, because she had won a racquet, so perfect a one that Santa Claus could not have done better by her prayers. She set it aside to proffer the generous hand of victory. That, of course, was her mistake.

She was aware of a rangy young man, who came running toward her, his hand out, his grin wide. She

noted all this before she saw that, in his haste to reach her, he had stepped through her new racquet and was dragging it along with him as a prisoner drags his ball and chain.

"My name's Campbell—Samuel Campbell," he said, and got the hand he wanted. "Maybe I'm butting in, but I couldn't help telling you that you've put up the swiftest game—"

"Thank you." Her nose, which was inclined to snub, went up a little. "Mr. Camuel—I mean Samuel—would you mind taking your foot out of my racquet? It's not very becoming to you. and—"

Listlessly Ducky passed a comb through her ash-blond bob, brushed a powder puff across the one freckle on her slightly tilted nose, and wondered whether she hadn't been rude to Samuel Samuel. He needed to be put in his place. Aunt Laura would have been hot for him, too—he wasn't, probably, as fresh as he seemed. He might have been one of those cases Freud talks about—what-you-call-'em—putting up an awful bluff to hide a feeling of inferiority. Well, he gave me the only laugh I've had for weeks and weeks, she told herself as she went out, and enough's enough.

WHEN she reached her roadster, she found him on the running-board. "I found your car for you," he announced triumphantly.

"How did you manage that, William Burns?"

"Asked the doorman to show me Miss Holden's car."

"Naturally you know my name."

"There's no fun watching a fight," he said, "unless you know who's in the ring."

Languorously he swung his brief-case and ventured abruptly, "Are you particularly interested in poets?"

"No."

"Not even in Walt Whitman?"

"Why drag him in?"

"Because, if you happen to be driving east on the Jericho Pike, I can show you the place where he was

born, or went to school, or what have you. It's right on my way home. I'm stopping this week at the Garden City Hotel."

"Can't I give you a lift, Mr. Samuel?" she mocked. "Garden City isn't more than a thousand miles out of my way."

"Oh, I couldn't think of discommoding you." But he climbed into the car. "Come to think of it," he said, when they were well under way, "Walt Whitman's hang-out is quite a distance beyond Garden City. I hope you won't miss it much. I'm absent-minded. You know," he went on, "it was perfectly wonderful the way we met—quite by accident."

"You've expressed it, Samuel Samuel."

They both giggled now, for a stop at the traffic light had given them a chance to look at the broken racquet. Then, when the lights switched to green, he said, "Since I started practicing law they've called me almost everything under the sun. But nobody ever thought of Samuel Samuel."

"Funny how stupid people are, isn't it?"

"Samuel Samuel, attorney-at-law." He pondered this.

"I think I'll have it put on my door."

"What's on your door now?" she asked. He brought out a card and held it under her eyes. That was annoying.

"Stop waving that thing in front of my face," she scolded. "Can't you see I'm driving a car?"

"There I go again. My mother once told me I'd never get ahead until I learned the difference between my hands and my feet. Want me to read it to you?"

"I don't care particularly."

"Samuel Hopchorpe Campbell, Attorney-at-Law, Room 1123, Hogan Building, New York," he read.

"Sam Hop Cam, laundry," she laughed.

"It's not nice to make fun of people's names," he said.

"I suppose we ought to apologize to each other for being so nasty."

"If I started in apologizing to you—" his tone had grown suddenly rough—"it might take years. And every morning I'd have something new to be forgiven for."

"Very likely." She laughed nervously. His voice was very attractive with that harsh note in it.

"It would be an awfully pleasant thing," he said, "to be forgiven by you every day."

Ducky felt the blood in her cheeks as she kept her eyes glassily on the road. When other boys said things like that, she laughed them off. But Samuel Samuel couldn't be laughed off. The only thing to do with him was to get him to his destination and dump him there.

AT THE hotel he had some difficulty in getting out of the car because of his long legs and his brief-case and a raincoat he had been tramping underfoot.

"Goodbye, and many thanks," he said, showing the smile that made his face handsome. [Turn to page 110]



"There you were asleep—wet clothes hung over everything"

These
two things
Autumn comes
to know—
revenge takes
no measure of
time and the
past is ever
present

AS SOFTLY as the coming of a summer sunrise, Autumn Dean's love for Bruce Lander had dawned. In the circle of his arms, her voice a stumbling whisper, she had said, "I love you, Bruce. Terribly—so terribly." And Bruce had warned, "It will not be easy, darling, against them all—"

Twenty years before, on a day so magically beautiful that the whole of the Kamloops valley, spreading its majestic splendor between the Rockies and the Cascades, seemed burnished in gold, Geoffrey Lander, Bruce's father, had been found dead at the bottom of a wooded ravine, a revolver clutched in his outflung hand. And as though together they had had a rendezvous with death, Millicent, the exotically lovely girl who was Autumn's mother, died, her slender smile not in her eternal love for Geoffrey Lander, slender in hatred of Jarvis Dean, her husband. This, then, was old Jarvis Dean's secret, his reason for summarily banishing Autumn to Europe, sternly forbidding her the beloved uplands which, after nine restless years, had called her home.

And now, with Autumn's simple announcement, "I'm going to marry Bruce Lander, Da," the veils of time and half-truths were torn away, revealing the tragedy in all its starkness. "You can't—marry him," her father had said. "Geoffrey Lander did not take his own life—"

Burdened with this awful knowledge, two nights later Autumn met Bruce at the *Parrs*. As he came through the crowded room, she turned her back and repeated to herself dully, "I must not see him." But Bruce would not be ignored. "What sort of game is this you're playing? You're not yourself, Autumn." "I was not myself the other night, . . . Ask your mother what I am. She knows what's in the blood—!" She made to pass him and he stepped aside. "As you will," he said quietly.

Part III

MAY had passed, and June—and now it was July, the month of the wild rose. Within its fortress of mountains the valley lay besieged by a terrible heat. Bruce Lander, on his way to his herder's camp beside a creek a good hundred miles away in the hills, brought his car to a halt on a high



slope and drew a breath of relief as he glanced back into the valley, rippling beneath the blistering sun. He was grateful now for the cool flow of air along his temples, not only because it dispelled his physical discomfort, but because it soothed a mind and heart that had been harrowed during the past few weeks.

Just a fortnight ago, after a day such as this, Jane Lander had died quietly and unexpectedly in her sleep. Bruce's sorrow had been eased somewhat by his melancholy realization that she was spared further pain and misery from an illness from which there could be no recovery; but his grief at her passing had been none the less deep and lasting.

He had seen very little of Autumn Dean since that night in May, when he had gone to the *Parrs* and had found in her a mood that had left him bewildered and harassed every time he recalled that miserable occasion. Only once since that night had he spoken to her. He had called on Hector Cardigan one afternoon and, as he mounted the steps to the door, Autumn had hurried, passing him with only a swift word of greeting. He knew she had rushed away to avoid talking with him.

PROLOGUE

That visit with Hector had been a doleful affair. The old soldier had been having words with Jarvis Dean's daughter—of that there could be no doubt in Bruce's mind. Hector's grumpy mood had refused to yield to Bruce's efforts at facetiousness. The old man had burst forth in a voice full of distress. "It's that girl! There's no talking to her!"

"Why get so worked up over it?" Bruce had asked, "his comment had been a defensive one."

And then Hector had said: "There's little to choose between a young fool and an old one—save for a trifling disparity in years."

Bruce was thinking of that afternoon with Hector as he climbed back into his car and started off along the increasingly difficult trail. The old fellow had reason enough to be distressed, if Autumn's reputation in the countryside meant anything to him. And Bruce



By Martha Ostenso

Illustrated by
Pruett Carter

*"Bruce, I've been
wanting to talk to
you." "You, too?"
"I'd like to comein—"*

But there clung about it still some of the pungent, zestful air of times gone by, when sourdoughs and cheechaks drifted in for a night's lodging and a game of poker. The proprietor, a rugged old Scotchman, had himself been a prospector.

THERE were a half dozen idlers in the front room when Bruce entered. He looked them over and sauntered into the back room, pausing to glance about for the buyer he had come to see. He found his man at a poker table with four others. The buyer looked up. "Hello, Landor!" he said.

Bruce spoke to the other men at the table.

"Buy a stack and sit in, Landor," one of them urged.

"Not tonight," Bruce replied. "I'm going home as soon as I've had a word with Myers, here."

"I'll be with you in a minute," said Myers.

Bruce watched the progress of the play. He was not sure just what had drawn his attention to a conversation at the table behind him, but presently the mention of Jarvis Dean's name caught him to glance around. Curly Belfort, a rancher from the Ashcroft district, was doing the talking, while the others listened. He had evidently been drinking. His voice thrust itself boisterously upon Bruce's consciousness. He could not help hearing the words.

"—and if there wasn't old Dean's daughter standin' up out o' the haystack, an' stretchin' herself at seven o'clock in the mornin'. An' I says to young Parr: 'Do you think I'm in a country hotel?' Ge it is this the way they do it in Europe? But he kept on tinkerin' with his car." Belfort laughed heartily at his own joke. "Some gal the Laird's daughter has turned out to be, spendin' the night in a haystack with—"

Bruce had got up abruptly and went over to Belfort, his face white, as he stood looking down at the rancher.

"You've had too much to drink, Curly," he said.

Belfort, his mouth twisted in a drunken leer, said his cards on the table.

"Who's tellin' me?" he asked.

"I am," Bruce replied. "Only a drunken swine would talk the way you're talking."

[Turn to page 86]

TO LOVE

supposed it did. Hector Cardigan had looked after the girl from her earliest years as anxiously as if he had been her godfather. And Autumn Dean was petting herself talked about rather freely among the gossips of the community.

The conviction had grown gradually upon Bruce that Autumn was leading this free life of hers with some ulterior purpose. He could not think of her running wild from choice. Nor had he ever been able to understand her change of attitude toward him, unless the Laird himself had caused it by something he had told her, by some peremptory ban he had placed upon their friendship. Even then he could not credit the change. Autumn was too willful, too independent, to permit even her father to make up her mind for her. Something else, something of which he was in total ignorance, was behind it all. But whatever it was, there was no course for him except a harsh discipline in forgetting.

An utter loneliness enveloped him now as he ascended the wild mountain reaches. Over there, only a short distance toward the north, lay the Dean summer range, skirting his own. Across a deep valley, spread over the palely green mountainside opposite, one of the units of the Laird's flock was dimly discernible. Trained though his eyes were to the ambiguity of vast distances, it was all Bruce could do to distinguish the flock in that brilliant atmosphere. But across the vacancy there came to him, piercingly sweet, the sound of a bell. He knew that bell—there was only one like it anywhere in the Upper Country. It was Autumn Dean's Basque bell. The sound of it had drawn him across the valley on his last trip, nearly a month ago, and he had spent an hour with the young Irish lad who was one of the Laird's herders. He would do so today, but he had to get back for an appointment he had made with a buyer in Kamloops.

IT WAS late that evening when Bruce drew up before a gray, weathered building that had served as a trading-post in the old days. The structure housed a billiard parlor now, and was known as "Sandy's Place." It had become a rendezvous for cattle and sheep men, ranch hands seeking employment, and nondescript transients.

IT'S NEVER THE SAME

By
Mary
Lowrey
Ross

Illustrated by
L. R. Gustavson

*He took her
hand and
kissed it. For a
long time they
sat there, say-
ing nothing*



If you want to make a final test of friendship, stage the experiment in the country when it's raining

THE class reunion was held at the Russells', and everyone went because everyone wanted to see how rich the Russells were by this time.

They were richer than ever. They had so much money that their effort now as cultivated people was to keep the fact from too obviously asserting itself. The interior of their house, book-lined, gravely lit, subdued to disciplined shapes and wine-colored tones, was one way of doing this. Their having the class party there was, perhaps, another.

The Stanley Venns arrived at nine-thirty. Louise Venn having been busy till a quarter to nine cutting the sleeves out of a green lace afternoon dress. It had been a rather unsuccessful dress to begin with; sedate, yet with a spacious air of festivity. Louise knew that her manipulations had done nothing to improve it. But that didn't trouble her very much.

She was thinking, as she stood beside Stanley at the end of the room, how little these old associations meant to her. Probably the rest felt the same way. Certainly the evening was going very badly. The Russells hadn't arranged anything—they had hopefully left

the evening to shape itself. And it hadn't shaped itself, it simply hung atmosphere. Stanley was perhaps the only one who hadn't noticed. He stood with his arm around the shoulders of a man whose name, whose face even, she couldn't remember. And he was saying joyously, "And do you remember the day the six of us took Bill Hooper's coop down University Avenue, and when we got to College Street, we found nobody was driving?"

He was having a splendid time. Stanley liked class reunions, loved old associations. He was like that about everything—dry tinder for any enthusiasm that came along. That was why he was already such a successful advertising man. For he was a success, and suddenly Louise wanted everyone, especially the Russells, to realize it. For the first time she really regretted the green lace dress.

Aline Summers arrived after everyone else was there. They heard her voice first in the next room, greeting Mrs. Russell. "Edna, darling, I'm so sorry to be late, but that bad son of mine—" She had a lovely voice, always with a gay, lamenting note in it, making

everything she said the echo of her special feeling about life. Stanley was talking at the time to Marjorie White. (You remember Marjorie; people always said, with the Nose; and they indicated the nose in pantomime.) He was giving her the special consideration that he always reserved for unsatisfactory women, and his attention didn't flicker at the sound of Aline's voice. But Louise, who lived in her husband's feelings almost more intimately and certainly more acutely than he did himself, felt the sudden start and quiver, saw the room transfigured by Aline's presence.

SHE came toward them and, after five years, she was more beautiful than ever. The old charm was there, matching her beauty so perfectly that no one could resist it. "Stan!" she said, and gave him both her hands. "And Lou!" she cried, and took one away from him to give to Louise.

Things improved wonderfully with her arrival. People came together, husbands and wives forgot to watch each other. She didn't organize or manage, she simply exercised her gift as a perfect social solvent. She had always been like that in any group, able to find the right note instantly, without fumbling. Absolute gitch, Louise thought, observing her with a stirring of the old ironical envy. Only a very few, very gifted people had it.

Toward the end of the evening Stanley and Aline stood at the end of the room, talking. Five years before they had been engaged, and it hadn't lasted. Everyone knew about it. They stood beside the window, making a little tableau of the past. They didn't try to make it seem casual, for both had a theory that any honest human relationship was nothing to conceal. At the other end of the room Louise sat eating sandwiches, her heels tucked into the rung of her chair. If she had a theory, no one knew anything about it.

At one o'clock Louise and Stanley drove home in their new little car. Stanley was at the wheel, his eyes bright and absorbed. At a corner, when they were waiting for the lights to change, he said suddenly, "You know, Louise, there's something about Aline—still that gets me—" he took his hand from the wheel and brought the fingers into a tight clench—"like that."

Louise's gaze rested with casual speculation on her husband's profile. She had been married to him for over four years, and she was as freshly capable of wonder at him as she had ever been; at his ingenuousness, his charm, his obtuseness, and especially his looks, which had the quality, she often thought, of good sculpture, offering fresh satisfaction from every angle

of vision. She felt something the same way about Petie. They were both something that had happened to her that couldn't quite be accounted for—something that constantly escaped her more than usually alert sense of reality. Outwardly she was married to an advertising man, and they had one darling little boy. Actually she had moments when she might have been wife and mother to two completely legendary and improbable creatures—a hippopotamus, for instance, and a leprechaun—the whole thing seemed so extravagantly outside ordinary human experience.

She said aloud, "She hasn't lost any of her looks." The girl went dead. "It's funny, but I never think about Aline's looks particularly," said Stanley. "They don't seem the important thing about her. I mean, they're just what you more or less expect of her type of personality." He went on quickly, without any intention of adroitness, "Just the same as yours. You're a sort of female Puck, keeping yourself out of sight so you can make faces at people and pull their noses. And you've got," he added endearingly, "the funny sort of little mug that goes with it."

"Stop street," said Louise. Stanley slowed the car. "She wants us to come up to her place some night next week."

"Well, as a matter of fact, you." "Me!" Louise said derisively. "She said particularly you." Louise laughed. "You said, 'When am I going to see you again?' and she said, 'Oh, I'd love to see you soon!' and you said, 'Next week!'" "I said nothing of the kind!" Stanley retorted.

"And she said, 'That would be lovely!' And he sure to bring Lou. You know I want a chance to get better acquainted with Lou. I like her!"

It was close enough to the truth to have the apt unfairness of caricature. Stanley smiled, but reluctantly. He respected Louise's shrewdness, but he resented it a little at the same time. So much of the large fairness of life was spoiled by these sharp intrusions of reality. Louise felt it instantly and was sorry. It was a shame to spoil things for him. "I don't mind going," she said. She was indulging him as usual, but she carefully kept any sign of it out of her voice. Stanley disliked having her think of him as a two-year-old; almost as much, she reflected, as he enjoyed having her treat him that way. "Any night except Wednesday," she said, and climbed out first to open the garage doors.

LOUISE didn't mind—at first. She invited Aline to dinner several times and went with Stanley once or twice to visit her in her flat. But gradually the situation began to make her uncomfortable. They were too nice to her, too almost embarrassingly ready to make her the confidante of their newly-stirred affection. It was very contemporary, it kept everything simple and open and honest, but some lingering possessiveness in Louise, or perhaps some hidden irony, prevented her from feeling their way about it. One evening she made an excuse to stay away from Aline's, and Stanley went without her. After that he quite often went without her. He always told her when he was going and afterward he described the evening to her, candidly and casually,

avoiding any air of confession. She sometimes got a rather wry amusement from that.

She spoiled him. Mary said. It was perfectly criminal. Mary was Stanley's sister. She was four years younger than Louise, and very fond of her. Their friendship had grown out of an early dislike and was all the firmer and more interesting on that account.

However, I don't suppose it's altogether your fault," Mary said. "He's always been spoiled. Mother began it. It's because he's really rather sweet. And he is terribly good-looking."

Mary was good-looking herself, like all the Venns. She was tall and very slender, but cast for patriarchal lines. People always stared at her because she looked rather like an actress wearing her stage clothes on the street. The simplest thing borrowed that theatrical quality from her the moment she put it on. She saw life as fact, but she liked it better as drama and interpreted it that way.

"You should have seen the family when Aline turned him down," she said. She was paying Louise a morning visit and sat with her legs crossed over the arm of a deep chair. "Stan sat himself up in his room and wouldn't come out to eat. Mother was overcome—I remember her hiding the iodine. I was seventeen, and can you imagine how I adored it! I sort of hoped there'd be a shooting so I could get up in the witness box in something simple, with little frilled collar and cuffs—"

"Spit it out!" cried Louise suddenly, and darted at Petie, who was playing on the rug. "Spit it into Mummy's hand! All of it! Spit!—Oh, Petie!"

Bit by bit, Petie yielded the blue crayon he had started to eat and was carried off to the bathroom.

Mary waited, swinging her legs. Petie was so charming, so pink and yellow-headed and guilelessly inept, that she sometimes thought there must be something the matter with her, because he so frequently seemed rather a nuisance.

LOUISE came back with Petie in her arms. He was radiant, his face washed, his hair smirily brushed and parted.

"He looks like a bell-hop," Mary said. "or a hotel greeter." She poked him in the middle. "Did Stan ever say what happened?" she asked.

Louise set Petie on the floor and gave him the button-hole. "He told me what he thought happened."

Mary pulled down the corners of her mouth. "Poor Stan!" she added. "She was staying with us at the cottage when Garth Summers turned up!"

"I never saw him," said Louise.

"You missed something. Gosh! One of these tropic-bitten, fiction Englishmen. Just simply been everywhere and seen everything. Diamond mines in Africa and native uprisings in India. Planted peanuts in Brazil and British flags all over the Arctic. Can you imagine what he did to our girlish hearts? And to Stan! He made him look like the captain of the Fifth Form basketball team. . . . The last I heard of him—since the divorce—he was in Hollywood, trying to break into the movies."

Louise said, after a pause. "She's beautiful—really."

"I can't see it," said Mary, and added, "By the time she's fifty, her nose and chin will absolutely melt."

"By the time she's fifty," Louise answered, "it won't matter much if they do."

[Turn to page 60]



"She comes chiseling in here—" "She didn't chisel in. I invited her"

OFFICIALLY SIXTEEN

The story of fifteen lady buccaneers and one who stole their treasure

By Anna Brand

Illustrated by George Howe

MARY LEE PENNINGTON sat writing at the table in the Nurses' Room, trying to convey the impression that she was utterly unaware that the new health officer had arrived from New Orleans. It was like trying to ignore a five-ring circus. The room was buzzing with nurses and excitement; it had been rumored that Dr. Terry Crawford was young and good-looking.

What difference did that make? Mary Lee fixed a wistful gaze on the cards before her. There were just two kinds of men, anyway—married men and men who went with other girls. Even if Dr. Crawford belonged to both classifications, it wouldn't create any excitement around her. Men might come and men might go, but she would go on forever—recording mumps and measles for little Joses and Carmens.

At the end of the Nurses' Room was the door to the doctor's private office. Between eight and nine o'clock fifteen of the nurses, including Mrs. Merrill, the chief, had made excuses to go through it. They poked about his cabinet for tongue depressors, murmured something about sterile gauze, and inspected him with oblique glances. When it was discovered that the rumor was correct, they lingered, searching the shelves vaguely and having a terrible time reaching the mumps cards.

It was all so much waste ammunition on Terry Crawford. Having learned there were sixteen nurses working under him, he had braced himself for sixteen interruptions. His face was composed, unimpassioned, and he cleared out the desk of his predecessor. Old Dr. Baldwin had cherished a weakness for race horses. Form cards and *The Care and Feeding of Colts* were mixed with dietetics and *The Care and Feeding of Infants*. Terry consigned the colts to the waste basket, putting each time the door closed to make a mark on the scratch pad beside him. It was the tally sheet.

"Fifteen!" He drew a firm line through the four short marks and gazed at the tallies with triumph. "That's all," he reflected philosophically, "but number sixteen. Well, she'll be along in a minute, now."

BUT she wasn't. Terry continued to clear the desk. Through the partition he could hear the chatter of the nurses as they packed their bags and made out their cards. He passed, struck by his overwhelming privacy.

"Why doesn't that last one come in, I wonder?" He had resigned himself to the full program, and her absence was more disconcerting than her presence would have been.

In the corner of the Nurses' Room, Mary Lee's smooth yellow head continued to bend over her cards industriously.

"What do you think of the new lady, Mary Lee?" inquired a red-haired girl. "Gee, lookit my cuffs! Have you got some safety pins? I'll have to turn them."

Mary Lee produced the pins. "I haven't seen him, Stella. I keep absorption in her work again."

"For pity's sake!" Stella exclaimed. "Go in and sneak a look at him. Be weak and human, like the rest of us."

Mary Lee's blue eyes twinkled solemnly. "Who's selling the tickets?"

"Medicine show," Stella announced, with Barker's gestures; "absolutely free! And worth the price, I assure you. Say—you can't fool me. It isn't that you don't care—you've got one of those funny inhibitions that Dr.

Merton was lecturing about—and you're getting even by staying out."

The grip on Mary Lee's pen tightened as she resumed her writing. "You're crazy," she murmured, with elaborate abstraction.

The door banged behind Stella, and Mary Lee dropped her pen with a baffled sigh. A call came for Mrs. Merrill to go to the City Clerk's office, and Mary Lee moved over to the chief's small desk to take the telephone message. The Nurses' Room was empty—by nine-fifteen they were all supposed to be out, working their districts. Mary Lee consulted her watch. It was nine o'clock. Her gaze strayed to the door at the end of the room. At that instant it swung open and Terry Crawford stood there.

"Gosh, she's pretty!" he thought, arrested by Mary Lee's small perturbed face, with its luminous eyes. Then abruptly he was annoyed with himself for having noted such an irrelevant fact. It was evident she expected him to say something. He did—and instantly regretted it.

"Are you sixteen?" he inquired hastily.

Mary Lee continued to stare.

"I didn't mean sixteen, actually." Terry shoved his hands into his pockets. "I meant sixteen—officially."

Mary Lee's face burned. She had encountered several brands of masculine audacity, but none so precipitate as this.

"Both actually and officially—" the words were rather indistinct—"I'm twenty-three."

She turned to the cabinet and began to file cards with feverish energy.

"She's either scared to death," Terry reflected, "or she's perfectly furious."

Suddenly, as he studied the lashes on her averted cheek and the small, determined mouth, it became highly important to him to find out which. He cleared his throat.

The thing he had meant, he explained, was that he was making a record of the nurses, an official record of his own. (True, he qualified mentally, the ones who came backcraming into my office.) When he had asked whether she was sixteen, he had listed fifteen of them—that was all. Certainly he had not meant the question as an impertinent personal inquiry.

Mary Lee heard the explanation in horrified silence. He thought—he thought—why, he couldn't think anything but that she was a silly, self-conscious fool.

"And I'm sorry," he concluded with a tentative smile, "that you misunderstand."

Misunderstood! She was engulfed in humiliation. "I'm twenty-three," she had announced, with starchy primness. As though it made any difference to him whether she were sixty!

He waited. So did Mary Lee, in suffused silence. Then a brown hand reached out and closed quietly over one of her small white ones.

"Am I forgiven?" he asked.

Mary Lee looked up into smiling brown eyes, quieted, disarmingly friendly. She couldn't speak. She had conquered the smothered rush of shyness only to discover a new emotion, far more disconcerting. For in that breathless instant she knew—well, just knew! It was illogical, unwarranted, senseless—but it had happened.

"It's all right, Dr. Crawford," she managed at last, her eyes on the cabinet, and the effort it took to say it belied her words. The smile left his face and a slow red crept up to the roots of his hair.

MRS. MERRILL puffed in.

"Dr. Crawford! I'm simply annoyed to death—at if we didn't have enough work with this epidemic of chicken pox—now what do you suppose the Immigration Service has requested? That we send them duplicate records of all of our maternity cases from now on. And the City Clerk—he'll promise anything he can't have to do himself—has agreed."

"Why do they want them?"

Terry inquired abstractedly, his gaze following Mary Lee. She was packing her bag with meticulous attention. It was plain that she wasn't going to look at him. He roused himself with an effort. "If it's a government request, Mrs. Merrill, it's important. There will be no trouble with the doctors' cases, of course, and I suppose you have some system by which midwives file their records. But what about the cases that are untended?"

"Most of them report to the clinic, and the nurses get them in their districts."

"Have all the nurses given you—"
Dr. Crawford's attention wandered, for Mary Lee was adjusting her hat and leaving without a glance in his direction—



"Both actually and officially," she managed, "I'm twenty-three"

"have all the nurses bring me," he amended hastily, "their records every Monday, for any births in the previous week." Mary Lee heard, but not by the flicker of an eyelid did she smile it.

As she bearded her small, battle-scarred coupé for the Mexican quarter, her cheeks were hot and her eyes determined. Life, which at eight o'clock that morning had been a matter of vague unhappiness, had suddenly become a delicate ache.

Meanwhile Fidel, son of Josefina, the laundress, slept contentedly on a pallet in the Mexican quarter. The dirt floor was cool, the ragged quilt soft, and, as Fidel was only ten months old, he knew nothing whatever of the danger hovering over him. But Josefina knew, and her eyes were tragic.

Through the open door her Aunt Manuela could be heard at the wash-tubs, and her voice was not lifted in quavering song. Manuela had known many years and many sorrows, but nothing so terrible as this. She finished her work, emptied the tubs, and entered the cabin. Squinting beside the pallet, she gazed at Fidel anxiously.

"¿Y Dios?" she muttered. "We can hide him no longer, Josefina. What can we do?"

"He is so little," Josefina protested hopefully. "How can the officers object to him? Even a *perrito* or a cat would take more room than he does."

MANUELA shook her head mournfully. "That matters nothing to them. They will catch him—you will see."

"Herlinda says—"

Josefina lowered her voice—"maybe we can fool the officers."

"Fool them!" Manuela's tone was bitter.

"How? Does she think they cannot count? You were one person when you were admitted in February—now you are two!" She shrugged skeptically.

"But if we put his picture on the *pasaporte*—" Josefina fumbled under the pallet and drew out the dingy, official card—"close beside mine, maybe the officers will not notice."

"Not notice!" Manuela's voice cracked with indignation. "Do they mean the *hijos*—the children—obliging one to bribe, so that even a flea may not come into the country?"

No—Mother of God protect the little one! We cannot do them. I know, for I have been here many years. They see everything."

Of a certainty Manuela knew Fidel needed protection. Not because he had no home, no clothes, no father, but because, without a passport, his existence in the alien land was insecure and subject to tragic possibilities.

Pleas, tears, nothing moved those sharp-eyed inspectors except the little official cards, so costly and so good to obtain. And there was no question in Manuela's mind that Fidel was an illegal entry. There had been no inspection, no photographs, no head tax, no approval of his fitness as an alien. He had arrived in the night, simply and unofficially, by the oldest known method of immigration. There was no money to undo his crime. The best they could do was to try to conceal it.

Mary Lee's morning proved full of complications. Little Eduardo Munoz whom she had initiated as a chicken pox suspect the day before, was conspicuous by his absence when she called for a second diagnosis.

"Oh, sí! *Si, señorita*," Mamma Munoz agreed placidly. "Muñardo had such a morning, but none of them showed above his clothing, so I sent him to school."

In silent exasperation Mary Lee tacked the chicken pox card on the Munoz cabin and drove hastily to the Any School, where she extracted Eduardo from the kindergarten class. Stern-eyed, she returned him to Mamma Munoz, with strict instructions to keep him and his spots in the bosom of the family. Having reduced the Munoz family to a state of crushed guilt, she weakened the whole performance by returning twenty minutes later with a bag of ten-cent toys for the weeping Eduardo.

"And I suppose," she addressed herself bitterly, "that every quarantine you have, from now on, will take pains to expose a small mob, so he can earn the toys. Wouldn't Dr. Crawford think you are a fine disciplinarian?"



Mary Lee wanted to cry, "I did it to protect Fidel!"

In spite of the counterintuit of her work, she couldn't escape Terry Crawford. And there were disturbing memories of his quizzical smile, of her silly mistake of the moment when he had grasped her hand. She applied herself to her Mexicans with steady energy, but it was no use. He was there, too.

WHEN she reached the shack in the hollow by the railroad tracks, she consulted her cards. Josefina Gomez, pre-natal case. Probably a post-natal case by now—score one for Dr. Crawford. With a sigh of resignation, she knocked at the door.

Five minutes later she studied the pale but determined Josefina uncertainly. There couldn't be any mistake in the record, but there was an amazing discrepancy in the facts confronting her.

"But, Josefina," she insisted, "our records show your condition." There was a mystery here. Whatever it was, she must unearth it. She rose with a resolute expression. Josefina's pale face went a shade more pallid, and she did not answer.

"You know yourself, Manuela," Mary Lee appealed to the older woman, "that you brought Josefina to the clinic. Here is our record—" She extended the card.

Manuela stopped sprinkling the clothes. "But, *señorita*," she spread her hands expressively. "Josefina denies nothing—she cannot help it if she has nothing. *Jenaz Maria*!" she protested devoutly. "You could write my name on that little card, but it could not make me have a baby."

Baffled, Mary Lee surveyed the room. A stove, two pallets, a pine table, two soap-box chairs and in one corner a small shrine consisting of a plaster image of the Blessed Virgin on a curtained shelf. Mary Lee eyed the curtain speculatively—she crossed the room and drew it back. There lay Fidel, his black-brown eyes blinking—wide awake, in convincing silence.

Manuela collapsed in stoical defeat, but Josefina began to struggle up frantically. "Lie down at once, Josefina," Mary Lee commanded, as she picked up the baby. Then she paused, arrested by the dumb fright in the girl's black eyes. "Why, he's a beautiful baby!" she said hastily.

But Josefina was not to be consoled. She burst into desperate, convulsive sobs.

"Stop—you must stop!" Mary Lee ordered. "You'll make yourself sick. Tell me what the trouble is," she urged. "Maybe I can help."

Josefina talked, and Mary Lee listened with shadowed, pitying eyes. She knew little of the Immigration Service and still less of their complicated laws. What Fidel and Josefina had done was vague in her mind, but what would become of them, if they were thrust across the border in their present helpless, penniless state, was still more horribly uncertain.

WHEN Mary Lee drove away from the cabin, she drew a shaky sigh. She couldn't flog the ingratiating but law-breaking Fidel across the Rio Grande without ever knowing where he might land. On the other hand, she couldn't ignore his existence. She compromised with the situation by agreeing to withhold his name from the records for a few weeks. Fidel's arrival would not be reported officially until Josefina was strong enough to work and pay for it. That much Mary Lee felt justified in conceding, for with the casual Mexican attitude concerning their progeny, many of the cases were months old when recorded.

Mary Lee was almost back to the City Hall before she recalled Dr. Crawford's instructions about reporting the births every Monday. Deliberate disobedience was a grave offense. If Dr. Crawford found out—well, he mustn't find out.

"And if Josefina can't afford to have him pretty soon," she reminded herself wrathfully, "you'll have to! You can do without that fall coat and buy your baby a Mexican baby. It won't do to let him arrive in the world old enough to walk and talk and furnish his own statistics."

During the week Dr. Crawford intrenched himself in inviolable privacy by having all the medical supplies and quarantine cards moved to the cupboards in the Nurses' Room. But he didn't suppress interest in himself—he merely whetted it.

Monday morning found the Nurses' Room in a state of agreeable excitement.

"Just like a lottery," Stella giggled, as she pawed through her cards. "Every baby is a prize. I know I've got some twins some place, if I can ever find them. How many babies did you have this week, Mary Lee?"

Mary Lee hesitated. "None." (Turn to page 56)

Charles Macomb Flandrau



WHAT'S GOING ON THIS MONTH

READING AND WRITING

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

The Underwriters

EVERY now and again some distant reader—usually someone seeking an introduction to Katharine Cornell, or someone with a sinister plan to have me lecture for nothing next October at the Ladies' Wednesday Culture Circle—lets fall into the second paragraph of her letter (with the intention, I suppose, of subtly undermining my resistance) some such remark as this: "And it may interest you to hear, Mr. Woolcott, that I've read every word you've ever written." Well, it does interest me somewhat, for, since in their quantity I have doubtless already exceeded the output of the late Mr. Charles Dickens, at least I can inductively deduce from that not unfamiliar remark that my fair correspondent is either a fool or—which is rather more probable—a liar.

Personally I could count on the fingers of one hand—even of a hand less completely garnished with digits than my own—the living writers of whom I could say, or would even wish to be able to say, that I had read every line they ever wrote. For, of course, most writers—and in my gloomier moments it seems to me that that classification includes practically all adults who can put down a sentence which actually parses—write far too much. Or, at least, publish far too much. They sell themselves down the river to magazines and syndicates and, lashed by insensate editors and publishers, turn out book after book without ever waiting for that uniquely acceptable excuse—their having something to say.

Indeed, I can think offhand of only three writers of our day about whom I feel (with a kind of grudging admiration, mind you) that they have not written enough. Not enough to be

considered a fair return on the talent the gods invested in them. Not enough to satisfy you and me, their public, their audience. I am thinking of the matchless poet, A. B. Housman, of the Kenneth Grahame who wrote *The Golden Age* and *The Wind in the Willows*, and, just at this minute, of the most exasperating underwriter of them all, Mr. Charles Macomb Flandrau of (among other places) St. Paul, Minnesota; Cambridge, Massachusetts; Mexico, and the Island of Majorca.

I say "just at this minute" because there now lies before me on my desk a new book of enchanting essays by Mr. Flandrau—essays so

[Turn to page 108]

MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Bringing Back The Children

MARY PICKFORD has announced her intention to produce a picture that will bring back the children into the film theaters. Just what that picture will be, I do not know (I believe that Miss Pickford herself has not yet settled on a story); but I have a notion that it will prove to be a happy venture for her as well as for her audiences.

Certainly one must applaud her purpose. The present sickly state of the motion picture industry is largely attributable to the fact that it has lost much of its former innocence. It has developed a sort of surface sophistication, the brittle Broadway kind of sophistication, that is essentially as false as was the sickly sentimentality of bygone days. Perhaps it is best expressed in that one, supposedly world-weary ejaculation, "Oh, yeah!", which the Broadwayite uses as a means of dismissing all the troublesome problems of life.

The over-boiled wisdom of Times Square does not become the cinema which, for all its talk, remains what it was ten years ago when Harry Leon Wilson, in *Merton of the Movies*, dubbed it the "Peter Pan of the arts," and condemned it justly to a state of eternal infancy. With or without sound, the movie has the divine power to appeal to the childish imagination which lurks in even the most aggressively adult, and when that power is ignored, or willfully perverted, the movie is attempting to be something which it emphatically is not.

So when Mary Pickford says that she wants to bring children back into the picture theaters, she is not referring solely to those of meager years. She is referring to the child in us all [Turn to page 36]



Wallace Berry is "The Champ" and also Jackie Cooper's hero



Alla Nazimova
and Earle Larimore
with new laurels in "*Mourning
Becomes Electra*,"
Eugene O'Neill's
sensational trilogy

ON THE STAGE

BY HEYWOOD BROWN

Sitting Up For Electra Returns

THE progress of Eugene O'Neill represents one of the strangest adventures ever known in the American theater. I mean that Mr. O'Neill has been highly praised for almost everything which he does not represent, and his palpable virtues have gone unsung, save at the hands of a very few.

To be sure, the foremost of American playwrights has undergone a change—a sea change, one might appropriately remark. In the early days he was hailed as a young man who was bringing to the American stage a new dedication to realism. It was held that the sailors of the early and silly plays captured the actual tang of our native tongue. It was O'Neill who was to deliver the death blow to the romantic and sentimental conception of life and to hold the mirror close enough to nature for us all to see the very mist of human breath upon the glass.

And now it seems to me that none of this is true in our own day. Not after the production of *Mourning Becomes Electra*. In all justice to the dramatist, it should be admitted that he himself has not laid claim to those attributes which have been so freely showered upon him. The title itself conveys the truthful suggestion that here is Greek tragedy restated in terms of the nineteenth century. It is explicitly stated that, "The three plays take place in either spring or summer of the years 1865, 1866." So there is no assertion that O'Neill is digging under his own doorstep for material. In fact, the date is of singularly little importance.

O'Neill has endeavored to write stylized tragedy in which human emotions are stripped down to the essence. For theatrical purposes it is valuable to sail under unencumbered masts. In toning over timeliness, one may capture certain eternal verities. But in so doing, there must be the sacrifice of at least surface realism. You and I are very complicated persons. Our emotions and our motives are singularly mixed. In melodrama the villain and the hero are white or deep scarlet. There is no middle ground. And Eugene O'Neill has left out the No Man's Land in which, as a matter of fact, we all dwell and have our being. [Turn to page 65]



Dr. Felix Adler

DR. FELIX ADLER, the founder of the Society for Ethical Culture, the jubilee of which was recently celebrated, is one of the most influential and inspiring personalities of our generation. His two best known books, an *Ethical Philosophy of Life* and *The Reconstruction of the Spiritual Ideal*, are among the greatest books of our time. Nor must we forget his latest book, *Incompatibility in Marriage*, which, if wisely read, would have saved many homes from wreck. Dr. Adler himself has just observed his eightieth birthday, and therefore has a right to speak, as he does in the sermon under review, of the spiritual meaning of old age.

"Some years ago," Dr. Adler reminds us, "a famous physician said flippantly that the work of the world has been done by men under forty. He speaks of the crisis of the fortieth year, beyond which men become uncreative and slow. Fortunately he is contradicted by an overwhelming array of facts. Even in creative work we find many of the greatest masterpieces of the world wrought long after forty, by Dante, Milton, Michelangelo, Goethe, Marianne, to name no others. Plato thought no man should begin to write philosophy until he had passed his fiftieth year. At any rate, the kind of mental quality which depends upon wise judgment is not likely to be attained early in life."

"Indeed, the familiar picture of life as a hill which from youth to middle age we ascend, then reach the top, and after that descend, is absurd. It shows us a faltering and heavy step on the downward slope—how memory fails, the body shrinks into shapeless obesity, the mind relaxes, and at last we totter into a hole at the bottom of the hill. It is entirely wrong. Instead, the picture is of a series of terraces, each higher than the last, from

IN THE PULPIT

When Age Comes Creeping On

BY FELIX ADLER, D.D.

Reviewed by REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

year to year rising from power to power, life becoming richer in meaning and beauty the farther we go. Certainly, in respect to mental and spiritual qualities, it ought to be so. But it will not be so automatically; we must make it true by the fine art of living, by growing, by insight and effort. In youth life comes to us; after forty we must pick it up and shape it into a thing ugly or beautiful.

"Old age is friendly to moral development in various ways. The fever of life has abated; the fleshly appetites no longer dominate. Old age, if a man has lived wisely, means peace. It means a kind of disinterestedness. Youth is easily dogmatic, exclusive and intolerant. Old age has learned pity, patience and the ability to enter vicariously into the pleasures and sufferings of others. It takes time and tragedy to teach us charity, and youth has not had time to learn it. Then, too, old age is the time of being, while middle age and youth are the time of doing. If one takes seriously the thought that being is more than doing, he will appreciate that in this respect old age is more valuable than youth."

"Doing is indeed important, but only in so far as a man becomes something in the course of his doing. All our doing is worthless of itself. In the sight of infinity, what are the fortunes we accumulate, the bridges we build, the books we write? What do all these signify, which the waves of eternity obliterate, except as they react upon us and make us do something? The spiritual life is engendered in us through doing, but it is manifested in being—here lies the opportunity and honor of old age. But age itself does not confer honor or wisdom. It may be foolish, fretful, selfish, intolerant, miserable—we have the power to make or mar ourselves, by winning inner worth and refinement or losing it. Only greatness of soul matters, in youth or in age."

"We enter life and think of the whole of it as our estate; after a while we cease trying to remake the whole world, and select a narrower field. Then, later, we select a still narrower field. [Turn to page 48]



Mr. Rice saw the little dog. "Well, how are you?" he said. "Come over here"

A dog's
life—
and
a boy's

HEARTSTRINGS

By Stella Ryan
Illustrated by Raymond Sisley

THEY couldn't keep the little dog out of Freddy's room. He kept looking for Freddy. He had just been allowed to come into the house after three lonesome days on the back porch and three lonesome nights in the garage. During that time only Patsy had come to visit him. Her black face solemn and round. He had asked Patsy for news, asked with his voice and with his beating paws and with his tail. "Tell me! What's the matter? Why am I tied up here? Where's Freddy?"

"Stop your barking and get down there and eat your supper. Hurry up now."

At last he was indoors again. But no one paid any attention to him, and Freddy wasn't there. He kept running up to Freddy's room and looking under the furniture and in all the corners. Then someone left the closet door open, so he went in and looked for Freddy there.

He stood under the small bits of clothing and sniffed up at them. They had all belonged to Freddy, all been worn by him, save one. A pair of new spring overcoat with an airline embroidered on the sleeve hung there

just as it had been taken from the box. It had the strange, harsh smell of newness. The little dog turned away from it to Freddy's red zipper boots that were standing in a corner waiting for Freddy to take them out into the March sunshine. As he sat beside the boots, hoping that Freddy would come, he grew very sleepy. At last he tumbled the boots over and made a bed for himself. He slept until Freddy's mother came into the room with another woman. Freddy's mother was saying, "He'd worn everything but this little coat that I was saving for Easter."

She reached into the closet and took the small blue coat from its hanger. The little dog knew he had no business being there, so he hardly moved.

Freddy's mother said, "I can't bear to see it hanging there. He never even had it on, and if he doesn't get better—"

"Oh, yes, he loves his Grampy, but I ought to be with him."

"But they're trying to hide from me how sick he is."

"Oh, no. You imagine that because you're not with him."

"I should be with him. It's a terrible thing not to let me go over there."

"But he adores your mother, and she's there."

"Oh, yes, he loves his Grampy, but I ought to be with him. I can't stand being told over the telephone about him. I want to see for myself."

"It wouldn't be wise, Margaret. They have all kinds of virulent cases in that hospital."

"Nonsense. I'm perfectly well, and nothing is going to happen for weeks. I could have been over there all these days."

The grief in her voice frightened the little dog. He was about to run out and ask her what the trouble was when suddenly the closet door was [Turn to page 71]



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about
21¢

PIGS IN POTATOES (two left-overs meet happily)

2 cups left-over mashed potatoes
½ teaspoon onion juice
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 egg yolk
6-8 cooked sausages (small links)
Add onion juice, parsley and beaten egg yolk to potatoes. Beat thoroughly. Cover sausages with potato mixture and shape into croquettes. (If sausage links are large, cut in two.) Roll in bread crumbs. Dip in egg and water mixture. Roll in crumbs. Fill sausagepan two-thirds full of Crisco, the pure, wholesome fat that makes fried foods digestible! Heat Crisco slowly. When it turns an inch cube of bread in 40 seconds (300° F.) deep-fry the croquettes. When brown, drain on absorbent paper. Then strain your Crisco back into a can, for the same Crisco can be used for frying, over and over again!



about
49¢

ROMAN HOLIDAY (a grand fill-up, with left-over spaghetti!)

½ cup Crisco
1 onion, chopped
2 cups cooked spaghetti
1 pound hamburger
1 teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon pepper
1½ cups canned tomatoes
½ cup grated cheese
Fry onion in Crisco, the digestible cooking fat. Add meat and seasonings. Cook 5 minutes. Make a layer of spaghetti in baking dish. Add meat mixture and its drippings. Then add another layer of spaghetti. Pour in tomatoes. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Cover dish. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 35 minutes. Remove cover. Bake 10 minutes longer.

All Measurements Level—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

MY, but I've been having a wonderful time in my kitchen lately, working out these thrift recipes for you!

How do these sound?—two dainty desserts that cost under a quarter! Disguised meat left-overs—one, a tasty all-in-one-dish meal that will fill up your family for less than fifty cents!

Not one of these foods tastes scrumpy. Like you, I want every ingredient to taste *good*! I've used Crisco in all these recipes because Crisco *does* taste *good*, all by itself . . . as sweet and fresh as new-churned butter!

And I've another important reason for favoring Crisco. I know that—

"Every spoonful of Crisco is digestible!"

Every time I spoon white, creamy Crisco out of its sanitary can, I feel safe. I know my food will be digestible because Crisco is a *pure, digestible fat*.

I couldn't bring myself to put a spoonful of heavy, greasy fat into anything I make. And I wish you'd ask yourself, "Can such a fat be digestible?"

You can feel sure that Crisco will keep sweet and fresh and digestible . . . to the last bit in the can. So I hope you'll stock up on Crisco when there's a thrifty sale on that handy 3-lb. size!

Do send for my new booklet called "Good Things to Eat from Out of the Air". Address me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XM-22, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WINIFRED S. CARTER



about
22¢

APRICOT Dainties

(a delicious way to use stewed apricots)

Crisco pastry: Sift 1½ cups flour with ½ teaspoon salt. Cut in ¾ cup of creamy, digestible Crisco. Add just enough cold water to hold ingredients together (4 to 6 tablespoons). Roll out ¼ inch thick. Cover inverted muffin pans closely with rounds of pastry. Prick bottoms and sides. Bake in very hot oven (450° F.) 10 to 15 minutes.

Custard: ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup scalded milk, 2 egg yolks (beaten), ¼ teaspoon vanilla.

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add hot milk, stirring constantly. Cook until slightly thickened. Add yolks. Cook 1 minute. Add vanilla. Cool. Pour into Crisco pastry tart shells. Cover with—

Apricot Meringue: Mash thoroughly ½ cup of drained cooked apricots. Stir in 3 tablespoons sugar and ½ teaspoon lemon juice. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff. Add apricot mixture. Beat until meringue holds shape. If necessary, add more sugar.



about
20¢

COTTON TOPS

(15 delicious little chocolate cakes)

5 tablespoons Crisco (the digestible shortening)
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1½ cups flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ cup milk
6 tablespoons cocoa
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup milk
halved marshmallows

Blend creamy Crisco with sugar and egg in one easy stirring. Crisco blends so easily, because it comes to you creamed in the can. Sift the dry ingredients and add them alternately with the milk to the Crisco mixture. Pour into Criscoed muffin pans until they are two-thirds full. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) about 30 minutes. Just before removing from oven, place a halved marshmallow on top of each cake. Leave in oven only until marshmallows melt slightly.

© 1932, P. & G. Co.

Why does Crisco digest easily? Its pure, sweet taste will tell you

IT'S YOUR MOVE

DO YOU ever feel that life is making a pawn of you, pushing you inevitably towards middle age? Even a courteous woman will slip into this insidious mood occasionally, when the little lines between her eyes seem suddenly deeper than usual, or her hair looks dull, or her figure feels lumpy under her smartest gown. The trouble is that this wicked mood of "what's-the-use-I'm-getting-old-anyway" isn't confined to women who have actually left youth behind. It's a feminine weakness to blame each wrinkle on the poor, innocent calendar.

Do you know that insurance statisticians say that women are living longer, that our life expectancy is at least ten years greater than it was two decades ago? That means that old age and its attendant loss of vitality are being pushed farther and farther into the horizon of the future. Being forty-five, fifty, or fifty-five doesn't mean nowadays what it used to mean. It does stand for richer experience, a wiser balancing of values, and a more intelligent approach to everyday problems. We need not spend a lot more time before our dressing tables, but we should all know how to get the most from every half-hour we do give to complexion, hair, or figure.

Whenever I sit down to analyze the letters that come to the Beauty Department, I'm struck by the fact that so many women are preoccupied with one wrinkle or one strand of gray hair. They say, "Except for this one blemish, I'm not really old looking. Please tell me what I can do to get rid of it quickly!"

Wouldn't it be grand if I could hand out some magic formula that would banish the offending blemish overnight? Our skins, however, depend on our bodies for their nourishment and glowing vigor. Hair is one of the first things to indicate loss of body tone and health. Figures that slump into a middle-aged posture advertise the fact that your internal machine is not getting the attention it deserves.

TRY thinking of beauty this way: as bodily fitness that keeps your face lively, radiant, and youthful. Don't think of beauty as a face alone that just happens to have a body attached to it. I know a brilliant woman journalist in her early forties who was terribly worried by lines around her eyes and a thickening under her chin that made her look really old. She went in for many and varied facial treatments; some of them helped, specially in smoothing away lines of tension and strain. But nothing seemed to take away the tendency of her chin to thicken and of her shoulders to hunch forward. One day she happened into a famous exercise salon where they analyzed her problem fully. Every day she had been hunching over a typewriter making an ugly roll of fat between her shoulder blades, pushing her head forward so that her chin sank on a cushion of fat around her neck. What she needed were specific exercises to counteract this occupational disability.

Each of us has some small occupational disability of this sort, even those of us who haven't what the census taker calls an occupation. We're going thick around the hips because we use our legs so little. One whimsical doctor I know believes he'll live to see the day when we won't need legs at all, since we now ride even the shortest, easiest distances. We've almost forgotten how to carry our bodies along with the splendid equipment nature gave us.

To keep your body young, alive, and glowing, walk and play more; exercise those muscles that are getting creaky long before you're middle age. Housework doesn't count unless you know how to do it without strain and by using legs, arms, shoulders, and torso rhythmically. Walking in stuffy crowded stores doesn't



Soap Sculpture by GARA

By Hildegard Fillmore

count for beauty, nor do the one-two-three-four calisthenics we used to do as children. Dancing of almost any kind, however, is a grand investment in loveliness; good dancing teachers can do much to correct posture faults and teach us how to walk, sit, and stand with poise and grace.

This is the age of specialization. Do you know what your particular occupational disability is? Perhaps it's the stooped shoulder and hunched up neck that creates double chins. Perhaps it's a weak foot arches that make springy, brisk walking impossible. Perhaps it's what the doctors call lordosis curve—the swayback condition that means backache and protruding abdomen, and leads to all sorts of figure faults.

When you can really see yourself as a complete picture, then take up seriously the job of doing nice things to your face. These tiny lines that begin to knit on the brow, around the mouth, and near the eyes need to be coaxed away by nightly massage. Many of them occur because of bad squinting and frowning habits. They require a strong dose of will power to supplement the emollient creams. Always think of pulling your face up—up—up. Its natural tendency is to sag, you know, but you can counteract this by training the important muscles that control the jaws to be taut and strong.

AFTER massage with a good cream, keep facial muscles firm by a swift stroking or patting with cotton pads wet with freshener lotion. Or skim ice over the face, first covering the skin with gauze dampened in skin tonic. A new gadget shaped like a double spoon contains a refrigerant and may be kept in the refrigerator, then used without fuss or trouble. Whenever you take a home beauty treatment, you finish by smoothing this cold pack gadget over the skin. Don't use ice on the unprotected skin. Be wary of ice or very hot water if your face flushes easily or if you notice broken veins.

Lately, because of the increasing demand of thin pocketbooks, cosmetic experts have been assembling treatment boxes in a simple, inexpensive, handy form.

One new house gets out its treatments for various types of skin in boxed sets; they're inexpensive and make a wonderful beginning for the woman who has never given her skin much care. A famous Fifth Avenue expert has arranged her treatments in groups of two each, for large pores, nourishing, firming, stimulating, and finishing the skin. You can pick your treatment group easily at the counter. A smart perfume house has two new cleansing-toning treatments: water soluble cream and lotion for oily skin, lively cream and lotion for dry skin. The jars are shiny black with silver motifs, the bottles tall and capped in pewter.

AS ONE internationally famous cosmetic expert puts it, "There is no longer any black magic about home beauty care." The reliable, well-known toilet preparation houses are generous with information and advice. They want a woman to purchase preparations suited to her own needs. Again, quoting from this expert, "A cream that stays on the bathroom shelf is of no use to any one. The modern way is to show a customer exactly how to use the beauty aids she buys." And that goes for everything from soap to eyebrow pencil!

About this time of year, the tag-end of winter, most of us feel a let-down. Now, here are two ways to get out of the doldrums: First, follow my advice at the beginning of this article and keep your body so well that what you do for your skin and hair will show visible good results. Second, make your bathroom and boudoir as dainty and inviting as you can. A luxurious warm bath in the lather of your favorite toilet soap sets you up marvelously, and its effect seems to last longer when the bathroom is gay with color. Dressing nooks, too, have a way of getting shabby and cluttered. Pretty atomizers, jars, and bottles will make the plainest dressing table alluring.

The February Cosmetic Style Letter is full of what I call "bargains in beauty." Send a self-addressed stamped envelope for your copy and write The Beauty Editor, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York.



Baked corned beef hash with eggs occupies the place of honor on a table set with yellow china, striped place mat, and amber glasses

BREAKFASTS THAT FORTIFY

By Sarah Field Splint

Director, McCall's Department of
Foods and Household Management

THERE'S a lot to be said in favor of a hearty breakfast each morning. The mother who sends her flock off well fortified with nourishing food knows that it won't starve before bedtime, even if its lunch money is limited. And she has another comforting assurance. The Dragon of Discouragement does not attack wayfarers who step confidently along with a good hot breakfast under their coats and the picture of a serene home in their heads.

So begin the day at your house with a pleasant little drama. You are the stage manager, heroine, and scene shifter. If you have an open fireplace or a sunny window, maneuver your breakfast table close to it. Set the table carefully with pretty china and with gay place mats—those above are made from dish-towelings. Mats can be kept spotless with less trouble than a cloth—and if laundry is an item, economize by using paper napkins; lots of "nice" people do. It is a great help to arrange this much of your scene the night before.

Even some of the food preparation can be done in advance. The dry ingredients for hot breads can be measured and mixed, cereal can be cooked and left in the double boiler for reheating, and all necessary utensils can be assembled on the stove or kitchen table. Thirty to forty minutes should be long enough for you to stage a masterly meal. Then summon your audience—and be firm about their being on time! For no food, however perfect to begin with, is improved by standing out in the cold.

If your ideas are getting jaded, perhaps these suggestions and menus will help you.

(1)
BAKED APPLE, TOP MILK
CASSEROLE OF BAKED BEANS AND HAM*
BROWN BREAD
COFFEE
CHILI SAUCE

(2)
SHRIMPED CEREAL, SLICED BANANAS, MILK
BAKED CORNED BEEF HASH WITH EGGS*
HOT ROLLS
COFFEE

(3)
FLAKED CEREAL, STEWED PRUNES, MILK
SHRIMPED EGGS
SOUTHERN CORN PONE
COFFEE

(4)
SLICED ORANGES
CREAMED CORFISH ON TOAST
COFFEE

(5)
DOUGHNUTS
ORANGE JUICE
HOT CEREAL WITH MILK
BAKED SAUSAGE WITH BISCUIT CRUST*
COFFEE

(6)
HOT CEREAL WITH RAISINS, MILK
MEAT BALLS WITH TOMATO SAUCE
BISCUITS
COFFEE

(7)
TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL
CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF
BAKED POTATO
TOAST
MARMALADE
COFFEE

(8)
ORANGE JUICE
SCRAMBLED EGGS
MUFFINS
JAM
COFFEE
HOT MALTED COCOA

Suggestions for

FRUIT COUREE—Orange juice, sliced oranges, orange sections in grapefruit juice, grapefruit halves with seeded grapes, sliced or baked bananas, thinly sliced tart apples or baked apples, chilled prunes or apricots.

CEREALS—There is such a variety of cereals that we need never grow tired of them. An even greater variety can be obtained by adding raisins or dates, brown sugar, or evaporated milk. Hot cereals can be molded and chilled, sliced, fried, and served with maple syrup and butter. Puffed and flaked cereals are delicious with rich milk and sugar and with preserved, stewed, or fresh fruits.

EGGS—Cook scrambled eggs over hot water. Sprinkle with grated cheese and serve with hot potato chips instead of toast. Poach eggs in top milk and serve with the hot milk on toast. Fry eggs in hot fat, basting until done. If you are baking a hot bread, why not have baked eggs too? Put one egg in each greased custard cup with a little hot milk, and bake to a tender consistency.

HOT BREADS—Baking powder biscuits, muffins, scones, popovers, corn muffins, gingerbread, waffles. French toast, toasted English muffins. Delicious griddle cakes are easily and quickly made from any good prepared pancake flour.

MAIN DISHES—Omelet with sausages; scrambled eggs with dried chipped beef; codfish cakes with crisp bacon; broiled and creamed fish; grilled sardines on toast with lemon slices; potato jackets filled with hash, or creamed hash; lamb kidneys en brochette; broiled calves' liver and bacon; onion waffle sandwich with fried egg and bacon.

COFFEE—Whether you make your coffee by boiling, percolating, or dripping be sure it is fresh, hot, and plentiful. Give the children milk, hot cocoa, or a chocolate malted beverage. On special occasions serve coffee cocktails—tiny cups of hot clear coffee, just before breakfast.

Baked Sausage Meat with Biscuit Crust

Buy well-seasoned sausage meat. Put out in a shallow pan having the meat about 1/4 inch deep in pan. Cover top with rich biscuit dough and score in squares convenient for serving. Bake (Turn to page 114)

"Please, please, please... make me Lovelier"

TO 15 CONSCIENTIOUS DOCTORS
a cold scientific test

TO 50,000,000 WOMEN
the answer to a plea

Some women search in vain, throughout a lifetime, for a magic road to complexion loveliness; for a way to keep a nice skin young and fresh; or to make a faded skin bright again.

No wonder this way is so hard to find. There are so many conflicting theories. One friend says, "Use soap and water." Another says "Nothing but creams." And still another advises "Just try liquid or lotion."

Now, Science settles the argument, clears away your every doubt. Gives you clinical *proof* of the way to have a pretty skin, to improve a blemished skin, to make a naturally good skin even clearer and fresher than before.

15 famous dermatologists tested and compared the leading soaps, creams, and lotions on the faces of 612 women. And *proved* that Woodbury's Facial Soap does more for the skin than other beauty treatment methods.

Read the details of this scientific Half-face Test in the columns at the right. Read how Woodbury's triumphed over other soaps, over expensive creams and lotions, in the radiant results it produced on women's faces! Read how it smoothed dry, rough skin; toned oily skin; cleared blackheads; refined coarse pores; corrected blemishes... when other beauty products failed. Read how even the naturally good complexions were made lovelier still by the daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap!

To the constant pleas, "Please, please, help me get (or keep) a lovely skin"... the nation's leading dermatologists now reply, "Use Woodbury's Facial Soap. We SAW it give 612 women lovelier skin than they ever had before."

'Try Woodbury's for yourself and see your own skin



bloom. Buy it today at any drug store or toilet goods counter. It costs 25¢ a cake, or less than a penny a day to use. Or, if you wish, send the coupon for a generous sample.

was true... Woodbury's was more effective than other beauty methods in 105 cases of pimples; 83 cases of large pores; 103 cases of blackheads; 81 cases of dry skin; 115 cases of oily skin; 66 cases of dull, "uninteresting" skin.

"In accordance with professional ethics, the names of these physicians cannot be advertised. They are on file with the Editor of this magazine and are available to any one genuinely interested."

SYNOPSIS OF THE NATION-WIDE HALF-FACE TEST

WHO TOOK PART... 612 women, aged 17 to 55, from all walks of life—society women, housewives, clerks, factory workers, actresses, nurses.

THE TEST... For 30 days, under scientific supervision, each woman cleansed one-half her face by her accustomed method, and washed the other side with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

WHERE... New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston, Baltimore, Houston, Denver, Jacksonville, Hollywood, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Portland (Oregon) and Toronto, Canada.

SUPERVISED BY 15 eminent dermatologists and their staffs. Reports checked and certified by one of the country's leading dermatological authorities.*

USE THIS COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 514 Alford Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream, and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliest." For this I enclose 5¢.

Oily Skin ☐ Coarse Pores ☐ Blackheads ☐ Flabby Skin ☐
Dry Skin ☐ Wrinkles ☐ Salty Skin ☐ Pimples ☐
Normal Scalp ☐ Dry Scalp ☐ Oily Scalp ☐

Name _____ Street _____

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NOT JUST A SOAP... A SCIENTIFIC
BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM



Is there any harm in a little blandishment at such a time? A few endearments cost nothing, and yet are priceless.

COURAGE ON REQUEST

By Eleanor Rowland Wembridge, Ph.D.

Illustrated by Joseph Simon

THIS is no time for a woman to be merely human. She must be a superwoman," says Eleanor Rowland Wembridge, psychologist, author and referee of the *Juvenile Court* in Cleveland, Ohio. If you are wondering how on earth you are to hold the family together and keep its members happy during these trying times here are the help and inspiration you need.

PROBABLY the last year has produced more discouraged and unhappy men than have existed since the prison camps of the War. Every evening, over the country—over the world—a host of these disheartened spirits enter homes whose upkeep they can scarcely pay for, and dread to think of what is ahead of them. Many of them have lost their employment, their property, and their savings. They feel beaten by the hard times for which they are not responsible and over which they have no control.

It is hard for many women to realize exactly how a man feels at the loss of the value of his labor and of his business prestige. It is more than the pinch to his pocketbook. He feels it to be a badge of failure. It carries with it a sense of inferiority such as a woman would feel at some physical disfigurement. Her pride is bound up with her attractiveness, whereas his depends upon his success. Both of them may be wrong in this self-estimate, but it remains true.

This is why heavy parsons flourish on their women customers, and why so many bankrupts are suicides. One has only to stand outside of an employment agency to see the difference between men and women in their attitude toward employment, even though both of them need it equally. The woman who cannot get work

retires with dignity to her home. She is merely a woman out of work. The man whose labor is refused, lingers tragically on the curb, equally humiliated to stay or to go home. He is more than a man out of work. He is a defeated soul.

This being true, what can the women do about it? Can they do anything? They kept up their courage during the War when their men were busy. Can they do as much when the men are at the harder task of having little or nothing to do?

Perhaps even middle-aged matrons can remember the gaiety of their girlhood when they planned to marry poor young men. They draped chins on a packing box, ate with tin spoons off a few plates, and announced, "We are poor, but who cares?" Can they revive those high spirits now? For two reasons this is hard to do.

The first is because the man who once provided half of the gaiety is now all gloom and refuses to be comforted. The second is because the children who have become accustomed to more, do not take kindly to living on less, and their demands constantly hurt a sensitive father, who cannot give them what they once had, but who hates to admit it. He fears they will despise him for his business failure, and his defense against this fear is often an almost savage irritability.

THE mother, therefore, has to keep all these jarring elements at peace and, occasionally, being only human, she insists that it cannot be done. That it will not be done by anyone but herself is absolutely true. Either she does it, or no one does. It is no time for her to be merely human. She must be a superwoman!

How shall she begin? A good start and a necessary one is to insist upon knowing exactly how bad the business prospects are, and to refuse to be shielded from

the worst. If there is a little left—how much? If there is none, better to know it as soon as possible and plan accordingly.

Often the women of the family have known little of the details of the man's income, and he hates to tell them—now that the telling stabs his pride.

What did the bride do when her lover was thus discouraged? What she did then is a good model to follow now. Is there any harm in a little blandishment at such a time? Fortunately, a few endearments in the place of complaints cost nothing, and yet are priceless.

And having applied some of this precious ointment to her husband's raw feelings, a somewhat more tonic medicine might then be administered to the children. If I may judge anything from the children whom I see in court (and presumably I see the worst) they have a clearer understanding of vital issues than they are given credit for. In fact it is often clearer than that of their parents, because they are not so harassed.

MANY a time I have tried to make parents see the desirability of some plan which they have been too disturbed to grasp, and at last I have turned in despair to the child about whom they were arguing. "See here, you get the idea, don't you, Annie?" "Sure, I get it," responds Annie, "but my Dad is too het up to understand, and my mother is too nervous to listen."

"Well, you explain it to them." I suggest, and leave them alone to return in a few minutes to capable Annie; her father sheepish, her mother alerted, and their daughter with a resigned shrug regarding both of them like a distracted hen over two erratic chicks.

I am convinced that if the average parents in difficult times would admit the children calmly and respectfully into the family councils, the average child would not fail them. What children lack is not will nor reasoning power, but experience. They cannot think up the details of what is to be done, because it is all new and untried. But once the procedure [Turn to page 55]

ARE Frenchwomen MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN American Women?

WHAT IS THE TRUTH? Are Frenchwomen more attractive than American women?

"Most certainly not," says Mrs. Cabot. "But... Frenchwomen are clever! Often they give the impression of being better looking than they really are..."

"They are expert in the art of make-up and are always fresh and charming because they think nothing of renewing their make-up half a dozen times a day."

"Each time they cleanse their skin completely," Mrs. Cabot emphasizes. "They rarely allow water to touch their skin, but prefer cold cream for cleansing."

"This is a new reason for appreciating an old friend—Pond's. Not only is Pond's Cold Cream the purest and best for cleansing—but it is so economical it reconciles French chic with a New England conscience."

"Another little nicety of the French toilette," Mrs. Cabot tells us, "is the use of vanishing cream as a foundation for make-up. How subtly rouge and powder may then be blended!"



1 Rich in fine oils that cleanse and lubricate the skin... Pond's Cold Cream.

"I have a dry skin, so I find Pond's Vanishing Cream ideal... indeed, the longer I use Pond's four splendid preparations the better I like them!"

Follow these four steps for the exquisite care of your skin:

1. Apply apply Pond's Cold Cream for



Read this interesting interview with
Mrs. James J. Cabot
of Boston and Paris



2 Softer, more absorbent... Pond's Tissues.



3 Discreetly stimulating to the skin... Pond's Skin Freshener.

3. Pat briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to brace and tone, close and refine the pores, firm contours.

4. Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder. This disguises little blemishes and forms a lovely velvety finish. Use not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms... And to keep your hands soft and white.



4 For powder base and protection... Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal.

Tune in on Pond's program every Friday evening 9:30 P.M., E.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. What and N.B.C. Network.

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Let Him Hear

LITTLE GIRL LOST

[Continued from page 9]



MANY a bright child is unjustly blamed for dullness because he cannot hear what his teacher says. He may not know that his hearing is defective.

There are hundreds of thousands of such children in school now. If their ears are neglected, they will probably repeat grades much more often than other children.

Any school which is equipped with a phonograph audiometer can discover its hard of hearing children, a large proportion of whom can be saved from lifelong deafness provided they receive expert care and attention.

Common colds, especially when involving the nasal sinuses, are a frequent cause of deafness. Noises should be blown gently, or infected mucus may be forced through the tubes into the middle ear and cause deafness.

After an attack of measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, meningitis or infantile paralysis, the ears should be examined to see if any condition which might cause deafness remains in the tubes leading to the ears. Diseased tonsils, adenoids, or running ears often lead to deafness. Undernourishment may have a definite relation to impairment of hearing.

There are millions of adults in the United States whose ear troubles were neglected in their childhood, or later, and who are now permanently deafened.

Their number cannot be known since many of them are so reticent, so sensitive about their handicap that they make every effort to conceal it.

With increasing deafness, year after year, there often comes to the hard of hearing a feeling that there is a constantly growing barrier—an invisible wall—between themselves and their fellows.

Deafened persons are often persuaded to buy worthless devices and nostrums which do more harm than good. The victims suffer in silence.

However, there are scientifically constructed instruments which amplify sound and do aid impaired hearing. Ear specialists can advise regarding them.

But when all scientific aids to hearing fail, lip reading offers a rescue. It should be an essential part of the education of every child whose hearing is impaired.

Much of the deafness among adults, now incurable, could have been prevented if the cause had been detected and properly treated during childhood.



For more than 12 years a national service organization has been warning against quack remedies and giving information concerning hearing aids, vocational and employment problems, hearing tests for children and lip reading instruction.

It has also assisted in forming local leagues for the deafened which have helped thousands to readjust their lives. Many of these leagues have audiotape earphone sets, amplifiers.

fied radios and demonstrations of standard hearing aids.

It is prepared to help those who have few social contacts and who are isolated in small villages and remote places. If you have any sort of hearing problem which you long to talk over with some one who will listen—and understand—write enclosing a self-addressed envelope to the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing, Inc., 1537-35th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

And in the note to her mother, she had said: "I know you won't mind not having a wedding. And I know what you think of Barney. So I am putting a kiss in this for you and Nicky. And all my love to both of you."

It was when Araminta read over Leonie's letter that she had felt some misgivings. For hadn't she told Leonie, just a few hours ago, that she didn't love Barney? And here in black and white she was saying, "I love him a lot."

But she had let it stand, and now, riding along in the white light of the moon, she was glad she had said it. She didn't care what Leonie thought, she didn't care for anything or anybody, since Barney was by her side in this lovely world which belonged to both of them.

It was very late when they reached Washington. As they came to Dupont Circle, Araminta glanced at the little clock in front of her.

"Barney, it's after one. Aunt Min will be in bed."

"We will wake her up."

But when Araminta and Barney stopped before Aunt Min's door, there were lights shining in the hall and in the drawing-room on the second floor. Barney said, "What shall we tell her when we go in?"

"You aren't going in, darling," Araminta told him. "I'll say goodnight now, and see you in the morning."

So Barney kissed her, and rang the bell, and waited until Rhoda, Aunt Min's maid, let Araminta in.

"For Rhodessa's sake," Miss Minnie, where did you come from?"

"I've just motored up from home," Araminta told him. "You'll find Miss Minnie in the drawing-room."

Araminta, running up the stairs, asked herself what she should say if Aunt Min had a lot of people about her, and she decided that the best thing would be to treat herself casually. When she came to the threshold of the drawing-room, she stood there a moment, looking in. And as she looked it seemed as if that lovely world which she had shared with Barney had fallen suddenly away, and that she was left in a wide and desert space, in which there were just two people—herself and the man who sat beside Aunt Min, and who two years before had broken Araminta's heart!

JANNEY BRECKENRIDGE had wooed Araminta, and then had not wanted her, or rather, he had wanted her, but had not taken what he knew he could have if he asked for it. Araminta's family had been ignorant of the whole affair. She had met Janney in Kentucky during Derby week and then she had stayed on so long, he had been going from Louisville to Lexington on the same house parties, and living in a glimmer of old gardens and starlit nights, of poetic rhapsodies and high romance. Then, like with her friends to Baltimore, with Janney still in devoted attendance. And at last one night at the theater, Janney, in the midst of an intermission, had shot his bolt: "To you most never marry."

Up to that moment, Araminta had expected to marry Janney. But she had managed to gasp, "Why not?"

"Marriage is bondage! And you're too wonderful! You belong on a pedestal for a man to worship. Not at his table to have him tell you what's wrong with the dinner."

He had said it half (retfully, but she had thought him joking. But the next day she had had a letter:

"Beloved: Why should you trust any man with your future? We need you as a saint to whom we can lift our eyes. As a goddess whose altar fires we tend. To drag you down from your pedestal would be to wrest you from your high estate. And my dear, I am saying goodbye. I shall think of you when I am on the other side of the world as a white flame in the darkness. For it is darkness at the moment in which I can see no light but my love for you. I do not know how much you care, and even if I knew, I should have no faith in myself to make you happy. Yet I say yours forever. . . . Remember that when you blame me, as perhaps you may, for what I have done, or left undone."

HE HAD sailed shortly after for a diplomatic post in the East. Araminta had known his address, but had not answered his letter. Love in a man, she had felt, should be linked with honor and chivalry. Jan had failed to measure up to her ideal of him, yet that failure made it easier for her to bear the blow to her heart and pride.

Then, too, there was the sense of his unworthiness. And not only of his, but of all men's. How high he had placed her! A saint in a niche! A goddess on a pedestal! A white flame in the darkness. It had been mighty wine for her youth to drink. It might have been a bitter draught, but she believed it. But she had not, as time went on, believed. She had said to herself, in bitterness, "What if he says this to the women? What if this is his way-out?"

It was then that she had lost her color and her appetite, and Aunt Min had taken her abroad. Araminta had come back apparently cured, but with scars on her young heart instead of open wounds, and with a pride that kept all hint of what had happened from Aunt Min, and even Mary, and Leonie and Helen and Iris.

And now, here he was again, this Janney Breckenridge—a ghost risen to confront her!

Neither Janney nor Aunt Min had seen her. They were, it seemed, in the midst of an absorbing discussion. There had been, apparently, two tables of bridge, but the other guests were gone. There had been, too, refreshments, and Aunt Min and Janney's glasses were still on the low table between them, and Janney's hand was on his glass as he leaned toward Aunt Min, laughing! But he stopped laughing when he saw Araminta!

She had no time to dress when she left. Great-Gate, Nick and Mary should ask questions. She wore a wrap which had been Irish—pale smoky, which went with the pink lace on the faint colors of sweet peas blazed in a garden. When Janney had seen her last, Araminta had been a mere slip of a girl in short frocks, her hair curled round a boy's. She had charmed them and to spare. But she was something different—beauty of a rare kind—enhanced by all those floating draperies.

Janney found himself rising. "Minna!" he exclaimed.

"She came forward composedly, and held out her hand. 'Back again?'"

"Yes, dear," Araminta said. "I am here."

Aunt Min said, "That's where I met him, last winter. But he didn't tell me he knew you, Minna."

"Didn't he?" Perhaps he had—forgotten. She smiled at Janney.

"Derby week, wasn't it? Two years ago?"

[Continued on page 32]

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LITTLE GIRL LOST

[Continued from page 30]

He started to speak, but Aunt Min interrupted. "Minta, where in the world did you come from at this hour of the night?"

"Home."

"At half-past one?"

"Yes. There's a lovely moon."

"But what brought you?"

Minta laughed. "I didn't bring myself. Barney brought me."

"The one and only," said Minta, letting her wrap drop from her shoulders as she leaned down to kiss her aunt. "The Barney I am going to marry."

No sooner did the words leave her lips than she had a crashing sense of the crude melodrama she had made of it. Aunt Min gasped, "Married!" But Janney simply leaned forward and screwed the end of his cigarette into an ash tray. Then, after a moment, "Are we to wish you happiness?"

She met his level glance with her own.

"I hope so. We are running away. Can we be married from here, Aunt Min, tomorrow morning?"

"Married? Minta?" Aunt Min seemed to have breath left only for repetitions. "But why like this?"

"Oh—I'm fed up on stepsisters. . ."

JANNEY'S dark face was attentive. Araminta felt his scorn! Well, let him be scornful. She'd show him she wasn't a saint in a niche!

Aunt Min was complaining, "If you are married here, what will Mary do to me?"

"She'll be delighted. She adores Barney. And there won't be any fuss and feathers."

Aunt Min considered it. "I don't mind in the least. But goodness only knows what Rhoda will say!"

"Aunt Min, you're an angel."

"I'm glad you think it. And now I'll leave you two to talk, while I face the dragon." So, followed by her smoky Pekingese, Aunt Min made her way to the hall, and Araminta was left alone with Janney.

Janney, walking suddenly into something that was blazing and violent, said, "Minta, are you mad?"

"Why?"

"Some women might marry like this. But not you."

She gave him a fletching glance. "You mustn't take me so seriously."

"Why shouldn't I take you seriously? You're too lovely to be tied to some boy who would never know that you're a golden cup filled to the brim with sacred wine."

Her lashes flickered over her smiling eyes. "I'm done with poetry, Jan."

"Poetry?"

"Oh, you say it so well! . . . But Barney does things."

"You mean he has asked you to marry him and I—haven't I?"

"Why mean anything?" She was still smiling.

He jumped to his feet and stood in front of her. "Such a marriage is preposterous—and you know it."

She leaned back in her chair, looking up at him. "You ought to write a verse about it—'Oh Minta Contemning Matrimony!' You were always writing verses."

"Stop saying things like that." Silence fell between them. Araminta felt his nearness—the spell of the old

enchantment. He had changed little, and she was aware of the slender torso which had first attracted her, his thin and graceful figure, his stormy gray eyes and black lashes, his face lean and brown, his slight mustache.

At last he said: "You haven't forgiven me. Yet I did what was best for both of us. It was as hard for me as for you, Minta."

"Perhaps." Her laugh was light. "And so you—ran away. And I found Barney and—lived happily—forever after."

She stopped suddenly for Janney said, sharply, "Don't!" and buried his face in his hands.

She wanted to take his fingers down from his face and say, "I love you." She wanted to kneel beside his chair and say, "Nothing matters but—you." But she did neither, and Aunt Min, coming in presently, found Janney again screwing his cigarette into his ash tray.

Rhoda insists there shall be a wedding breakfast, Minta. She says there will be plenty of time, and that I must ask the rector and one or two others—you, Janney, if you'll come. And that it would be positively disruptive to let Minta go off without wedding cake and chicken salad. . . ."

"But why bother, Aunt Min?"

"It is Rhoda, child, who makes me bother. And she always gets her way."

Janney turned to Araminta. "So—I'm invited to the wedding?"

"Evidently—by Rhoda."

"Not by you?"

"You may come if you like."

"Minta," Aunt Min expostulated, "how can you be so ungracious!"

"She doesn't mean it," Janney said: "do you?" His eyes held hers. "And you must let me wish you happiness—"

"Happiness?" She drew a quick breath. "Thank you."

After he had gone, Araminta talked with Aunt Min, telling her all about it—about Lennine, about Nicky and Helen. Mary and Barney, and Iris and Helen. But not a word did she say of Janney. Aunt Min must not know about Janney. No one must know.

When she had finished her story, Aunt Min said to Rhoda, "Is Miss Minta's room ready?"

"And waiting," said Rhoda.

She gathered up the Pekingese. Aunt Min took the key. "So you know that she loved him! And she was going to marry Barney! She couldn't back out of it now—and if she did, what then? She had sent Janney away. She had hurt him and she had wanted to hurt. But she loved him. She might as well face it. She was back where she had started two years ago."

At last she got up from the bed and began to undress. As she brushed her hair, she saw herself in a mirror set in the door. Tomorrow she would be married to Barney and would call her "Loveliness," and all her life she would belong to him. And all the while she would be loving—Janney.

[Continued on page 35]

Serve thrillers often— Save every time!

IMPOSSIBLE? No! Prove it to yourself, here and now! It costs less to serve a wonderful new surprise than it does to serve many a plain "economy" dish.

For—just figure out any one of these Jell-O recipes—so much for this, so much for that. The low cost will amaze you—especially when you consider that every one of these Jell-O dishes could easily be the "something different" for your proudest party! Serving 6—or 8—or even 10!

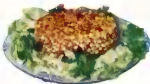
STRAWBERRY JELL-O



Garnish with canned
pear slices and red
cherries

NEW MANHATTAN SALAD

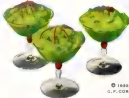
1 package Lemon Jell-O 1 cup tart apples, diced
1 pint boiling water 1/2 cup walnut meats,
1 tablespoon vinegar finely chopped
3/4 teaspoon salt 1 cup celery, diced
Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water, add vinegar and salt.
Pour this layer in mold. Chill until firm. Combine
apples, nuts, and celery, and place in mold. Add
remaining Jell-O to mold. Chill until firm. Unmold
on crisp lettuce. Serve with Hellmann's Mayonnaise.
Serves 8.



APPLE LIME FLUFF

1 package Lime Jell-O 1 pint boiling water
1 cup thick apple sauce, strained

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Chill until cold and
viscous. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice water, and
whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like
whipped cream. Fold in apple sauce. Chill until slightly
thickened. Fill in sherbet glasses. Chill until firm.
Garnish with red apple strips. Serves 10. (All measure-
ments on this page are level.)



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YOU know the *extra* deliciousness of just-baked bread . . . of crisp, fresh buttered toast!

Now you can have this same flavor crispness . . . this same freshness . . . in cereals!

For the makers of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice have perfected a new "twice-crisping" process—plus a new "seal-krisp" package. So that now these choice grains rustle into your cereal dish, as fresh as the instant they were shot from guns!

What "twice-crisping" does

Imagine the sweetest, most delicious nut meat you ever tasted. That's the new deliciousness of the new Puffed Grain! Imagine a crispness so brittle . . . so extra fresh . . . that it melts in your mouth. This is what

"twice-crisping" adds to Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the *only* cereals to bring you grain kernels with every food cell steam-exploded for greater digestibility. The only cereals that are "twice-crisped" to give fresher . . . more lasting crispness.

Make this test

Today, buy a package of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice from your grocer. Tomorrow morning heap cereal bowls high with these enticing grain foods. Notice how every one in the family enjoys the new "twice-crisped" Puffed Grains.

Try Puffed Wheat . . . a delicious, old-fashioned rolled wheat cereal that cooks in 3 to 5 minutes. Always dry heat baking necessary.



Shot from guns!
Rich, mouthful of grains—rolled to shape—steam-exploded under fiery temperature—blast-blasted from guns! That's makes every particle of Puffed Grain so deliciously nourishing.

LISTEN to Gene and Glenn, the Quaker Early Birds . . . over N. B. C.
Consult your newspaper radio program for time.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice

LITTLE GIRL LOST

[Continued from page 32]

She knew then that she could not do it. Barney had a right to a square deal, and she wouldn't be giving it. She might never see Jan again, but she could not marry Barney.

It was not until she was in bed that, sweeping across the clamor of her thoughts, came the memory of the letters she had left for Leontine and her mother. They would find them, and ask questions. She rose and looked at the clock. The girls would still be at Annapolis. Anne Hampton had asked them over for a late supper after the dance. There was still time to get Nicky. He would help her out if she asked him.

She had to descend two flights of stairs, and as she stole down, she prayed that the quick ears of the Pekingeses might not hear. Luck was with her, and at last she shut herself tightly into the telephone closet in the lower hall, and got Nicky.

"Nicky, this is Minta. I'm at Aunt Min's. Barney and I didn't go to Annapolis; I'll tell you why when I see you. And Nicky—I left two notes on my dressing table, one for mother and one for Leontine. I want you to tear them up and say nothing. Nothing, Nicky . . . on your word of honor. You needn't explain anything to mother, except that I'll be home in the morning, and that I'm at Aunt Min's. Will you, Nicky? Well, you're a sweet thing, if you are my father. . ."

She hung up the receiver with a sigh of relief, then went upstairs with the Persian cat, who roamed the house at will, leaping noiselessly ahead of her. When they reached the top of the stairs, a quick, soft bark broke the stillness. Araminta heard Aunt Min's voice. "What's the matter?" and Rhoda's voice from the little room where the maid slept near her mistress. "It's only the cat, Miss Minnie!" and again silence fell.

Araminta lay awake for a long time, looking into the future. She would have to go abroad with Nicky and Mary. And now she would be glad to go. Away from Barney. Away from Leontine. Away from them all!

It was Rhoda who made the strongest protest next morning. "But I've ordered everything, Miss Minnie." "Then, countermarch the orders, Rhoda. There will be no wedding!" Rhoda's manner held a hint of reproach. Aunt Min, aware of it, attempted an apology. "A woman has a right to change her mind."

But while she carried it off with a high hand to Rhoda, Aunt Min was not sure that Araminta's change of mind was justified. The child had given no excuse. She had simply arrived at Aunt Min's bedside at the ghastly hour of seven, and said, "I can't do it. I've telephoned Barney and told him."

"What did he say?" "He thinks I've lost my mind."

"And well he might. I don't see any excuse for you, Minta."

"Neither does he. And he's coming up . . . at nine. I told him it wouldn't do any good, but he's coming."

"She leaned over and kissed her aunt."

"Sorry to wake you, darling."

"That's all right, my dear. But the whole thing doesn't seem reasonable."

"No love affair is reasonable, if you come to that, Aunt Min." Araminta had replied and had gone off to her room with no further explanation.

A little later Rhoda, coming in to draw Aunt Min's bath, was informed of what had happened.

"Miss Minta is to have breakfast here with me, promptly at eight-thirty, Rhoda," Aunt Min said.

Rhoda went down and canceled the order to the caterer. She hated to cancel it, for she had considered it a triumph of diplomacy to rout him from his bed and get him to promise the wedding bells on time. They were undoubtedly in the freezer now.

When she went upstairs again, she unwound the kids from Aunt Min's spare locks, powdered her nose, and got her into a mauve dressing gown. Then she brought up the tray, and set forth the food on a little table near the window of Aunt Min's sitting room. After which she called Araminta, and went downstairs again to give the Pekingeses their airing.

JUST as Rhoda, with the Pekingeses in her arms, opened the front door, a young man came hurrying up the steps, his shoulders as square as those of the King's guard, and with a swing to his stride as though he marched to music.

But Rhoda could see that the music to which he marched this morning was martial music, and so, when he said, "May I see Miss Williams?" she didn't know quite what to do about it.

"She's not up," she said, "or, rather, she's having breakfast in her aunt's room."

"She expects me," said Barney. "Oh, very well, sir," Rhoda flattered herself against the wall to let him pass, and then she went upstairs to tell Araminta. Araminta was clothed in black satin pajamas and a coat which Aunt Min had brought her from Nippon.

"There's a gentleman downstairs, Miss Minnie," Rhoda told her. "He's early, my dear. Finish your breakfast."

But Araminta pushed her plate away. "I can't eat—not with Barney down there—waiting."

"But they aren't going down into those."

"Those? Oh, you mean my pajamas? Good gracious, Aunt Min, everybody wears them."

"But they aren't decent. . ."

"Darling, times have changed. And you gave them to me."

"But not to wear in my drawing-room."

"What better place could I wear them?"

And Minta was off, and Rhoda and Aunt Min stared at each other until Aunt Min said, faintly, "I suppose they all do it?"

"Do what?" said Rhoda.

"Wear my pajamas." The young man downstairs saw nothing strange in Araminta's apparel. He thought he had never seen her so desirable.

He held out his hand and drew her to him.

"Do you think I'm going to let you get away with this?"

"Yes, sorry, Barney."

"What happened? Was it anything I did last night?"

"No. She hadn't thought it would be so hard. Barney was splendid, but she didn't love him."

She told him that. And he wouldn't believe it. "Do you think I am going to let you go like this. Loveliness?"

"I'm afraid you'll have to, Barney."

She seated herself by the fireplace, and he sat down beside her, his blue eyes burning, his voice eager. She was knit into his life, and with him she could not tear her out. For years he had dreamed she might some day come

[Continued on page 36]



Some women are funny that way

Some women have a happy knack of finding joy in the simplest everyday things.

A table set with crisp, snowy linens—a cake baked to fluffy perfection—sunbeams dancing on spotless floors—towels fragrant with sweet, airy cleanliness—in such simple homely things, these women find delight. They're funny that way.

It pleases us greatly that these women are the very ones who fill our files with friendly letters about Fels-Naptha. Yet it doesn't surprise us. For, as far as soap-and-water tasks go, Fels-Naptha brings extra help that makes it easier to get things done beautifully.

Fels-Naptha, you see, is more than soap alone. It is good soap and plenty of naphtha. So much naphtha, you can smell it plainly. The velvet feel of the bar and its clear, golden color will tell you that the soap itself is unusually good. So you get two skillfully combined cleaners in one big bar—soap and naphtha working hand-in-hand. Under their gentle urging, even stubborn dirt lets go—without hard rubbing. Smudges vanish and woodwork sparkles. Bathtubs gleam. Windows shine. And clothes come off the line clean through and through—white and sweet!

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LITTLE GIRL LOST

[Continued from page 35]

to him—and he had seen her always as a part of his future—under the moon as they sailed the seas; by his fireside to welcome him at night; smiling at him across the table; smiling at him . . . with his child in her arms.

All this with a sincerity that struck at Araminta's heart. Here was no longer the light-headed, light-hearted Barney, but a man among men, offering her a love which had to do with the deep and lasting things of life.

And, in contrast, what would Janney give her? An almost intangible devotion. Yet it was Janney's image which obsessed her, as he had stood in front of her last night at this very fireplace—dark and brooding, making indelible demands on her allegiance.

She laid her hand on Barney's. "I've got to tell you . . . there is some one else."

"Some one else? Some other man?"

"Yes. He was here last night—I thought I had forgotten. But I hadn't."

"You mean that all you said to me meant nothing, Minta."

"I meant it at the time . . ."

"How could you mean it? You can't love two men at once. Let two men—love you . . ."

Her face was very white. She knew that he was thinking of that moment in the summerhouse when he had caught her up in his arms.

Her voice was tremulous. "I am not like that—really."

"Like what?"

"Cheap." Her self-control gave way. "I thought I had put him out of my life. And I wanted to care for you a lot, Barney. I wanted to care."

Her distress was unmistakable. When Barney spoke again it was with less sternness. "You couldn't help it, of course. He stood up, against his shoulders. 'Are you going to marry him?'"

"He hasn't—asked me . . ."

Barney put his hand on her shoulder. "My dear, I said gently, 'that's very brave of you to tell me.'"

"I should have told you—long ago."

His grasp on her shoulder tightened.

"You mustn't think I am going to give you up. It's a fair field and you're worth fighting for, Minta."

"Am I, Barney?"

For the first time that morning he smiled. "You are, and you know it."

AS ARAMINTA climbed the stairs slowly, she had a sense of deep depression. She had been true to herself, but at what a cost. She had lost Barney. And Jan didn't want her. There

was nothing left, apparently, but to go with Nicky and Mary to the Riviera. Aunt Min was still at her breakfast. "Your mother telephoned. I told her you'd call back. And I told her, too, that I want to keep you here tonight. I am having Janney Brockenridge to dine and a few others. I called him up to tell him that the wedding was off, and he asked if you were staying over. He sails for Italy on Friday."

Friday—and this was Wednesday! Three days and two short nights! Araminta's heart was beating wildly.

"I'm having the Huse-Browns and two men who know Janney. And today there's a bridge luncheon and two teas. How will you fill in the time?"

"Sleep," said Minta. "I'm dead."

Aunt Min was curious. "Did you make peace with your young man?"

"He isn't my young man any more," said Minta, "and if you don't mind we won't talk about it."

SHE kissed her aunt and called up her mother. Then she went to her room, threw herself on the bed and lay there for a long time, thinking of Barney who had gone away and of Jan who would come that night.

And as she lay there, Rhoda tapped at the door. "A special delivery for you, Minta."

"Thank you, Rhoda."

It was from Jan. He must see her alone, he said, after dinner. "Make a way for me to do it, Mignon. Your aunt's message brought the blood back to my heart." And he was ever hers, Jan.

That was all. But there was magic in it. She got up and moved about the room restlessly. Aunt Min's Persian basket and the window. She went to it and ran her fingers through its fur. "Darling . . . darling . . ."

But it was not of the cat that she was thinking.

Meanwhile Barney, riding like mad in his low-bung car, was thinking only of Araminta. It seemed incredible that she was no longer his. But she had never been his—not even at that moment when he had lifted her in his arms and had loved her.

He passed the white dogwood, where they had waited in the rain. Three decks flew up . . .

"Look, Barney, look! . . . 'I know, Lovelornest!'"

A few minutes later he passed Great-Gate, looked at the house and at the hill beyond. Then he slowed up his car and stopped. Leontine was running down the hill to meet him!

[Continued in MARCH McCALL'S]

MOTION PICTURES

[Continued from page 20]

of us, the children that are thrilled by the sight of a fire engine and moved emotionally by the sound of a Viennese waltz.

My husband, Mr. Fairbanks, has already made a good start on the big rejuvenation campaign with his brisk traveltogue, *Around the World in Eighty Minutes*, and others are making similarly gratifying progress.

In particular, there is Jackie Cooper, who is now threatening to usurp the position of Micky Mouse as the most popular of film stars. This is the young Master Cooper in *Skippy*, and those who see him again in *The Champ*, know that here, in his chunky little frame, are concentrated the qualities that have made him the screen object of devotion the world over. He is at the same time utterly true and utterly incredible. This is an art that could

never be realized save through the lens of a camera.

The Champ is undoubtedly the most striking picture that has ever been revealed. It is, for the spectator, a veritable orgy of emotionalism. One comes away from it astounded by the depths of feeling in one's own soul. Some (but by no means all) of Jackie Cooper's untutored effectiveness in *The Champ* is attributable to the sympathetic direction of King Vidor, and to Wallace Berry's excellent performance as the disreputable bum of a father to whom the little boy clings.

The Champ dispenses once and for all of the fallacious belief that the appeal of the talking pictures must be intellectual, rather than emotional. It proves that sentimentality is far from defunct, and thus opens the way for a glorious revival of sob-squeezers.

CHAPPED and DRY SKIN BANISHED Quicker than ever before



HERE is news! Campana's Italian Balm, unrivaled skin protector in winter-long Canada, is now sold coast-to-coast in the United States.

For more than a quarter of a century, this famous skin softener has been a household word in the Dominion. It outsells all other skin protectors—it is "King of Lotions" in that country where winter-time skin protection is a necessity.

16 INGREDIENTS—SELECTED BY A WORLD-FAMOUS SKIN SPECIALIST

Not six, nor ten—but sixteen ingredients are used to make Italian Balm. These are scientifically blended by an imported and secret process. Remember this—Italian Balm is guaranteed to banish rough, red, dry or chapped skin quicker than anything you have ever used before. Invention of a famous Italian dermatologist, it is made today exactly as his formula originally prescribed—including many imported ingredients. For sale at drug and department stores in long-tossing 35c, 60c and \$1.00 bottles. Or, send for the complete set of four—*Tru-Italian Balm*—at our expense.



True in Saturday night—
"Five Nights" broadcast.
N. B. C. coast-to-coast . . .
9:50 Eastern Time; 9:30
Central; 7:30 Mazoni.
General; 6:30 Pacific.
Cable: Campana.

Campana's Italian Balm is sold by all leading druggists and department stores. Write for a list of dealers. Name _____ Street _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

At 39 she laughs at Birthdays

*You can
share the screen
stars' secret*

"Of course I am 39," says Frances Starr, famous Belasco star now on the screen.

"Years matter so little nowadays if a woman knows how to take care of her complexion.

"Every actress knows that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap will do wonders for her skin, and I am among the scores of the profession who use it regularly."

Countless other lovely stage and screen stars agree with Frances Starr!

*9 out of 10 screen
stars use it*

Of the 613 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 605 use this fragrant white soap regularly to guard complexion beauty. It is *official* for dressing rooms in all the great film studios.

Stage stars, too, have long been insistent on Lux Toilet Soap for regular complexion care. They find this luxurious soap, for their convenience, in the dressing rooms of theatres all over the country!

Surely you will want to let this gentle, luxurious care keep *your* skin youthfully aglow.



"Yes—I am 39"
Frances Starr

LUX Toilet Soap — 10¢

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS' PRIDE

[Continued from page 11]

is somehow more affecting than the worst city slum. It marks very deeply the faces of the women and the girls who sit on the porches of the little old houses, nursing obscure dreams.

AT FAIRMOUNT, in West Virginia, I passed into the hands of a huge fellow, full of crawling Southern talk, who came from the mines to a desk job in one of the company offices. Riding out toward the Carolina mine, which he had agreed to show me, he talked.

"You take mine, now," he said. "I went into digging coal from choice. My folks were furniture merchants, and they wanted me to teach school. Why, at sixteen I had my certificate and I was all set to be a professor. But it just didn't appeal to me. I knew there was good money in the mines, and I got myself a job there. The first day I walked into that pit and felt all that mountain over my head, I was scared as a jack rabbit. But you get used to that, and soon you're just like all the rest of 'em—wouldn't trade your job mining coal for any other job you can think of."

"You work hard, but you work your own way. And when you've loaded your sixteen tons, you're through for the day, no matter what time it is. You're independent, like running your own business, and it gets under your skin all right. Why, even now I spend most of my time just prowling around in the mine, wishing I was back with the boys."

At the Superintendent's office we were given little acetylene lamps, and we plunged into the side of the hill, finding our way down a long, long corridor that was damp with the sweat of the earth. We walked something more than a mile toward the heart of that hill. The tunnel was high, for the seam of coal is ten feet thick at Carolina, and twelve feet wide. In the heavy gloom we could see other tunnels branching off and losing themselves. We could see the bobbing white stars of other lamps, far in the distance. We could hear the rumble and whine of the electric cutting machines, and the grunt of black powder as it blew the coal down from working faces far, far off.

We began to pass men who were coming out for the day. Two or three miners, going in on another shift, had joined our party, and I noticed a thing that was remarkable to me. As we would swim toward an outgoing crowd in the darkness, everybody would, and somebody would say,

"Hello, men." The answer would come, "Why, howdy, Jack." The incoming miners would say, "How is she going today?" and the answer would be explicit, "Little slow down number four shaft. Couldn't get the cars. But we did sixteen ton apiece, it's all right."

Then, "Well, guess we'll have our shut at it."

And, "Okay. Good luck to you. See you tomorrow."

I mean to suggest that the fellowship of these miners was an intense thing, and that their absorption with their chosen trade was just as intense. There were six thousand men working in the pit, and I never saw one pass another without a salutation, a brief discussion of the day's work.

We pressed on deeper into the earth, and one of the men who had joined us with us was talking. He was a lean man, something over forty, with a face permanently blackened from the

coal dust. "Now there's something I don't understand," he said. "We're doing our work right, and we're doing it honest. We're getting thirty-nine cents a ton for what we dig, and that's enough to keep a man from complaining. But why is it we can't go on all the time like that? No. We have to worry all the time for fear somebody up at Washington or New York will say, 'We don't need any more coal. Shut down the mines.' Looks like they'd find some way to keep things going steady like."

Another spoke up: "The newspapers don't let you anything. I'd like to read something to make me understand about all these things. Hard times, they say. But they've got brains up there. Why can't they keep hard times from coming?"

The first said: "I don't say they can keep hard times from coming. But they can make us understand the why's and the wherefore's. That's all I ask. And everybody in the mine is taking the same thing. You go back to your New York, and tell 'em the miners want to understand. We can take the bad times, well as the good, but they ought to learn us about such things."

I told him that I would bear his message back, and they left us with great courtesy, disappearing down another tunnel.

We came, presently, up against a working face, where three or four men were cleaning up the odd ends of their day's labor. One of them was very young, twenty-two or thereabouts, and my guide singled him out.

"How you making it, Bud?" the guide asked.

The boy nodded. He had a pleasant face, even behind the accumulated grime. "Four ton," he said. "Could have got five, if they'd sent the empty cars down."

"You married?" asked the guide.

"Yeah," said the boy. "Two children. Live over at Gypsy."

I asked, "Going to put your youngsters into the mine when they grow up?"

He shook his head and laughed a little sheepishly. "I'm going to make a doctor out of that oldest one. Mines are good enough for me, but not for him. I'll get the other one some education, too. You've got to have education to know what you're heading." He made a vague gesture that compassed the dark tunnel, the hilltop that hung over our heads, and the world at large. He said he was taking the engineering course, two nights a week at the community hall, from the professor who came up to the mines from the University. But he did not hope nor really want to leave the mines. "It's good work," he said. "I like it. The wife makes me take that learning."

FROM the Carolina we rode down to one of the small, independent workings. Operation had been suspended for a week or more. The men were sitting on the steps of incredibly squalid little shacks that hung precariously to the side of a mountain. They seemed a little sullen at our appearance, but as we passed they gave a young and very sturdy man said, "We've been hard up before, ain't we? I say the ones that whine ain't got any backbone anyhow. He was picked up by another older miner, who had not bothered to wash his blackened face since the work stopped. "You can't

[Continued on page 40]



Prevent self-infection by using KLEENEX Disposable Tissues

Price greatly reduced—Big box only 35c!

THE common handkerchief is now known to be an almost unbelievable source of danger during colds.

When you have a cold, thousands of germs are poured into your handkerchief every time you use it. These germs are carried to your nose and mouth again and again. They're spread through the air, they contaminate clothing and laundry bags.

Now—a health handkerchief!

When you have a cold, use Kleenex! These exquisite tissues are superior to handkerchiefs in every way, yet cost far less than laundry alone!

So you can catch tissue but once. Then you destroy it. Completely. And destroy germs, too. You need never touch a soiled, damp, handkerchief to your face. Need never wash one.

KLEENEX disposable
TISSUES

Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

And now Kleenex costs much less than ever before! The big box, formerly priced at 50c, now costs but 35c, at any drug, dry goods or department store. Never pay more.

At this low price, you'll find Kleenex more useful than ever. Use it for removing face creams, to blot up those fine impurities that cling so stubbornly in the pores. Use it for applying and blending make-up. Mothers find Kleenex invaluable in caring for young babies.

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Chicago, Illinois
Please send free trial supply of Kleenex. **McG**

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Street _____

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In Canada, address: 100 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

Royal Cakes keep fresh Longer—*here's why...*

Amazing photos prove that poor-quality baking powder riddles your cake with "air holes." In just a few hours moisture and flavor are gone

SERVE Wednesday's cake for Sunday supper?

Yes, it's been done many a time—when the cake was baked with Royal.

But you can't do it with cheap, ordinary baking powder.

Recent experiments prove that poor-quality baking powder forms "air holes" in cake. And "air holes," you know, cause staleness.

The freshening moisture quickly escapes through these large holes. In just a few hours the cake is dry and flavorless.

Picture No. 1—at right—shows you clearly how "air holes" are formed by cheap, ordinary baking powder. Just look at those big puffy gas bubbles in the batter. Every one leaves a large

hole in your finished cake—a hole you could put your finger through.

Compare this with picture No. 2, which shows the action of Royal, the fine Cream of Tartar baking powder.

Notice the tiny bubbles in this cake batter. When they get to work in the heat of the oven, those small, uniform

bubbles build up a fine, even texture.

When you cut a Royal cake—what a thrill! It's smooth as velvet. Tender ... fluffy ... delicious!

Royal, for over 60 years, has held the place of honor on the pantry shelves of American housewives!

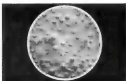
Yet this superior baking powder is not expensive. Enough for a handsome big cake costs less than 2¢!

Recipes for these fine delicious cakes are in the Royal Cook Book ... Mail coupon below for your free copy



1. Big gas bubbles in cake batter made with cheap, ordinary baking powder, form "air holes" that quickly dry out your cake.

But wait till you taste it a day or so later—if you've kept it under lock and key! All the fresh-baked flavor is still right there—held in by the fine, even grain. Is it any wonder that



2. Tiny, uniform bubbles in batter made with Royal Baking Powder, give you fine-grained cake that stays fresh for days.

FREE COOK BOOK—Mail coupon for free copy of famous Royal Cook Book, to use when you bake at home.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER • PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED
Dept. 41, 60 Washington Street • New York City • New York
Please send me free copy of the famous Royal Cook Book.

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It's the Cream of Tartar in ROYAL that gives you fine-textured cake!

So delicious . . .
these larger, juicier roasts
from my **Westinghouse**
Flavor Zone Range



. . . and smaller food shrinkage is only
one of the reasons **Flavor Zone Ranges**
are more economical

Larger? Yes . . . actually larger than a roast of the same original weight prepared by older methods! Foods shrink less in the oven of the Westinghouse Flavor Zone Range . . . from 20% to 33% less. This smaller food shrinkage opens the door to economies in buying that you'll welcome.

You serve juicier, more flavorful roasts, too. Flavor Zone cooking seals in the nourishing juices and increases flavor and tenderness . . . in the same way that the old-time Dutch Oven cooked foods to surpassing goodness. Write for a copy of booklet, "Old-Time Cooking for Your Modern Table," with the complete story of Flavor Zone Range cooking advantages.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MFG. CO.
Merchandising Dept. Mansfield, Ohio

Other Advantages—

Cleanliness—No smoke, fumes or greasy film. Crumbs and decorations last longer.

Safety—Less danger from scalds and burns. No risks from explosion or fumes.

Healthfulness—No oxygen-consuming flames and fumes in a kitchen that is always comfortable.

Freedom—Fully automatic cooking means fewer hours in the kitchen . . . more time for rest and pleasure.

Food Saving—Cooking through two small towns that should, by all the rules, have been stricken towns, and hurt. In one of them, five banks had failed. In another, two.

In the first, the filling station man was pumping gas into the car. "Well," he said, "my bank went. And that's the second one that's been shut out from under me this year. What do you do in a case like that?" He grinned.

I said, "I would feel like going into hysterics."

"Oh, you can't do that," he answered. "No, sir. You know—" His hand stopped on the pump and he leaned into the car window. "You know, when everybody's broke, and you know you're not the only one, it's a kind of relief. That sounds mighty foolish,

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS' PRIDE

[Continued from page 38]

damn the country just because hard times come around. The country's all right. But they ought to tell us about things, so we'd understand when the hard times are coming. That's my say."

I had observed that there was no church along the road we had come, and I spoke of it. "It seems," I said, "that you could get a lot of comfort, and good advice, too, out of your religion when things go bad like this. Isn't there a meeting house anywhere near?"

The storekeeper spoke up. He was a grizzled animal, and his convictions were obviously very strong on all matters. "Nobody listens to preachers any more," he said bluntly. "Who cares about hell-fire, or heaven either, when his belly's empty? Some of the womenfolk complain because there ain't no Sunday school for the young uns. But there's nothing the preachers got to say to growing-up men. We ain't got to the point yet where we got to holler for help from on high." He laughed acidly.

The others nodded and spoke in quick agreement. One of them had a little tobacco, and he passed it around until all the pipes were filled. He threw the empty sack away. I suppose I must have made some unconscious gesture, or perhaps my face showed what I was thinking. For he turned with slow deliberation and looked at me. "And we don't need no pity, neither," he said. His voice was harsh in its intensity, and after he spoke there was complete silence.

THUS it happened that among the miners I came upon several explicit things that lie in the heads of the people of the Iron Empire. The most important of these, to me, was the profound courage that they are matching against adversity—and hardly less important was the discovery that this courage is integral with a determination to know a good deal more about life.

Listening to the phrase that was repeated again and again—"We want to understand"—was like the curious experience of watching a man who has been knocked down as he gets slowly to his feet, still full of fight, but growing wary of his opponent. Through all the iron country the courage and the desire for knowledge ran like refrain—these and the uninterested reply, "No, there doesn't seem to be much we can get out of the churches."

On the road to Pittsburgh I went through two small towns that should, by all the rules, have been stricken towns, and hurt. In one of them, five banks had failed. In another, two. In the first, the filling station man was pumping gas into the car. "Well," he said, "my bank went. And that's the second one that's been shut out from under me this year. What do you do in a case like that?" He grinned.

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but it's true. You sort of have less to worry about, and you feel like pulling together with your own kind to get hard to get ahead of the other fellow. Maybe it ain't so bad." He was laughing at his own predicament when I pulled away.

PITTSBURGH is first a dark smudge on the horizon, then a long boulevard that skirts the slums where the western live, and then a forest of blackened buildings that lose themselves in the murk above. It is a curious city and an anomalous one: the blazing crucible of the Iron Empire, full of dangerous, fierce labor and the savage passions of the laborers—and it is also the center of American painting, the fountainhead of Andrew Carnegie's plan for the enrichment of the American mind. In its largest department store there is a wealth of superb mural decoration by Boardman Robinson, and where dusk falls, the paintings are lit grotesquely by the glare from the blast furnaces across the river.

The Cathedral of Learning is a soaring Gothic tower, a new thirty-million-dollar home for the University of Pittsburgh—and its topmost gargoyles stare out upon the heaped gold piles from the mills, to the carved ears of the gargoyles comes the mutter of a hundred alien languages. The International Art Exposition selects, from among five hundred examples of modern European art, the work of an American for the first prize—and newboys howl the news that the elections have been stolen by the blandest fraud in the city's history. There are six or seven fashionable hunt clubs, with ladies and gentlemen riding to hounds on fine mornings—and over at McKee's Rocks the hunkies read their stinky newspapers and wrestle over nickel beer with the remote problems of European diplomacy. Through the doors of the handsome library and the art museum the wives of those same hunkies pour in incredible numbers, dragging their gincham dresses to their ample breasts and staring at pictures, borrowing books to read.

Pittsburgh is most remarkable, perhaps for the sheer stress of its middle-class ingenuity, for its thin proportions of that steadily mediocrity which the world really lives by. And it is remarkable, too, for the fact that within the actual scope of the movement there are more than a hundred autonomous towns and boroughs, each full of debauched politics, each striving harshly for some new semblance of order. These things add to the sense of confusion that is the most striking element in a city which is a miracle of harsh contrasts.

I went to Braddock with a note to a plant inspector, who was to show me how they make steel. He did, indeed, show me the blazing furnaces, the great hills of metal incandescent with 4,000 degrees of heat. He showed me the marvels of electric machinery that flip these billets about as easily as you would flip a loose one, and he showed me a thousand men engaged in labor that was brutally dangerous, brutally hard. Yet, in all of these, he showed me much more than any of these: a considerable human being.

[Continued on page 42]

START SAVING MONEY WITH *

Westinghouse
Flavor Zone Range





They are depending on you, Mother!

Keep them well and strong
..yet save amazingly on food costs

Give them delicious Quaker Oats. It provides double the nourishment of more expensive foods. Yet costs less than ½ a cent a dish! Serve it oftener now.

ROASTING!

Exclusive process secret of Quaker's delicious flavor!

Roasting... an exclusive process. Only the plumpest, most flavorful oats are used. The choice 90% in every handful. The ripe whole oats are roasted through 14 different ovens. This roasts the delicious flavor in so it can't boil out. The oat flakes are made so digestible that they cook wholesomely done in 2½ minutes.

And—important economy—every package of Mother's Oats and Quaker Oats contains from 30 to 40% more oat flakes than most millers pack!

BUT how can I keep my children well and strong yet keep food costs down? Thousands of mothers are asking this question. And thousands are finding they can cut breakfast costs almost in half yet serve more nourishing... more delicious breakfasts... with Quaker Oats.

What a dish of Quaker Oats contains
For Quaker Oats is a rich storehouse of important food elements your family needs. It provides protein, the precious repair element that makes meat, milk and eggs so valuable. Like fresh vegetables

it provides body building minerals. Like far more costly foods it is rich in concentrated energy.

Yet it costs less than ½ a cent a dish. In addition (and this is important, for children's appetites must be tempted), Quaker Oats has a rich flavor that makes oatmeal eating a delight. A flavor that comes from the exclusive Quaker roasting process.

Picture the plumpest, choicest oat kernels, roasting and toasting through fourteen roasting ovens. Think how this

roasting enhances their rich savoriness. How it *roasts* the goodness in, so it can't cook out. Think too what it adds to wholesome digestibility! Quick Quaker Oats cooks deliciously done in just 2½ minutes. That's faster than toast or coffee!

Save on foods, mother. Yet serve more nourishing breakfasts. More delicious ones. Let rich steaming bowls of Quick Quaker Oats help keep your family well and strong at less cost.

Try Postojan's... a delicious, old-fashioned rolled wheat cereal that cooks in 3 to 5 minutes. Makes dry bran eating unnecessary.

LISTEN to Gene and Glen, the Quaker Early Birds... over N. B. C.
Consult your newspaper radio program for the time.

QUICK QUAKER OATS, cooks in 2½



minutes

When doctors approve you're perfectly safe

Your doctor has certain definite standards which he demands from a laxative before he will give it his approval.

Back of his warmly sympathetic attitude there is always present the scientific mind.

If your doctor would write down his requirements for a laxative—these are the things he would consider important:

What does a Doctor demand in a Laxative?

A laxative should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush the food through the stomach.

It should not disturb digestion.

It should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.

It should be mild and gentle in action.

It should not irritate and over-stimulate the intestines.

It should not gripe.

It should not be habit-forming.

Ex-Lax checks on every point

Taking those requirements one by one, Ex-Lax meets every specification.

Ex-Lax is an exclusive scientific formula for the relief of constipation—pleasantly and effectively. The only medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax

is phenolphthalein—a laxative that is internationally recognized by the medical profession, and that checks on every point a doctor looks for in a laxative.

And it is the exclusive Ex-Lax formula combining a delicious chocolate base with the scientific laxative—phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose—that accounts for the fine results millions get from Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax acts by gently stimulating the bowels to action—naturally and surely. It exercises the intestines—it does not "whip" them! It does not gripe—nor is it habit-forming.

Get Ex-Lax from your druggist in 10c, 25c, or 50c boxes. Or mail the coupon below for a free sample.

First step in preventing COLDS

A clean system helps to fortify you against possible colds. Cleanse your system with Ex-Lax and thus relieve your body of poisonous waste matter without weakening and without disturbing digestion.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 179,
Trenton, N. J.
Kindly send me the free sample of Ex-Lax.

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Address.....
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Keep "regular" with **EX-LAX**
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS' PRIDE

[Continued from page 40]

I said to him: "Tell me about the steel workers, what sort of people they are, and what they live by."

He was quite furious, in a contained way—a dour and poised man he was, toward fifty. "You talk about steel workers," he said, "as if they were some species of animal. Two hundred thousand steel workers mean two hundred thousand men. There is as much variety of habit, and wealth, and intelligence, and prejudices among steel workers as among any two hundred thousand men, anywhere. Some of them are scoundrels and live like scoundrels. Most of them know all about poverty, but a few of them have money put away. Some of them are interested in educating themselves and their children, and some of them are murderers at heart."

That was a chastening rebuke, but I asked another question. "Sociologists," I said, "have contended that any man of the second generation in the steel mills is mentally and morally and physically ruined. Is that true?"

He smiled a little curiously. "My grandfather," he said, "was a steel roller. My father was a steel roller. I was, too, until I was twenty-five, when they promoted me to this job. My son is eighteen. He entered one of the big Eastern colleges this term. He wants to be a poet."

I asked, "How did that happen—how did you come up out of that?" and I pointed toward the men who were working fiercely, with the terrific heat of the billows in their faces.

He could not answer. Somewhere, in his early youth, he had read a book on economics, and it made him want to read more. "I read Adam Smith and Karl Marx and it was almost a crime to be caught at it," he said. "I never went to school, to speak of. I don't know what made me want to educate myself."

We went back into his little office and he drew a bit of paper from a grimy desk. He said, "This is private, between you and me. What do you think of it?" He handed me the paper and there were some verses written on it. They were rather good verses. They sang the chant of a steel man, and more than once they were touched with stirring figures.

I said, "Who wrote this?" "I did," he answered. "My son asked me to."

I LOOKED at him a little while, and he returned the look. And then I said, with a gesture toward the steel plant and the plumes and the city's towers, "None of that can bother you very much, can it?" He shook his head, slowly and thoughtfully. And I knew that I had met one man, at least, out of the tolling hours, who had discovered the single anchor to the good life: the anchor of resources within himself that could never be changed by the change and flow of circumstance, the reel of uncertain affairs. He understood, I think, what was in my mind, for he said there are a good many like that, more than you would ever think, in the two hundred thousand you put such a pat name upon."

From Pittsburgh the road wound through Ohio, touching the farming country that lies in all the interstices of the Iron Empire. It was beautiful country, incalculably rich-looking to the eye. Upon its open, rolling fields were herds and the remnants of the harvest and solid homes half-hidden by old trees. The country went swiftly

by the car window, and there was a feeling of certainty that men could never really hunger while such earth was waiting to give up its fruits. More than that, the land had the patina of living upon it, the touch of hands that have groomed the soil and nurtured it, even while they were taking sustenance from it.

It was a beautiful, which belongs to iron, is a pleasant town in the midst of these fields, and in Springfield East in an oak-paneled drawing-room, listening to a manufacturer tell lightly of his ruin. He was full of optimism, and his optimism did not turn at all upon the hope that his dollars would be recovered. It dwelt, rather, upon a firm opinion that American life is going to be a better life henceforward.

"Something is happening to the people," he said. "They have been forced to stop thinking quite so much about money. They have had a blow that sobered them a little, and already they are seeming more mature. That is—*they* are coming into maturity. What a fascinating thing it will be to watch them!"

We talked nearly all night, trying to predict what the Americans really will be like when they come into their full strength as human beings. The subject was exciting, of course, and more exciting because it is not simply a dream but a fair prospect.

COLUMBUS was a handsome city spread upon the plain, and from there the route led to Cleveland.

Now it is my notion that the thing we ponder as American culture will turn out to be a culture of the cities. Civilizations have grown from a feeling for the land, the nation, the distrust of stimulating government. But a feeling for the soil of the United States, what with its immense reaches of plain and mountain, its violent division of economic interests, has been a difficult thing to possess, and the government of the United States is too diffused, too much dispersed for men to focus clearly upon. But the cities are ponderable entities, and a feeling for the cities had its humble beginnings in the booster spirit. We have learned that the booster spirit is susceptible of apotheosis. It can be matured into a profounder thing, less full of noise and more changed with a genuine devotion—and that maturity is well upon its way in Cleveland.

I found there a genuine community, rather than a chance grouping of houses and factories. I found that nearly all the people are engaged in a genuine community enterprise.

This had its beginnings in a very old-fashioned thing—the arrival with the Westward movement of a line of New Englanders with money in their pockets. Immediately, then, three generations ago, Cleveland began its life with money and with a line of established wealth. That wealth has been augmented tremendously, of course, but it has remained in the little hands of New England families, and these people have retained through the three generations a remarkable sense of responsibility. They have been, in short, iron-willed squires of the city, and they have modeled it—with a line of allegiance to their antique conscience—according to their conception of duty toward God and fellow man.

I am aware that this story sounds a little romantic, but I assure you it is quite true. With a fine justification [Continued on page 48]

As unerringly as a jeweler picks the perfect gem



STANDARD RATING SCALE for Electric Refrigeration

- Is the refrigerator manufactured by a reliable company with proper experience in the electric refrigeration field?
- Is there plenty of food and shelf space?
- Is the cabinet itself well designed, sturdily built and properly insulated?
- Is there provision for the freezing of an adequate supply of ice cubes? (Quantity of ice rather than number of cubes, which may be of large or small size, should be taken into consideration.)
- Will the refrigerator constantly maintain a proper temperature for the preservation of foods?
- Can the freezing of ice cubes and desserts be speeded up when the need arises?
- Can this extra freezing speed for ice cubes be had without affecting the temperature on the food shelves? (Too low a temperature on the shelves, will, of course, injure food.)
- Is there a place to keep meat, fish, game, "quick frozen" foods or an extra supply of ice cubes indefinitely at a below freezing temperature?
- Are there various temperatures (a. extra fast freezing; b. fast freezing; c. below freezing for storage; and d. normal food preservation temperature)—automatically maintained without any attention from the owner?
- Does refrigerating unit operate frequently or at infrequent intervals? (Other conditions being equal, the fewer the "stops" and "starts", the longer the unit will last and the less it will cost to run.)
- Will the cooling unit continue to cool the refrigerator for 10 or 12 hours even though the current is shut off?
- Can the back parts of all the shelves, even the lowest, be reached without kneeling or sitting down?
- Has provision been made for keeping vegetables fresh and crisp?
- Can the top of the refrigerator be used to "set things down for a moment" while the contents of the cabinet are being rearranged?
- Is the refrigerator so designed and finished as to add to the attractiveness of the kitchen?
- Has the experience of users over a considerable period of time shown that the refrigerator is long-lived and dependable?

YOU can select your electric refrigerator

SIZE? Weight? Shape? Freedom from flaws? Color? One by one the jeweler asks the questions that make up *his* standard of value. Tests and comparisons lead him directly to the perfect stone.

Your selection of an electric refrigerator can now be made with the same certainty. The sixteen questions of the Standard Rating Scale will lead *you* directly to the best purchase.

Read question nine, for instance. Of course you want *automatic* operation. And yet, without the Scale as your guide, you might not have discovered this—that Kelvinator is the *only* electric refrigerator with four distinct, constant temperatures, *each automatically* controlled. There are no dials to set. Nothing to remember or forget. No danger of freezing the contents of the food compartment. The other questions will disclose more features that are almost as important.

Make your selection this safe, sure way. Your nearest Kelvinator dealer will gladly

show you just how Kelvinator meets the Scale requirements without dodging a single question and without any high pressure salesmanship. Kelvinator Corporation, 14252 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan. Kelvinator of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario. Kelvinator Limited, London, England.



The De Luxe Model 11 which has fully automatic operation; 4-Zone Gold World's Fastest Freezing Speed, and other noteworthy features.

Kelvinator

Look for the nearest Kelvinator dealer in the Classified Section of your local Telephone Directory under "Refrigeration, Electric".

LOVELY YET LONELY UNTIL ... by ALBERT DORNE



END "B.O." DANGER!

PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste. Unless we take some precaution we never know the moment "B.O."—body odor—may offend. Keep safe this easy, pleasant way. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, penetrating lather *purifies* pores—removes every trace of odor. You'll quickly learn to love its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent that vanishes as you rinse and tells you, "No more 'B.O.' danger now!"

Protect health

Wash hands often—always before meals—with Lifebuoy. It removes *germ* as well as dirt. Keeps complexions fresh and radiant. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

SECRETS of a HOUSEWIFE — by C.A. Voight



See how bright colored clothes come ... from these safe suds

RINSO not only washes clothes fragrantly clean and white, but washable colored things come bright and new-looking—*safe*. Cap for cap, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, pull-up soaps—even in hardest water. No bar soaps, chips or softener needed. The makers of 40 leading washers recommend Rinso. Get the BIG household package. You'll like its creamy suds for dishwashing—and all cleaning.

Valuable book—free

Send for your free copy of "Winter Clothes—Easier Washdays", packed full of information on every phase of home laundering. Just send your name and address to: Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 772, Cambridge, Mass.

Rinso
The Great Suds
Soap

Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan



HELP YOURSELF

It's an old Swedish custom

By Frances Maule

PARTIES? Of course I love to give them. But I hate to make sandwiches! I really can't afford to spend so much time in beforehand preparation, so I've adopted the fascinating Swedish Smörgåsar and changed it to suit American tastes. Now when it comes time to eat I lead my guests to a table filled with appealing "makings" and invite them to help themselves and spread their own. They think it's great fun—and so do I!

Everything for the Smörgåsar should be prepared in advance—even to the laying of the table—to that, at the last minute, there is nothing to do but set out the food. You can bring a crowd in from the movies or the beach and, almost before they get their wraps off, have ready for them a supper they will talk about for weeks.

Since the guests walk on themselves, service becomes merely a matter of supervision and direction. I certainly don't need to point out what this means to any busy homemaker, and especially to the woman who has no maid. No matter how grand the party may be, nothing is ever passed: the whole fun of a Smörgåsar is in picking out for yourself the particular delicacies that most appeal to you. And, of course, all this mixing and moving about is the best way in the world to break the ice at a formal gathering.

A very satisfying and enjoyable supper for a good-sized crowd may be served with no more fuss than merely setting out a cold roast ham or fowl or a platter of cold cuts, a large bowl of potato salad or a mixed green vegetable salad, a compartment plate containing several varieties of cheese, and a fleet of small dishes containing deviled meats and whatever preserved fish are most easily obtainable—such as sardines, shrimps, anchovies, herrings, tuna fish, and smoked or canned salmon—with celery, olives, radishes, pickles and any other relishes you may happen to have on hand. No sweets. They just definitely do not fit in, and the other things are all so savory and satisfying that they are never missed. Coffee, of course. Plenty of coffee.

On more formal occasions the Smörgåsar provides an opportunity to surprise your friends with intriguing designs and color combinations. Here are a few suggestions:

For the chief meat dish, serve a chicken or veal loaf chilled in aspic and turned out of a fancy mold. Mask it with a coating of mayonnaise and then put on a decorative design of flowers and leaf motifs cut out of pimiento and green pepper and thin slices of beet and carrot. Surround the base with a border of watercress and radishes, the red coats of which have been slit and turned back like flower petals to reveal the white hearts.

Instead of the simple green salad, or the familiar and obvious potato salad, serve individual timbales of bright red tomato aspic. You can get a most effective color contrast by molding these around slices of hard-cooked egg or of chopped carrot and green pepper. Or you can decorate them on the outside with strips of green pepper, chopped chives, chopped hard-cooked egg or slices of stuffed olive. Serve with mayonnaise on a bed of watercress or curly green lettuce.

IN SWEDEN the backbone and mainstay of the Smörgåsar is the herring salad. This contains—besides the herring—diced potato, carrot and beer-sliced onions, peppercorns, and any other condiments that the individual cook may chance to favor.

If you and your friends do not share the Scandinavian enthusiasm for herring, you could serve in its place a jellied fish salad made of flaked salmon, tuna, halibut, shrimp, lobster or crab, turned out of a fish-shaped mold and garnished with strips of pimiento, and green pepper, slices of stuffed olive or hard-cooked egg, or watercress and quartered tomatoes.

A very decorative salad is made by stuffing green peppers with pimiento cream cheese; chili, and slice with a sharp, thin-bladed knife. Devote each slice with a sprinkling of popovers, a slice of stuffed olive, or with strips of green pepper [Turn to page 114]

So unlike ordinary raisins

... we gave them different names!

EXCLUSIVE METHODS GIVE SUN-MAID ADDED GOODNESS FOUND IN NO OTHER RAISINS

THE ONLY SEEDLESS RAISINS THAT ARE STERILIZED!

GLOSSY AND PLUMP

UNIFORMLY LARGE

ALWAYS FRESH—CAN'T DRY OUT

ACTUALLY GRAPE-LIKE IN FLAVOR

THE ONLY SEEDED RAISINS THAT POUR FREELY FROM THE CARTON

ALL THE RICH JUICE SEALED IN

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SUN-MAID NECTARS
SEEDLESS RAISINS

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No other raisins can be so deliciously good because no one but Sun-Maid can use the patented Sun-Maid process.

These special methods have made Sun-Maid so different from all other raisins, they are known by different names.

Sun-Maid Puffed (in the blue box) are the only seeded raisins ready for instant use. Instead of coming in a sticky mass, to be pulled apart one by one, they are free-flowing from the carton.

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because they are perfectly protected against drying out.

There are scores of every day dishes you can make unusually good and more healthful by adding Sun-Maid raisins. For best results it will pay you to insist on Sun-Maid. You will never go back to old-style raisins once you've tried them.

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Even though you don't perspire in winter



Excitement, nervous tension are very apt to result in underarm odor, even though there is no moisture to warm you!



you still have unpleasantness to fear

You say you do not perspire in the winter months as you do in hot summer weather. Quite true—most of us do not.

And right here is where many of us get into trouble. Because we are not bothered by moisture, we take it for granted that we are safe from perspiration odor!

Don't be lulled into a false security simply because you are free from perspiration moisture in cold weather. The underarm, always apt to be the lurking place of unpleasant odor, has very little chance of ventilation in winter. Close-fitting sleeves, heavier materials, shut out the air almost completely.

And how this hateful, penetrating odor does cling to clothes—especially winter clothes! Its taint is disastrous!

Modern-minded women know there is just one way to play safe. That is to supplement the daily bath with an effective underarm deodorant. And more than a million of them use Mum!

Mum is instantly effective, you know. Put it on when you dress and you're safe for the day or evening.

And it's so quick and easy to apply. No fuss or bother. No time lost. A quick, finger-tipped to each underarm, into your dress and on your way!

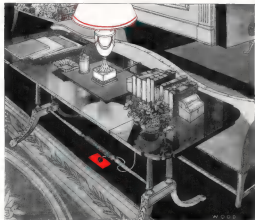
Mum is perfectly harmless to the clothing and is soothing to the skin—even a sensitive skin—right after shaving! Think of that!

Mum doesn't interfere with the natural processes of perspiration. It simply deodorizes unpleasant body odors. In addition to underarm use try it on your hands after preparing onions or fish for dinner. It takes off every trace of odor!

Don't wait for perspiration moisture to warn you! Avoid all danger of odor by using this snappy, dainty cream regularly every day. At all toilet counters, 35c and 60c a jar. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West Street, New York, N. Y.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOUR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION

STILL ANOTHER SERVICE OF MUM—No wonder women are so loyal to Mum! Not the least of its kindly protective service to women is its value as a deodorant on sanitary napkins.



An unexpected place for an outlet? Yes—but how convenient!

LIGHTING UP

Another article by

YOU miss half the fun of being feminine if you don't occasionally feel the urge to express your

personality by moving furniture recklessly about. And yet you are likely to be baffled at the very outset by the fact that the position of the one or two convenience outlets in the room forbids any drastic rearrangements of the more important pieces. Very few houses are so wired as to give that ease and pleasure of operation that we have a right to expect from today's most expert servant.

The electricity is there but we don't give it a chance. We say apologetically to our friends that we do need more base plugs or that switches are certainly a great convenience. Just the same the job is postponed for years in the belief either that it is prohibitively expensive, or that it practically involves tearing down the house in order to accomplish it.

Neither of these objections is a live objection. Not for years has it been possible to do any kind of construction as cheaply as now: the prices of materials and labor have decreased considerably and although formerly a certain amount of tearing up may have been necessary, correct wiring practice today permits an entire house to be wired with a lot less wear and tear than are involved in having the relatives in for Thanksgiving dinner.

So if you have been bullied by badly placed base plugs into an arrangement of furniture that is against your better judgment—and if the man of the house has endangered his life every time he has felt his way cautiously to the light fixture in the basement—why not let a reputable contractor estimate on a system of adequate wiring for your house?

By having a reputable contractor you will be sure of three extremely important factors: good materials, careful workmanship that will disturb your house as little as possible, and the kind of wiring that is really an insurance against fire and accidents. Such a contractor may cost you a little more than the handy-man who

claims to be able to wire, but in the long run he is more economical.

And what do we mean by adequate wiring? It all depends upon you and your needs, but there are certain things we can mention that may suggest additions to your present system.

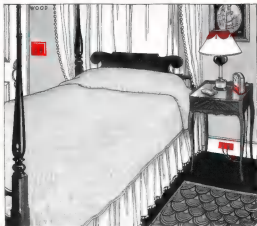
To obtain the fullest benefits from the electrical service for which we are paying, house wiring should perform several definite functions. In the first place, provision should be made not only for the general lighting of every room in the house, but for the local lighting necessitated by close work such as reading and sewing. This means that, in addition to such center fixtures or wall brackets as you wish, there should be plenty of convenience outlets for lamps.

LAMP cords are commonly six feet in length, so one double convenience outlet for every twelve feet of wall space will be ample to take care of a normal amount of local lighting. This does not mean, naturally, that your room is mathematically divided into twelve-foot divisions. Much depends upon your wall space.

Outlets should never go spang in the middle of your best spaces, as I know



To save yourself, insist on wall-high outlets in living and laundry



Light on entering—light to read by—time that's always right

A DARK SUBJECT

By Kathleen Robertson

to my sorrow. When I moved into my present house there were exactly two outlets in the living room, placed squarely in the center of the two largest wall spaces. The result was that, until I got more outlets, the couch had to be moved out every time the vacuum cleaner was to be used. Plan to allot your outlets in such a way that considerable flexibility is possible in the arrangement of furniture. For a detailed discussion of lighting see McCall's for October, 1931.

If your downport is backed by a table, you will probably want an outlet on the floor between the two. Another convenient place for a floor outlet is under the dining table, for connecting the table appliances that few self-respecting homes seem to be without these days. It is extremely simple to install such an outlet, because it is so easy to gain access through the ceiling of the basement. And, of course, you know that it is not necessary to injure the floor covering. The cord for the connection may be a very small one that can be slipped through a small rip in the seam of a carpet; or, with a little patience between the warp and woof of a rug.

BESIDES the outlets for lamps, there should be additional ones for the untrammelled use of electrical equipment. Nowadays almost every room demands special electrical appliances that lose half their pleasure if they aren't easily connected. Of course every room should have an outlet for the vacuum cleaner. And radios, refrigerators, and electric clocks insist on the exclusive use of their own outlets. Then there really ought to be another one for fans or heaters or, in bedrooms, for the heating pad or sun lamp.

The kitchen will have outlets for the iron and the other apparatus you are lucky enough to have. And unless you are going in for bending and stretching exercises in a big way, you will see to it that the several kitchen and laundry outlets are waist-high.

Probably more than any other single factor, switches add to the sheer joy of electrical lighting. Yet in many houses, one switch, which controls the ceiling fixture in the living room, is thought to be sufficient. To enter the other rooms at night is to enter enemy country where at any moment an unfriendly chair may bite one severely on the shin. It is really not too much to ask that every room (bedrooms included) have at least one switch, placed beside the door within quick reach of a groping hand.

THE lights in the halls should be on three-way switches. This means that one may turn on the light in the upstairs hall from the bottom of the stairs, and turn it off at the top. Or the other way around, depending on which way one is going.

One light in the basement should be controlled by a switch at the head of the stairs, with a tiny pilot lamp to show when it has been left burning. And if the laundry and furnace room are partitioned off, switches at the entrances will save brittle tendons.

Does this sound like a lot of switches? But these are really the pretty essential ones. Additional ones would control the entrance and back porch lights from convenient places within the house, or the garage light from the nearest house-door, or the attic light from the foot of the stairs.

All this may sound as though your walls would be solid phalanxes of switches, but when you come to distribute them there really aren't more than two or three to any room. And even those can be fairly inconspicuous, because plates for switches and convenience outlets are now made in a number of pleasant colors.

But if they came only in red-white-and-blue stripes, I believe I'd have lots of them anyway, because they're such grand things to have in my house.

Is your wiring safe? Are you wiring correctly? ECONOMY IN WIRING, our new free leaflet, gives important facts every home-owner should know. Send a stamped, addressed envelope to McCall's Service Secretary, 230 Park Avenue, New York.



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MAIL the coupon below for important new free book "Spend and Grow Rich." Not a catalogue, but a complete shopping guide that tells you how to get extra value when buying all cotton goods. This book has swept America. From every State men and women have written for it, because they want to dress better and live better at this time, without extra expense. With the book we will send you, free, our "Handy Guide to the Standard Cotton Fabrics," telling how to recognize and use over 70 different cloths.

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No doubt you know that Pepperell makes a great variety of cotton fabrics, 363 weaves, patterns and styles. All your life you have probably slept on one or another of these four famous sheets made by Pepperell:

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Mattress Covers made of Pepperell fabric, long wearing, waterproofed by exclusive process to prevent leaks, waterproofed by the makers, T. S. Carr Co., 21 Bank St., Boston, Mass.



Bedspreads made up in matching sets of spread, window shades and valances, using extra-fast Pepperell prints, by Palmer Bros. Co., 110 Avenue, New York City.



Quilted Covers made of exclusive Pepperell prints, quilted to give an added effect, and beautifully finished by Columbia Hotel Quilting Co., 48-49 4th St., New York City.



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GUARANTEE: Go into your retail store and buy any sheet or other article bearing this Pepperell mark. Take it home and examine it once. If you are not entirely satisfied with what you have bought, send it to us with the sales slip, and we will refund you the full purchase price. Pepperell Manufacturing Company.

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Send me your interesting book "Spend and Grow Rich," also your Handy Guide, free.

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• Miss Arden's Lotions are exhilarating...cooling...refreshing...but more than that they are highly important factors in the plan for beauty which she has so carefully made. There is the important task of firming, clearing and healing the skin. From Skin Tonic and Astringent the cells receive their setting-up exercises, the blood its impetus to tingle gaily through the veins. Lille Lotion furnishes a flower-like finish and serves as a superb foundation for make-up. There are also the healing lotions that clear the skin of eruptions. Preparations as vital as these to the skin's welfare and beauty must be absolutely pure.

• The perfection of the ingredients used in Miss Arden's preparations, and the scientific cleanliness of the laboratory itself, are well known. But there is yet another step to insure the purity of Miss Arden's lotions: Filtration. Skin Tonic is made to pass through layer after layer of filter paper, from one floor right down to the floor below, before it is bottled. No impurity could possibly survive this difficult journey. The lotions for special purposes are filtered until they are flawlessly pure under the microscope. The powder content of Lille Lotion is sifted as thoroughly as Illusion Powder.

• Nothing less than perfection satisfies Miss Arden. No product of hers is permitted to touch your skin unless it meets with her standards of purity...standards as incorruptible as her integrity...as sincere as her deep interest in making women lovelier.

Elizabeth Arden's Lotions are on sale at smart shops everywhere

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC. Tones, firms and whitens the skin and keeps the tissues healthy. It brings new life to every cell. Use with and after Cleansing Cream.

Ric. \$1, \$4.75, \$9.

VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT. For facial chlores and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin and restores the contours. — \$1.25, \$4.

SPOTPRUF Lotion. A healing preparation that is ideal for daytime use, giving the skin a silken surface at the same time that it softens and refines. — \$3.00

VENETIAN ACNE LOTION. An antiseptic healing lotion which accretes congestion in the skin, thereby freeing it of pimples, spots and eruptions. — \$1.25

VENETIAN LILLE LOTION. Exquisite finishing lotion, mildly astringent and good for the skin. A perfect foundation for make-up, and very flattering with evening clothes. Six shades. — \$1.50, \$3.00

VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE LOTION. Use morning and night and after outdoor sports to cleanse and tone the eyes and relieve them of fatigue. — \$1, \$2.50.

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LAND OF THE PILGRIMS' PRIDE

[Continued from page 42]

for the capitalistic system, these families of established fortune have said bravely to their citizens: "We shall spend a great deal of money to make your lives something besides a scramble for bread. See to it that you work hard and are good."

The results have been manifold. Good government, and wise government, to begin with. Then a most ambitious plan to make the city a beautiful thing physically, centering around the Mall Group, which will mean much more when it is finished than a mere picture postcard or a half-time for the convention booklets. It will mean a calm and lovely group of buildings for the people to walk past every day, for the people to take quite subconsciously into their lives.

With the help of the millions that the squires give every year, the people of Cleveland have built splendid libraries, which they use; they have built an outdoor stadium, where they present their own season of opera; they support and they patronize one of the best symphony orchestras in the country; they have built excellent institutions for the stimulation of talent in the young. Four years ago they opened a night school in the old Chamber of Commerce building. Now it has eight thousand students who are from sixteen to seventy-five years old, and these students are not at work on books that, may, by chance, increase their earnings a little. They are studying languages, and science—and most of all, they are studying American history.

It is an unexcited city. It has the polish of a sure plan upon it. Even the crowds in the streets seem to know what they are doing with their lives.

I SAT with the captain of a lake steamer in the extremely neat and pleasant cabin of his ship.

"A fellow like me," he said, "can pick almost any town along the lakes to live in. But I settled on Cleveland because you always feel there's somebody interested in you. You can do more than just work and live. You feel like you're getting somewhere, and learning things you ought to know about. I thought the opera was something for women and society folks until I got to going to it last summer. But it was nice. Gave you something to take your mind off your business and make you think."

In the drawing-rooms of Cedar Road and Shaker Heights, surely there are a great many who know perfectly well what they are doing with their lives. In these latter places I found many people who are living without pretension, who are using the luxury that they can afford with a shrewd restraint. They have already grown past the culture craze. They have learned that

culture, in reality, means the apprehension of a broad and deep design for the living of a brief existence—a design in which simplicity, and honesty, and knowledge, and urbanity combine to frame the motif.

I think it must be apparent that I am enthusiastic about Cleveland. The enthusiasm is genuine. There is much for all of us to learn from the way they manage things.

IN DETROIT I talked to a wise and philosophic man who was also the editor of a newspaper. I had a thoroughly pleasant hour in the Athletic Club. I talked with a bus driver and with a man whose baby had just won a thousand-dollar prize contest. I saw the automobiles dropping, one every minute or so, from the end of a production line.

The newspaper editor gave me an excellent understanding of the excitement that built Detroit: the two million dollars they were giving in cash every month to the unemployed (until the influx of parasites became a problem that the industrial leaders had to stop)—the population that swelled from 285,000 in 1900 to 1,470,000 thirty-one years later—the city park that was given over to the Communists, for them to spout their aimless diffusions—the necessity for providing the best free education in the world, to prevent the incoming swarms of European workers from inundating the basic American scheme.

Detroit lives by activity, the swift and positive activity of its automobile factories, the unrelenting flow of what is hardly less swift, its steel. It is a city—a fixed and ordered spot upon the earth—than a gathering together of immense forces. These forces, of course, are irresistible, and out of their excess of energy they have built an excellent library, a fine arts building that is a thing of quality. The great towers, too, seem to be offshoots of that incalculable force.

But I do not pretend to know Detroit. One cannot know so intangible a thing as the industrial and invisible energy that flings a handsome city up against the sky in two decades. I left it a little breathless, still wondering what the people there might be like when the incalculable in that engaging vice called repose.

It is impossible, of course, to leave the Iron Empire without talking of Chicago. There now, and the sun of my growing amazement must be tented up a little later.

Editor's Note: Chicago, the Urgent City, capital of the Iron Empire, is featured in the next installment of "Land of the Pilgrims' Pride"—in McCall's for March.

IN THE PULPIT

[Continued from page 21]

and the final wisdom is to do with zest and joy the little we can do. Why do the little that remains with eagerness and delight? Because in doing it we develop and illustrate the highest possible quality, the willingness to serve. There is nothing more pathetic, nothing more heroic, than the faithful doing of the little that one can do to make the world better and kinder. I admire the scholar in his prime whose books are on my shelves; but I revere

the spent scholar who uses the little daylight left to add one last item of fact to our store of knowledge.

"Spiritual vision can so transform old age that it shall be the best of life, and make even the last years—the years of decay—a benediction. Men tread old age, and even the aped themselves fear it. This is a wrong attitude, and means a loss of the spirit: wisdom. And beyond old age? Well, youth is far faith; old age is tor trust."



Made in factories where the very air is washed every two minutes. Whites are washed. Rolls of Kotex filter feed themselves into gliding machines, where they are carefully shaped and cut into pads.



This Kotex hospital gown might well wear a gold medal, it's had to pass so many rigid inspections. Now it embraces the sunny filter... and on it goes—folded, packed, without aid of one human hand!



Nurses and doctors, surrounding every wave with scrupulous sanitation, dispense Kotex to patients in America's great hospitals. More than twenty-four million pads were so used last year, alone.

it's an unthinkable compromise for her to sacrifice the known immaculacy of genuine KOTEX

WHO KNOWS—who can say what hazards and risks have been removed from women's lives because of genuine Kotex? Dangers once invited... now a thing of the past. Embarrassment, even humiliations, gone. And health carefully protected at times when it is gravely endangered, because this sanitary protection is sanitary. Because it *does* protect.

The nameless feat of the unknown, the doubtful, ceaseless experimenting is perhaps as disturbing as the haphazard methods of a bygone day.

What about these countless substitutes? How were they made? Where? By whom? What hands have touched them? Were the materials pure? Tested? Germ-free? You don't know. And unless you *do* know, how can you trust such sanitary protection?

Fortunately, when you ask for Kotex, you

know you are safe. Hospitals, alone, used more than twenty-four million Kotex pads for patients last year.

Study the pictures you see here. Consider the story they tell. A story of cleanliness, sanitation, safety in every minute phase of the making of Kotex. Every woman who uses sanitary protection should read every word that appears beneath these pictures. Before she buys a sanitary pad, she should ask herself: Is it clean? Is it safe? Is it pure? Am I certain? When she can answer all these questions to her own satisfaction—then—and not before—should she buy.

Can you—can any woman—afford to risk anything less than the scrupulous cleanliness Kotex, and Kotex alone, gives you? Ask for it. Make sure, when buying it wrapped, that you *get* Kotex.

**Never more
than 35c
Now**

KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS

TANGEE



**Do men
admire natural
color?
JUST ASK ONE!**

Men admire youthful, healthy color. Certainly! They want your lips to look Natural! ... not a greasy smear of glaring, flashy color!

TANGEE gives that vital glow of freshness, that natural color which is so much in vogue today ... to admired by men! For TANGEE is based on a marvelous color principle ... entirely different from any other lipstick! Magically it takes on color after you apply it ... and blends perfectly with your own natural, individual coloring, whether blonde, brunette or red-head!

Tangee Gives You Natural Color

TANGEE leaves no greasy smear of glaring, flashy color. Its solidified cream has soothing, softens and protects! Moreover, TANGEE stays on all day. No constant making up! Economical, it lasts twice as long as ordinary lipsticks. \$1.

More Used than Ever Before

1931 a year of depression? Not for TANGEE, the World's Most Famous Lipstick, and Rouge! More TANGEE was used in 1930 than in the prosperous days of '29, and even more last year than ever before! Because women like the natural, individual coloring that Tangee gives!

Deceived by Fashion

Because of this truly natural coloring, TANGEE has been approved by the world's greatest fashion authorities: HARRY'S BAZAAR of New York; LE JARDIN DES MODES, GROSHE PARIS fashion magazine; the SKETCH, and TATLER of London. Also approved by the Bureau of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

Lipstick and Rouge!

Now! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of TANGEE LIPSTICK, and ROUGE COMPACT for professional and evening use.

NOTE: When you buy, be sure you see the name TANGEE on the package. There is only one TANGEE! Beware of substitutes, and patronize the store that shows what you ask for!

To Match Tangee Lipstick!



SEND POST FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
Containing selected Lipstick, Powder,
Two Rouge, and "The Art of Make-up"
The GRETCH W. LUTZ CO., DEPT. M-2
417 Fifth Avenue New York
Name _____

"Mrs. Grundy
is dead — but your
own crowd demands
that you play the social
game according to rules,"
says this leader of

New York's
Younger
Set

WE HAVEN'T been hearing much lately about the wildness and bad manners of the younger generation, for the simple reason that wildness and bad manners have gone completely out of fashion. Young people today are as anxious as anybody to conform to the rules observed by all well-lbred people. If they don't—well, it's not the judgment of their elders they have to fear, but of their own set. Once the men and girls of her crowd decide that a girl is "not running true to form" she is criticized, snubbed, and finally dropped.

The editors of McCall's Magazine have asked me to tell its younger readers, who perhaps are soon to go to their first big dance, something about the conventions we youthful New Yorkers observe on that great occasion. Of course no one section of this country has a corner on good breeding, and only because I have gained experience through having been "out" several years, do I venture to give advice now.

The rule about college and school entertaining is: the person who does the inviting makes all the arrangements and pays all the bills for the guests—except traveling expenses. It is exactly like inviting guests to your house; you are not responsible for getting them there, but once they have arrived you—as host or hostess—must see that they are taken care of and have everything they need.

SO WHEN Jane Vassar invites Billy Yale to her mid-year prom, she arranges for his accommodations and pays for them, just as he does when he asks her up to the Yale prom. Only, when he does the inviting, he must also attend to securing the chaperson and to paying the chaperson's expenses.

It is not the thing for a girl to accept an invitation to a man's college, unless she is quite sure that he has made suitable arrangements for her to be properly lodged and chaperoned. And when he extends his invitation he should let her know that these matters have been taken care of. Sometimes the girls are put up at a fraternity house—summer at a hotel. But they must always be in charge of a responsible older woman.

The matter of providing the chaperson may be arranged in a number of different ways. Sometimes a man invites a girl's mother or older sister to come with her. Sometimes he gets his own mother, or some other mature woman relative, to act as chaperson. But the most popular plan today—and

this has the added advantage of being economical for the boys—is for a crowd of boys who know each other to furnish one chaperson to look after all their girls as a group.

Usually it is not regarded as necessary for a chaperson to travel with the girls to the scene of the festivities. If, for instance, a New York girl is invited to a dance at Princeton, she will telephone around and arrange to go down on a train with some of her girl friends, who are also going. If, as so often happens nowadays, two or more boys plan to drive their girl guests in a car, Mrs. Grundy has nothing to say—provided the girls' parents approve of the boys. A "double date" serves all the purposes of a chaperson for a great many occasions.

It doesn't do it all for a girl or even a group of girls to go to a college man's "diggins" unaccompanied by an older woman, unless they have been assured that some older woman will be there to receive them. Most college men take the matter of the chaperson very seriously, and are the first to criticize a girl who goes about to college affairs unchaperoned.

IT IS the worst possible judgment for a girl—when no one cuts in—to cling to a man until he is ready to bribe the other stags with five dollar bills waved surreptitiously behind her back. Nothing is so fatal to a girl's chances of having a good time as for men to get the impression that they are likely—as they so elegantly express it—

get "stuck" with her. If a girl sees that she isn't "going well" at a party, the shrewd thing for her to do is to slip quietly away before the stag line finds it out.

The best way to get a good start at a dance is to be either hostess or guest at one of the dinner parties that usually precede every big affair. I know girls who simply will not go to a dance unless they can attend a dinner party and go on to the dance afterwards as a part of a crowd. The men are supposed to see that the girls have a good time by frequently cutting in themselves and by getting the stags to cut in.

AT DANCES at some women's colleges, the girls get their innings. They do the cutting in—and the tables are turned on the men.

Even in the most conservative circles it is now regarded as perfectly proper for a girl to go to a dance with a man. It is assumed, of course, that there will be older people there to uphold the proprieties. The man calls for the girl in his car—if he has one—or brings a hired car or taxi. It is customary for him to send, in advance, a shoulder knot or corsage of flowers for her to wear. If it is a subscription or club affair, he will, of course, have tickets for the dance and supper.

May a girl invite a man to a dance? Yes—when it is given by her college, school, sorority or club. And in that case she buys the tickets. She may even commandeer the family motor if he hasn't a car in which to take her.



Photo by Hal Harris

MANNERS FOR MODERNS

By Marjorie Oelrichs



TUNE IN on Cream of Wheat radio programs—Angelo Patri over C. B. S. every Thursday and Sunday evening at 8:45 Eastern Time. Jolly Bill and Jane every weekday morning at 7:45 from N. B. C.

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TAKE NO CHANCES, MOTHER!

**when your baby
is ready for solid food**

For more than 36 years baby specialists have approved this pure, safe cereal

WILL it agree with him? Will he gain? . . . Questions every mother asks when baby starts on solid food!

Take no chances with *your* baby, Mother! Give Cream of Wheat—the cereal specialists agree is *ideal*.

For over 36 years Cream of Wheat has been the standard, approved cereal for baby. Because it is so rich in energy and weight-building elements, and so easy to digest.

Baby's delicate little stomach handles Cream of Wheat with the greatest ease—and safety. All the harsh, irritating parts of the grain are removed.

Babies gain weight steadily on Cream of Wheat. It has all the elements of a *natural* weight builder.

When you buy Cream of Wheat, you are giving your baby a food of highest, purest quality, protected by a triple-sealed box against contamination.

Cream of Wheat costs very little. In every box there are forty generous servings, at *little more than half a cent each*.

Buy a box of Cream of Wheat for your baby today—and continue it all

through childhood. It is such an easy, inexpensive way to *play safe!*

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.



Free—a book on child feeding

New enlarged edition of "The Important Business of Feeding Children"—a booklet of information on correct diets. Just mail coupon to Department G-34, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Name:

Address:

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here ☐



OUR DAILY DIET

Edited by E. V. McCollum, Ph.D., Sc.D.

THE really thrifty woman never economizes when she is buying health for her family. She may serve stew instead of steak and cut down rubbishly on elaborate desserts, but she'll make sure that her three meals a day include ample quantities of the milk, leafy vegetables and raw fruit, which are such a vital part of the diet. She buys them as cheaply as she can, of course, but she doesn't make the mistake of thinking that something else will do just as well.

There are no substitutes for these protective foods—so named because they will correct the faults of almost anything else we are likely to eat. Milk and the leafy vegetables are the only available foods which are rich in calcium; iron time immemorial their worth has been recognized. Raw fruits and certain raw vegetables supply the necessary amount of vitamin C—that delicate vitamin which cannot be stored in the body.

These elements, so essential to health, are not supplied by the bread-meat-potato diet which once held undisputed sway over most American dining tables. Bread, meat, and potatoes are excellent foods which have their own part to play in satisfying the body's needs; we must not expect them to do more than their share. It is our responsibility to make sure that they are correctly supplemented by the protective foods.

Milk: One quart a day for every child, and a quart or a pint for every adult—that's our safety quota. Whenever desired, evaporated milk can replace bottled milk. This is an economical form of whole milk and it has the added advantage of being absolutely sterile. Malted milk, plain or flavored, mixed with water or milk, makes an appetizing and nutritious beverage.

Many men have a notion that it isn't dignified to drink milk. Fortunately, they (or anyone else) can get their daily supply in

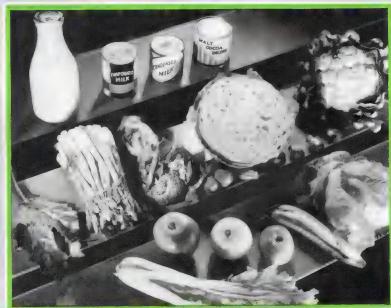
Dr. McCollum's crusade to popularize the protective diet stands as one of the great scientific contributions; over a period of years these simple foods have had a remarkable influence on the efficiency and well-being of our nation. This article tells how the protective diet can safeguard your health and prolong your youth

cream soups, creamed vegetables, puddings, ice cream, etc. Milk is milk—whether we drink it or eat it.

COOKED LEAFY VEGETABLES: One can take your choice of cabbage, spinach, Brussels sprouts, chard, turnip and beet tops, dandelion and other field greens, kale, asparagus, cauliflower, broccoli, and others. It is simple—with this variety—to serve a leafy vegetable every day without making the diet seem monotonous.

UNCOOKED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES: Two servings every day. Oranges, bananas, and apples are stand-bys, available the year around in most localities. These can be interchanged with pears, peaches, apricots, grapefruit, or whatever fruit is in season. Lettuce, celery, endive, cress, tomatoes, onion, and cabbage are some of the vegetables that are good raw. Lettuce, because of its abundant calcium, deserves special attention. It can be served alone or used as the base for an attractive salad made of fruits or vegetables.

After you have included the protective foods in your daily diet you can let your taste dictate; if you have favorite foods, eat them. The protective diet, remember, is not a complete bill of fare. To keep healthy and youthful we must have a balanced diet, carefully planned to include everything our body needs for growth and upkeep.



A celebrity poses for its picture: Here we see the PROTECTIVE DIET, famous guardian of our health, divided into its three parts. Every day every one of us should have a quart of milk—adults can get along with a pint—(suggestions on the top shelf); one serving of a cooked leafy vegetable (suggestions on the middle shelf); and two servings of uncooked fruits or vegetables (suggestions on the bottom shelf).

Your pies...Your biscuits...

will taste so much better when you use

ARMOUR'S STAR PURE LARD



WHETHER it be tablespoonsful for shortening, or a kettleful for frying, the results will be perfect with Armour's Star Pure Lard.

Armour's Star Pure Lard is a recognized standard for reliability. It is famous for its purity and smooth, snowy, creamy richness. Above all, it imparts a delicate flavor to everything with which it is used. It's a flavor that you can depend upon every time you use Armour's Star Pure Lard—a goodness no other shortening gives. You can obtain Armour's Star Pure Lard in two, four, and eight pound pails, or in the handy one-pound carton.

When you see a store that sells Armour Foods, buy with confidence. For Armour Foods are of highest quality.

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Armour and Company

ARMOUR HIGHEST QUALITY FOODS

"BETTER BUY ARMOUR'S AND BE SURE"



(Left) Armour's Fixed Flavor Star Bacon—new and different in flavor—always tender and mild.

(Right) Armour's Fixed Flavor Star Ham—a taste-sensation everywhere.

Get acquainted with these other Armour highest quality Foods—Armour's Full Cream Cloverbloom Butter, Cheese, Eggs, and Poultry; Armour's Veribest Canned Meats; Armour's Fresh Meats—beef, veal, pork, and lamb.

LISTEN TO THE ARMOUR HOUR

An outstanding musical program every Friday night over any of 36 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company—9:30 P.M., Eastern Standard; 8:30 P.M., Central Standard; 7:30 P.M., Mountain Time; 6:30 P.M., Pacific Time. Armour and Company, Chicago.



THE LABEL SAYS IT...THE FLAVOR SHOUTS IT... HEINZ BEANS ARE BAKED!



It's probably news to you—it is to nearly everyone—but most of the so-called baked beans aren't baked at all. They're really steamed or boiled.

Before you say "Impossible!" look on the label of the brand you use. Unless you find the word "Baked" on the label, those beans *aren't* baked!

You can tell real *baked* beans by the label—and by the flavor! Just try Heinz *Oven-Baked Beans*! They're tender and light and plump—their golden-brown goodness blended with a thick, delicious sauce. Between them and steamed or boiled beans there's all the difference that there is between a crisp-skinned, flaky baked potato and a boiled potato.

Yes, Heinz Beans are baked—actually baked in ovens by the special Heinz method. This oven-baking makes beans wonderfully light and digestible—brings out the full flavor—lets the sauce permeate through and through as butter permeates a baked potato. One mouthful of Heinz *Oven-Baked Beans*—and you'll never be satisfied with any other brand!

You can get Heinz *Oven-Baked Beans* in four tempting styles. Two styles with tomato sauce—with pork and without. Then there is Boston Style—with pork and a rich molasses sauce. Lastly, Baked Red Kidney Beans in a savory sauce—ready to serve.

Try all four styles. You can get them in con-

venient sizes. They'll lend variety—give a new thrill to that good old favorite—baked beans. But to be sure of getting real *baked* beans, insist upon Heinz *Oven-Baked Beans*!

CORN AND KIDNEY BEANS

1 medium can Heinz	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
Oven-Baked Kidney Beans	1 egg
1 medium-size can corn	3 tablespoons grated cheese
1 green pepper	Few fine buttered crumbs

Mix the beans, corn, green pepper, minced finely, salt and the egg, well beaten. Pour into a buttered baking dish, sprinkle top with cheese and a layer of buttered crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven for 30 to 45 minutes.

© 1934 H. J. H. CO.

ONLY REAL BAKED BEANS CAN BE LABELED "BAKED"



BOSTON STYLE—
WITH PORK

WITH TOMATO SAUCE—
AND PORK

IN TOMATO SAUCE—
WITHOUT MEAT—"VEGETARIAN"

RED KIDNEY BEANS—
WITH PORK

FREE

a fascinating booklet!

Menus and recipes that will open your eyes! Main dish surprises (communal, yet unusually delicious)! New and different supper snacks! Salads! Sandwiches! Soups! Lunch box suggestions! Mail the coupon!

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY,
Dept. MC2, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Please send me—FREE—your booklet of Baked Bean surprises.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

COURAGE ON REQUEST

[Continued from page 28]

is explained and the reasons given, they can understand and carry out, if they have any capacity to act and to understand at all.

Often the stubbornness of children is due to their mystification as to what is expected of them, rather than to contrariness. Or perhaps it is more exact to say that their confusion of mind has made them contrary. Therefore, in such an unusual financial emergency as we now face, the explanations should be detailed. The children should understand that bad business is not the father's fault—that the ablest economists do not agree on the reason for it. They should know that the money coming in is exactly so and so. It is no more and it may be less. So much must be paid for this, so much for that. And perhaps nothing at all for some luxuries to which they are accustomed. *The main problem is how to keep the family life intact and its members happy.*

In this connection I have often been asked if I did not think it inexcusable to allow young children to attend movies where they watch irresponsible gangsters, or ridiculous "comics" go through their antics. It is one of those tiresome questions which must be answered by "it depends." By all means give them something better, if possible. But I believe that even a poor movie is powerless against a serene home.

I HARDLY think that the screen-underworld can do much harm to a child securely wedged between a father who wants distraction but can afford no higher-priced amusement, and a wholesome mother who has determined neither to leave her child in an empty house, nor to force her husband to take his frugal pleasures alone. The children will be better off with her at a crime movie than studying Shakespeare under a cloud of family sulks. Against the bulwark of their mother's serenity, sincerity, and if possible, her jollity, the crime wave—whether of the alley or on the screen—beats in vain.

I might even make this more emphatic by saying that children, as I see them, are not spoiled by the movies, but by their mothers; and that more of them are started on the downward path because of a quarrelsome supper table, than from all the gangsters and movies combined. How did the gangsters themselves get started on their evil ways? I have known a few, and I can tell you. They left home as young fellows and refused to go back because of discord in the family. Rather than listen to quarrels, mostly about money, they took to the streets and sought any company they could find that was good natured.

I would suggest that if ever a wife has a righteous cause, a real complaint, a valid criticism, that she should not air it before the family in the evening, nor allow the children to do so. I have known resourceful women to store up, during the day, topics for their evening meal exactly as they

would for a state banquet. No dinner table in the world can be more formidable than one's own, when it is surrounded by restless children and a discouraged father.

Write your conversational subjects, if need be, on your napkin, your apron, or your cuff! But keep the table talking on pleasant matters. Every laugh is worth a dollar. And enough of them will hold your child.

IN MANY ways the present crisis calls for the same qualities that we learned to use in war-time. And for those who are too young to remember, let me say that there were certain days when we went without fuel, and others without gasoline. Moreover, every day we were asked to cut short our supply of sugar, of white bread; of butter, and of bacon. It was considered yellow to complain of these restrictions. So we pulled on a sweater when the house got cold, learned not to overeat, and most of us survived!

Why not face the situation with the same cheerful endurance? If we cannot go out, invite our friends in. The chances are that they are as badly off as we. If the housework gets too heavy, fold half the extra away. There will be less to clean. Clamp paries into pencils. If we can't have chicken and ice cream, let's have doughnuts and coffee instead. Ingenious entertainments may be harder to think up than conventional amusements, but it seldom costs as much. And it is easier for ten people to be jolly in a kitchen, than it is for them to be hilarious in a hall.

I would make one final suggestion to those married women whose family fortunes are at their lowest. Many of them could probably help their husbands financially as well as otherwise if they only thought so. There are countless odd jobs to be done that regular salaried women have not time for, and that entirely unskilled women cannot do. The very poor married women have always worked for wages. The very rich do not have to. But between these extremes are many married women who could help out with mending, with catering and canning, with the care of children. They might substitute in the schools where they once taught, in the office where they once worked, at the piano where they once gave lessons.

IN ANY event, it is for the women to keep the country out of the emotional doldrums. Just show they do it. It is for them to decide calmly and stick to with a cheerful courage. Thousands of family women have looked wistfully out of their windows at the world of affairs and have sighed for a chance to do great things. Here is their opportunity. It rests with them to prove that there is still some vitality in the American home, and that even under the clouds of this depression the family does not fall apart but draws closer together, and declines to be depressed!

"Ozite made even our old rugs so soft...we seem to sink into them ankle-deep"

SOFT and "downy"
underfoot—rugs that yesterday were thin and ordinary. Family and friends notice the change at once. And husbands bless the quiet that Ozite brings.

All without really *costing* you a penny—because Ozite pays for itself by DOUBLING THE LIFE OF YOUR RUGS.

Really, now, can YOU afford to ignore this saving and this luxury?

You can telephone your nearest store for Ozite Rug Cushions. Or send the coupon for free sample.

Ozite is made of HAIR by exclusive process. Don't deprive yourself of Ozite's advantages by accepting something "like" it. Look for the name impressed on every square yard of the genuine Ozite Cushion. Ozite is MOTH-PROOF. GUARANTEED to satisfy you!

Ozite
RUG CUSHION

There is only one "Ozite"—Look for this trade-mark!

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE!

CLINTON CARPET COMPANY

Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Please send small sample of Ozite Rug Cushion and your free booklet, *Four You Should Know About the Care of Rugs and Carpets*. . . including information on stain removal.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

A SWELL PARTY

TAKE my advice and have that gay little book PARTY GAMES on hand for your February parties. Send thirty cents in stamps to

THE SERVICE EDITOR

McCall's, Dayton, Ohio



[Continued from page 19]

Do as your dentist does—when he cleans your teeth



Powder Cleans and Whitens Teeth—as nothing else can

THERE is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life. Free

from all grit or pumice, it cannot possibly scratch, or injure the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Neutralizes Acids

As a neutralizer in Acid Mucous conditions, it is more than twice as effective as Milk of Magnesia.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

Lasts Longer—Costs Less

Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs, only half as much, to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.



In use over 60 years

Dr. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

"Too bad!" Stella sympathized. "I'd send you one of mine, but it wouldn't do to have twins arrive a half mile apart."

As she worked away on her cards, the despicable twinge heavily on Mary Lee. She really should tell Dr. Crawford, if for no other reason than because Josefine and Fidel were being deprived of his attention. But what if Dr. Crawford proved to be one of those stern, letter-of-the-law people? Josefine's abject terror for herself and her baby might be justified. No—very were progressing beautifully, and she would watch them herself with extra care.

She debated the question so long that it was nine o'clock before she noticed that the other nurses had gone. She began to work on her neglected records.

"Mary Lee—" Mrs. Merrill interrupted her belated haste—"be a good child and answer my phone while I slip out for a cup of coffee. I overslept, and missed my breakfast."

MARY LEE nodded. When the door closed behind Mrs. Merrill, she was acutely conscious of that other closed door. It was a week since her encounter with Terry. She passed him occasionally in the halls—a palpitating instant in which she murmured something and he responded with a smile so hearty that it left Mary Lee utterly confused.

What if he should come in now? Mary Lee considered it with cautious vigilance. She was by herself, she would have to do just as she pleased—what? Inspiration! She would act perfectly natural, just as if nothing had happened—treat him with casual, friendly courtesy.

The door squeaked behind her. She seized her pen hastily.

"Mrs. Merrill—" Terry was looking at the paper in his hand as he entered—"will you please order—" He stopped.

Mary Lee was acting perfectly natural, her gaze glued on the card before her, her cheeks a bright pink, while she scribbled away frantically. Terry regarded her with quiet determination. Silence hung in the air as he approached the desk.

"Miss Pennington," he smiled. "I'm terribly sorry I got my prescriptions mixed the last time we met. But I think the patient is going to live and I'd like to try again."

Mary Lee looked up, then her gaze went back to her work. She had written, not wisely but too well—"Carmen Peres, measles, mumps, whooping cough, chicken pox, yellow jaundice." Terry followed her horrified stare to the card. He picked it up and studied it critically.

"That's a terribly complicated case, Miss Mary Lee." He shook his head gravely. "You should have reported it immediately." But his face was convulsed with mirth.

The flush on Mary Lee's cheeks became a painful scarlet. He was laughing at her. Any man would at such a revelation of antique maidenly confusion. In the midst of her hot embarrassment she was suddenly a corner spot of defensive rage. She ripped the card to bits with steady fingers and faced Terry.

"Dr. Crawford," she suggested evenly. "I have work to do. Will you please give my message for Mrs. Merrill?"

"Thrown out!" he ejaculated mounfully, but his eyes were amused—and purposeful.

"I'm wailing," Mary Lee reminded him softly.

"And the door banged behind me! Oh, well—" Terry moved toward his private office judiciously—"so long as you don't call in another nurse, you're still my case. I take it, as you—haven't—" he reminded her through the narrowing crack of his door—"dismissed me!"

The door closed. Mary Lee gazed at it in blind misery. Every single time she met him, something had to happen—something that made her seem a priggish, ridiculous fool. "And that—" Mary Lee whispered to herself fiercely, "is one thing I can't bear!"

A week thereafter she occupied herself with her work. But it wasn't enough. There was always a surplus of poignant emotion that not even the most engrossing little Mexican could exhaust. And whenever she realized this, she grew depressed, abandoned her efforts—and thought about Terry. Then her morbid, miserable reflections badgered her around a circle to the Mexicans again.

It was early the following week that she discovered that the small Fidel was ailing. A slight fever, a little fretful wail, and his black-button eyes dull with pain. It might be some ordinary intestinal disturbance, or it might be something very serious. Mary Lee wished with a sharp anxiety that Dr. Crawford could see him. She told Josefine so at last, reluctantly.

Josefine went long and loud, beating her hands together helplessly. Manuela shook her head, uttering evil prophecies. The doctor would tell, the doctors would tell.

"Hush! Hush!" Mary Lee implored wearily. She released the tiny hot hand and consulted her watch. Two-thirty. Dr. Crawford was out on calls, he would not be in the City Hall until four-thirty. "I'll give the baby an hour or two," she reassured herself. "I'll be back, and we'll see how he is then, but if he isn't better—" She left the rest unsaid.

She finished her district and returned at four-thirty. Her second examination was brief and her decision (unexpressed) prompt. She drove recklessly to the City Hall. The Nurses' Guild questioned with automatic accuracy. Dr. Crawford had gone too. Mary Lee caught her breath as she pounded at his door. It flew open.

"Well, well," he greeted her. "Why all the emphasis? Have you come to dismiss me?" Then, abruptly—in a grave tone—"What is it, Mary Lee?"

HE CLOSED the door and Mary Lee clung to his arm. She didn't know she did it, but Terry did, and he looked down at her with a curious expression.

Her story was incoherent, but it covered the main point—Fidel was sick. And she answered Terry's quick, definite question with automatic accuracy. The tense apprehension inside her was abruptly snapped.

"Your car is outside?" he asked. Mary Lee nodded. "How soon can you come?"

"At once," he said promptly.

A few minutes later Dr. Crawford found the distressed Fidel in his hands and examined him carefully.

"What have you fed him?" he demanded suddenly of Josefine.

Mary Lee, frowning from the floor. She had fed him *fríjoles*—but only a little taste.

Terry turned to Mary Lee with mingled resignation and exasperation. "Drive to the nearest drug store and [Continued on page 58]

[Continued from page 56]



"SICK HEADACHE"

It is not necessary to give-in to that headache. It's a bit old-fashioned! The modern woman who feels a headache coming on at any time, takes some tablets of Bayer Aspirin and heads it off.

Keep Bayer Aspirin handy, and keep your engagements. Headaches, systemic pains, come at inconvenient times. So do colds. You can end them before they're fairly started if you'll only remember this handy, harmless form of relief. Carry it in your purse and insure your comfort shopping; your evening's pleasure at the theatre. Those annoying, nagging aches that bring a case of "nerves" by day are ended in a jiffy. Pains that once kept people home

are forgotten half an hour after you have taken two or three tablets of Bayer Aspirin!

The more serious your suffering, the more these tablets will help. If you get real aspirin, you'll get real relief. In every package of genuine Bayer tablets are proven directions which cover headaches, colds, sore throat, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis, lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica and similar suffering.

The tablets stamped Bayer won't fail you, and can't harm you. They don't depress the heart. They don't upset the stomach. So take them whenever you need them, and take enough to end the pain.

BAYER ASPIRIN



get this stuff!" He was scribbling on a piece of paper. "I think we can have him easy in a few minutes. By the way, how old is he?"

It was Mary Lee's turn to look stricken. "Less than a month," she replied, in a muffled voice.

Terry's pen remained suspended while he stared at her. Then sharply, insistently: "Exactly how old is he, Miss Pennington?"

There was a long silence, and then Mary Lee looked up. Instantly the expression in Terry's eyes, whatever it had been, vanished. He gave his entire attention to the prescription.

"Take this—" he handed it to Mary Lee—"and wait until it is filled. Bring these also." He handed her a short list.

He was looking at her now, but not in displeasure, nor in anger. His eyes held a deep, sterner regret. Mary Lee wanted to cry. "I didn't do this to avoid you—I did it to protect Fidel!"

But she said nothing. What was the use? Some hideous, maliciously humorous fate juggled every encounter she had with this man.

At the door she paused. "Dr. Crawford—" She hesitated, looked at the list and prescription, and said, in a low tone: "I'm sorry, but I haven't the money to pay for this." "You haven't the money?" He repeated her words blankly. "Here—" He fumbled in his pocket and handed her a bill.

When she had gone, it occurred to him that there was much he didn't know about Mary Lee—practically everything, in fact. Why was the stubborn, blue-eyed enigma going around with no money in her pockets?

Then he remembered the unrecalled Fidel and his lips tightened sternly.

TERRY and Mary Lee made the return drive to the City Hall in silence. They had left a placid Fidel with his properly scolded and grateful mother and his great-sunt, who still had private convictions on the subject of *frigiditas*.

The janitor was dragging his buckets down the hall when Terry opened the door of the Health Department.

"Clean the Tax Collector's offices first, Pedro," Terry ordered. "Miss Pennington and I will be busy in here for a while."

Mary Lee followed him with a sinking heart into his private office.

"I'll tender my resignation, Dr. Crawford," she began bravely, but her voice trailed off and she stared at the bare shelves, where the quarantine cards had been stacked. She couldn't explain, and she was sure that he wouldn't believe that her motives had been impersonal.

He sat down at his desk, dazed. He had hoped with a hope that he wouldn't admit to himself that there was some extenuating reason. Surely she wasn't going to walk out, penniless and jobless, without advancing it. Even if her aversion went that deep—he pulled himself together in stunned calmness—he couldn't let her do it.

"As your chief, I'm entitled to some explanation," he suggested evenly, "of your insubordination. In justice to us both, I want it."

Mary Lee looked at him. Suddenly she achieved composure. In a quiet,

unemotional voice she related the facts—facts only. Fidel had been born on the sixth. No—she had not recorded his birth.

"But why," he probed, "didn't you report it? You knew the regulations." Yes, she knew the regulations, and she had violated them.

"As much as you think of the little case, you were willing to risk his being deported as an alien just to—he he he—he and finished to himself—"just to avoid me."

"But you don't understand!"

"Yes—I think I understand," he contradicted quietly.

"But that doesn't alter the fact that you were jeopardizing Fidel's rights as an American-born child."

"—and all the work of this department and the Immigration Service to protect them for him!"

Mary Lee's face whitened as realization of the enormity of her offense grew. "I haven't—haven't permanently hurt his rights, have I?" she asked in a flat little voice.

"No—you haven't hurt Fidel," he affirmed, with stony emphasis.

SHE looked at him swiftly. There were tired lines around his eyes and his mouth. Through the blur of her own misery there came a swift discovery. The thing she had done had not angered him; it had hurt.

"You think I did it to avoid you?" He nodded.

"I did it only because—" her voice shook, but her resolution held firm as she went on—"only because Josefine and Manuela said the officers would deport him."

"Josefine and Manuela thought *frigiditas* were good for him, too," he reminded her, grimly incredulous. "No, Mary Lee, you couldn't have such faith in their judgment—you know them too well. I'd like to think your devotion to them could carry you to such an extreme, but I can't!" The last words were sharply shaded. It betrayed him like a gasp of pain.

"Why must I?" He rose abruptly and stood facing her. She was close to him—the old fear had ebbed and a new fear had risen, exquisite, traitorously sweet.

"Why must I?" He insisted softly, encouragingly.

"I couldn't hurt your feelings deliberately, Terry." Her voice wavered, but her gaze clung to his.

"Go on!" He caught her in his arms exultantly. "You've gotten this far—tell it all!"

Mary Lee did. "Because I love you," she said simply.

"For a timid little thing, Mary Lee—" Terry was still holding her close when he said it—"you put up a powerful defense. You brought me. You snubbed me. You put me out of the Nurses' Room. And when you finally had me cowed and heartbroken, you even—"

"Proposed!" Mary Lee admitted. "But you see, Terry, I forgot—I felt so terribly sorry for you."

He bit his lip tighter. "I see," he agreed. "You're Mary Lee, and the Lord won't ever need to worry about anyone, when you feel sorry for him!"





Why do doctors of standing use only liquids to obtain surgical cleanliness of the skin? See pore-diagram for proof that doctors' standard of cleanliness brings fresh, young beauty to dry and aging skins...



After 789 skin analyses a great New York skin specialist reported: "Ambrosia cleanses well and deeply. Ambrosia Cream is beneficial for all dry and sensitive skins." Face feels smoother, silkier immediately.

Doctor refuses \$25 consultation fee

Tells woman simply to cleanse pores

Skin showing signs of "critical age" needs only thorough cleansing—microscope proves it

Doctor explains why medical profession uses only liquid solvents for surgical cleanliness

Worried by signs of "critical age," she consulted one of New York's leading skin specialists.

"You don't need me," he told her. "What you need is thorough, pore-deep cleansing. Stop using a greasy cleanser. You think it cleans your skin but actually it pushes impurities deeper into the pores."

"You should keep your face in a surgically clean condition. Clean pores can absorb a colloidal cream to replenish natural oil, end dryness, smooth away lines."

What she did

Following the doctor's advice, this woman cleansed twice daily with Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid solvent. And at night—after cleansing—she applied the new Ambrosia Cream, the particles of which are 11 times finer than the cream particles in milk. It penetrates and replenishes natural oil.

Quickly her skin regained the freshness of youth. Lines smoothed away. Her skin was firm and fine as a child's, felt like silk to the touch.

What is "Critical Age"?

"Critical age" is the time when a skin starts to grow old. If your skin has reached a turning point you

will be warned by one or more of these signs,—wrinkles, dryness, grayness,—oiliness, blackheads, large pores,—or actual blemishes.

Recently a great New York skin specialist made examinations of skins which showed these defects. For months he advised these women in the use of the new, medically-sound Ambrosia treatments and carefully observed what happened. The following results, noted after 789 skin examinations, are quoted verbatim from his report:

Oily skin, shiny nose

"Ambrosia lessens oiliness, and is pleasant and invigorating in its action. Ambrosia Tightener further lessens oiliness, improves muddy complexions, refreshes and stimulates."

Blackheads, blemishes

"Ambrosia cleanses the skin thoroughly and deeply. Acts as an antiseptic and prevents formation of pimples and surface eruptions."



Coarse pores

"Ambrosia is astringent and healing and constricts large pores. Ambrosia Tightener further constricts large pores and tones skin."

Make 5-day test

Those are not vague words nor illusive promises. They are the definite findings of a famous skin specialist.

Benefit now by this doctor's research. Secure Ambrosia products from the nearest drug or department store today. Follow the treatments which come with every bottle. Watch skin defects disappear. And watch your skin take on the loveliness you have longed for.

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have it!

Prunes
have it!

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Rice Flakes
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And that "it" is—
a gentle, natural laxative effect!

These golden-brown little flakes are good! They're crisp and crunchy. Downright delicious! And more important still . . .

These flakes contain pure cereal-cellulose—a very mild, very effective corrective, made from whole grain rice by a special Heinz process and added to Heinz Rice Flakes.

That's why these crunchy little flakes have a natural, gentle laxative effect—the quality sometimes called a "corrective vegetable effect." That's why they help you keep healthy and well—just as the cellulose in prunes, tomatoes, apples, and certain other fruits and vegetables helps you!

No other rice flakes have the essential cereal-cellulose added. Remember that. It's important. So be sure to tell your grocer you want *Heinz*.

Try Heinz Breakfast Wheat, too—the hot cereal that contains the essential cereal-cellulose.

SEND FOR FREE TRIAL PACKAGE! We want you to try Heinz Rice Flakes, at our expense. So we'll send you a generous free trial package—enough for three delicious servings—free! Just mail the coupon below.

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Please send me a trial package of Heinz Rice Flakes—enough for three servings—free of charge.
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ONE OF THE **57** VARIETIES OF HEINZ FOOD PRODUCTS

IT'S NEVER THE SAME

[Continued from page 17]

Aline lived in a rather small apartment in a very expensive neighborhood. It was on the top floor of a house overlooking the river, and had a little balcony that was perfect on summer evenings.

When Stanley dropped in about eight o'clock, she and Hughie were in the living room, playing bear. Aline was on her knees in front of the fireplace, pretending to growl, while Hughie stood for a moment watching them, and presently she looked up and said: "Come on and play with us."

But Hughie wouldn't play any more. He became suddenly silent and watchful. "Aren't you saying good evening to Stanley, Hughie?" Aline asked, but he only stared expressionlessly, saying nothing.

"Hughie seems to have gone away," Aline said brightly. She and Stanley sat down opposite each other and began to talk.

Suddenly Hughie burst into tears. "I don't want—I don't want—" he sobbed, flinging himself into his mother's lap and beating on her knees with his fists.

"If she'd give him one good wallop!" thought Stanley, but Aline only said, gravely, "I don't believe you're very well, darling. And you know little boys who aren't well have to be put to bed."

STANLEY was so exasperated that he got up and went out on the little balcony. A quarter of an hour later Aline stepped out beside him. "I think he really isn't very well. He isn't himself at all." She sat down opposite him and for a little while they were silent. Underneath them the valley dropped steeply to the river and in the gathering darkness the garden slopes on the opposite hill, the square white houses, the viaduct with its tiny, distantly moving shapes, merged and became part of the vast unplanned tenderness of twilight.

"It's nice up here," said Stanley. His irritation of a few minutes ago was forgotten. It was suddenly perfect to be with her again. "And just this morning I was wanting to get away from the city."

"You love the Point, don't you?" He nodded. "I'm happier there, more myself, than any place, I guess."

"I'll miss you," she reminded him. They drifted into a silence that was perfect because they accepted it from each other as a tribute to their quiet understanding.

"Why couldn't you come up to the Point with us next month?" she said suddenly. "Lou and I were talking about it yesterday." He added, "You and Hughie."

"To the Point?" She was silent a moment. Then, "I'd love to," she murmured. "You're so sweet to me, Stan. And after what I did to you! You must have wanted to kill me!"

"I did for a while. But it wasn't your fault. You were only a kid." "Nineteen," she said sadly, and added, "A girl of nineteen shouldn't be left alone with her own life, any more than a baby with a box of matches."

Her hand lay on the couch between them, smooth and curved and slender. He took it and kissed it, holding it against his lips. And for a long time they sat there, saying nothing, hand in hand among the stars. Up at the Point, he was thinking, there would be long summer days like this, a part of life perfectly recaptured from the past. There was of course, Hughie. But Lou would look after Hughie, he

thought with that practical part of the mind that works so oddly apart from consciousness.

The Venns went up to the Point early in June and Aline and Hughie arrived two weeks later. Stanley met them at the station with the runabout.

Aline gave him both her hands. "Oh, what a beautiful sunburn!" she cried, and impulsively kissed him. "Are there natives to be shocked?"

"Place is thick with them," Stanley said. "Let's shock them plenty."

Stan said there'd be a motor-car," waited Hughie, tugging at her hand. Louise and Mary and Pete were just coming up from the lake as they drove up. Anne kissed Louise with real human compassion, because she looked so forlorn in her sagging bathing suit. Mary came up and said, "Hello. Hello, you're Hughie, aren't you? Where's the catwiper, Stan?"

"On the shelf behind the soft-water pool last time I saw it," Stanley answered, and Mary vanished into the cottage.

They followed her, Stanley carrying Pete. When they weren't looking he pressed his cheek against Stanley's smooth wet face.

"Oh, what an enormous room!" cried Aline. It was a big living room, partitioned at one side into three sleeping cubicles. "And what a marvelous fireplace!"

"It smokes rather," Louise said, and led her to the end cubicle.

Stanley came and thrust Aline's suitcase inside the partition. "Just time for a swim before supper!"

In the next cubicle Aline heard him drop his shoes, then there others, joyfully on the floor. "Oh, Lou, where're my other trunks?"

"They're on the line."

"Yes, yes for me, will you? I'm not—"

"All right, just a minute. Oh, Pete darling, stop the drinking water!"

On the other side of the partition, Aline paused in her unperturbed and faintly wrinkled her nose.

YOU know, darling, you're an awful fool!" Mary said, staring at her sister-in-law in half-exasperated despair. Lou wore an old khaki suit, shirt and trousers, and even canvas sneakers. Her dark bangs were away. "Is she going to get away with everything? She comes chiseling in here—"

"She didn't chisel in I invited her."

"Well, you were crazy, if I may ask me," Mary replied. "Don't you mind?"

"Of course I mind," Lou said sharply. "Then she looked at Mary with a half-coercive smile. "I know perfectly well that I ought to be smooth and managing and ever so bright and talky, the way they do in plays—"

"All right," Mary said, "why don't you?"

"I'd feel such a fool." Lou's face, for its odd irregularity of line, was for a moment as lovely as a child's. "You're silly. You know the place where he says, 'Dear one, it was you, you, you all the time? I'd want to crawl under the sofa.'"

Mary shook her head. "You can't bear to spoil things for him, that's the trouble." She was half-exasperated, half-pondering. "Stan's a girl's garden of love! If necessary you wouldn't mind winding up the nightgown for him, and hanging out the moon. I never saw anything like you!"

To be alone with her like this, rocking between two depths of starry darkness, was like a perfect moment in a

[Continued on page 62]

*Just off the presses. Full of the latest
and best information for women. Free.*



"I WOULD GIVE A GREAT DEAL TO BE SURE... *that other women have no secrets from me*"

IT'S not at all unusual—this feeling of distrust on the part of the newly married woman. She had believed implicitly in her friends before her marriage. She had found them sincere and quick to answer confidence with confidence. Now they seem changed.

These other women may very well be withholding a secret store of information on this vital subject of feminine hygiene. Women often do. For the "secret store of information" is often a confused mixture of advice and warning received from a dozen sources—all so unreliable that it means nothing and cannot be helpful to a friend.

What antiseptic to use?

It need hardly be said that feminine hygiene is an important and necessary practice. Women themselves know this and their doctors are in perfect accord with their insistence upon nothing less than true surgical cleanliness. But doctors have long been worried. "Feminine hygiene? Yes! By all means! *Without* caustic and poison-

ous antiseptics!" That is the physician's warning. Of course, an antiseptic is needed and in the past all the powerful antiseptic-germicides actually were caustic and poisonous. This is not true today.

Zonite is safe and strong

The antiseptic of today is *Zonite*. New and extraordinary—this *Zonite*. Very strong and powerful. Yet it will never cause the slightest damage. Despite its strength it is really soothing in its action. This is a remarkable statement and absolutely true: *Zonite* will not do any harm even if accidentally swallowed, still it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the human body.

Women are warmly enthusiastic about *Zonite*. It has at last solved their most intimate, their most difficult problem. You can get *Zonite* in any drug store. You need have no embarrassment in asking for it because it is used for

dozens of purposes including oral hygiene. It comes in bottles and sells for 30¢, 60¢ and \$1.00.

Read "Facts for Women"

Send for the free booklet, "Facts for Women." Every woman should get this and read it. It is frank and authoritative; it leaves no doubt upon the subject in the mind of the reader. New as it is, enough copies have been circulated to make it already the subject of much feminine talk. *Zonite Products Corporation*, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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IT'S NEVER THE SAME

[Continued from page 60]

SOMEBODY'S
BIRTHDAY?Telephone your
good wishesOut-of-town calls are
easy, quick and
inexpensive

TODAY is somebody's birthday. Maybe it's Mother or Dad, a favorite brother or cousin, or an old, old friend. Even if they're far away, telephone them. Your voice is next best to being there yourself. Both of you will be happier for the call.

Use your home telephone for pleasant voice-visits on all occasions—for out-of-town shopping too. The cost is surprisingly small.

To most places twenty-five miles away, the day station-to-station rate is about 25 cents; forty miles away, 35 cents; seventy-five miles, 50 cents; one hundred and fifty miles, 80 cents. Rates are even lower during the evening and night periods.



dream. The sounds on shore faded, even Hughie's crying was but a far nocturnal murmur. Stanley slid the canoe around the point and stopped paddling.

"I was trying yesterday to think what color your eyes were."

"Green—as envy."

"No, they're no color I ever saw before. They keep changing."

"You make me feel so beautiful, Stan."

"You are beautiful. You're the loveliest person in the world."

She was silent. Then, "Stan!" she said softly.

He laid down the paddle, leaned over and, turning up the palms of her hands, put his face against them.

After a moment she said, "Stan, darling, would you mind very much paddling back around the point?"

He straightened abruptly, took up the paddle and swung the canoe about.

"Just so I can hear," she urged, and added in a moment, "Now you're angry, aren't you?"

The implacable matter-of-factness of women. No dream, no moment of unreality, was safe from them. After a moment he said, "Hughie's all right."

Lou's looking after him. You worry altogether too much about him."

You know, Aline, you sort of spoil Hughie."

She wasn't angry, only amused.

"Spoil Hughie! Stan! Stan! from you! And tonight at supper when you said that Petie couldn't have a sandwich biscuit, that he had to have the plain kind and Petie cried—"

He thrust the canoe forward, brought it sharply around the point of land.

Far across the bay the light from the cottage set a flickering streamer into the water. He pointed the canoe toward the light.

"Stan, do you remember that night six years ago on the Bay?"

He nodded, remembering it perfectly—a night like this. Presently his paddling slackened, and they again drifted out across the lake.

Aline found it difficult to get accustomed to Stanley in this setting. When they were alone together, he seemed the Stanley she had always known, romantic, moody, isolated as one in a wistful dream. She had fancied him withdrawing, living almost entirely in his own little world. It was curious to find him so actively, at times so violently, the center of the world of Mary, Louise and Petie.

He was rather absurd, too, about Petie. There was the morning when she and Stanley had heard Hughie and Petie fighting on the beach, and hurried down to discover Petie on his back, with Hughie on top of him, yelling, "Don't be a cry baby!" Petie was scarlet, his mouth wide open for the roar he couldn't find breath for. Aline couldn't help laughing, but Stanley strode forward and, snatching Hughie away, picked up the gasping Petie.

Then Hughie roared and Aline stopped laughing. "Hughie isn't accustomed to being treated that way."

"Neither is Petie!" Stanley retorted, and laying Petie tenderly on his shoulder, stalked back to the cottage.

They were ashamed of themselves in five minutes. It depressed them to have the golden boy-and-girl quality of their relationship turned into something sharp, commonplace and adult. So they pretended it hadn't happened and went out together in the canoe.

And the sky grew tender and young once more, and time withdrew as it always did when they were alone together, revealing them unchanged.

FOR almost a week they had perfect weather. Then one morning they awoke to rain on the roof. It rained all day. The cottage was stilling, but every time the door was opened a cold, spray-wet wind blew in from the lake.

Stanley spent the morning mending his raincoat, Louise knitted, Mary manicured her nails, and Aline went back to her cubicle and wrapped herself in a quilt. At intervals they came together to arbitrate between Hughie and Petie. All except Mary, who remained exasperatingly neutral.

They were beleaguered with water, shut in a prison with mile-thick walls. "It's like being founded in a submarine," Mary said. They had begun the day with a sort of ironical resignation, and they ended it on the note of enduring civility which is itself the warning of civility's end.

At eight o'clock everyone went to bed.

They woke to sunshine, washed thin by water.

"Well, it's over," they said happily. But before eight o'clock the rain had closed in once more.

Lou and Aline washed the breakfast dishes. They had scarcely a word to say to each other. Once Aline said politely, "Would you mind—just so I can have a clean place for the knives and forks—"

Afterward Mary and Lou played pinochle and Aline took Hughie and went back to her cubicle. But Hughie was as wild as a pony and in a moment or two he was back in the living room.

When Aline heard Petie scream, she thought at first it was Hughie, and she was almost instantly in the front room. Lou had Petie in her arms and Stanley, his face perfectly white, had Hughie by the shoulders. "You little—"

Aline had never felt anger like this before. "Don't you touch him! Don't you dare!"

"Did you see what he did?" Stanley shouted. "He got Petie's fingers in the crack of the door—"

"He didn't," she said; "he'd never—"

"He did. And he's going to get what's coming—"

"If you touch him I'll kill you," she said, and wrenching his hand from Hughie's shoulder, she flung it away violently, loathingly, as if she were flinging it away forever. Then, gathering up Hughie in her arms, she went back to her cubicle.

Outside everything grew very quiet. "Get the iodine, will you, Mary?" Lou said in a quick, matter-of-fact voice. "It's in our room on the shelf beside the ginger ale box."

Aline sat on the camp cot, with Hughie gripped to her side. She heard Stanley cross the floor and ask in a hushed voice, "Is he all right?" and Lou's, "Not as bad as it might have been. He'll probably lose some finger nails."

Petrie's walls dropped to sobbing. Stanley trumped back and forth. Presently he said, "I'm going out," and in a moment the door shut behind him.

Aline got up and went into the living room, Hughie following behind her. She said with an effort, "Is Petie—I hope he isn't badly hurt."

"He's better now," Lou answered. She felt suddenly sorry for Aline. But she avoided looking at Hughie.

[Continued on page 65]



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**WALL
PAPER**
you've always
hoped to find

YOU'VE wondered, of course—as what woman hasn't—why somebody doesn't do something for you about wall paper. Most sample books that you page through might better never be opened—there's so little to see worth while.

From now on, a welcome change is in store for you. It is going to be a complete matter for you to make your selection. You need only advise your wall paper man to show his Mayflower Wall Papers.

The Mayflower books of selection are a superb collection of socially correct, exclusive, exquisite patterns—each one approved by a committee of distinguished home furnishing authorities. Yet, you can pay as little per roll as you like.

These Mayflower Wall Papers are color-fast—flawlessly printed on the heaviest, clearest of paper stock—they wear wonderfully—clean and re-clean beautifully. Make sure to see the Mayflower books of selection—and write name and address in margin below for free brochure.



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Rogers Park Station, Chicago, Illinois
Send me free, my copy of
"The New Way to Choose Wall Paper"
(Please write name and address in margin below)

JUST **one** HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CANNERY COMPLETELY EQUIPPED FOR

vacuum packing



A color photograph

**The finest natural pineapple flavor...
the aroma of the fresh fruit captured at last!**

THE 1931 PACK of pineapple is in your market today. So now you can get DOLE VACUUM-PACKED PINEAPPLE with all the elusive, natural flavor and bouquet of the cold-ripened fruit.

Before packing this 1931 pineapple, the DOLE cannery was completely equipped with the latest word in vacuum sealing machines... the newest thing in fruit canning... and in 1931, the DOLE cannery was the only cannery in the world completely thus equipped.

Never before have you known such delicious pineapple flavor... such delicate pineapple aroma. It is the bouquet you

would enjoy if you were to go into the field and cut the ripe pineapple for yourself... is now reproduced in the DOLE vacuum-packed can.

There is only one way to be sure you are getting VACUUM-PACKED pineapple... insist on seeing the name, DOLE and the grade number 1, or 2, or 3 stamped right in the top of the can. The name is your guarantee of quality... the number is your guide to grade.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY
HONOLULU, HAWAII
Sales Office: 215 Market Street, San Francisco

These grade numbers are a sure guide in getting DOLE Vacuum-Packed Hawaiian Pineapple.

GRADE 1 In Sliced, or Crushed,* or Tidbit form... The pick of the pack, in appearance and flavor. In richest syrup.

GRADE 2 In Sliced, or Crushed,* or Tidbit form... Less perfect in appearance, in syrup less sweet, and therefore less expensive.

GRADE 3 Broken slices only... Therefore the least expensive. Packed in the same syrup as DOLE 2.

*All DOLE Pineapple is vacuum-packed, except Crushed, which has its own special process.



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215 Market Street,
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Please send me a free copy of "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden" with its 39 delicious recipes.

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NATURALLY ***FRESH***

never parched, never toasted!

The cool, flavorful *freshness* of Camel cigarettes is purely a natural product.

It is attained not by any mysterious processes, but simply by preserving the full natural goodness of fine sun-ripened tobaccos.

These choice tobaccos of which Camels are blended—fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos—are never parched or toasted.

On the contrary we exercise every care and pre-

caution to safeguard the natural moisture which is infused with their mildness and flavor.

That's why the Camel Humidor Pack is such a boon to Camel smokers—it could do little or nothing except for the fact that the cigarettes we put into it are fresh to start with.

To see what that means in cool, smooth, throat-friendly smoking pleasure, switch to *fresh* Camels for just one day—then leave them, if you can!

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CAMEL QUARTER HOUR, Manna Downes, Tony Woods, and Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard, every night except Sunday, Columbia Broadcasting System

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch," and Prince Albert Orchestra, direction Paul Van Loan, every night except Sunday, N.B.C. Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time



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Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked.

CAMELS

Made FRESH - Kept FRESH

IT'S NEVER THE SAME

[Continued from page 62]

There was a long silence. Then Aline said, "I wonder if I hadn't—I think perhaps I'd better take Hughie home." Mary was shuffling cards at the end of the table. "There's a train at four-thirty," she remarked.

Aline flushed. Lou said quickly, "That's absurd. At least wait till tomorrow."

She couldn't wait till tomorrow. Tomorrow's train was a lifetime away. She turned to Mary. "Can you drive the car?"

"Oh, rather," Mary said, and glanced at her watch. "Though we ought to leave in twenty minutes."

Lou put Petie down. "At least wait till Stan gets home. He'll feel terribly."

Aline's eyes narrowed, her fingers tightened on Hughie's hand. "Do you think he will?" she said sweetly.

Mary took Lou by the arm. "Come out and help me with the side curtains." Outside she whispered, "I'm going to get her on that four-thirty train, and try and stop me."

JOU watched them drive away and sat down to wait for Stan. He would come striding down the hill, with clean air in his lungs and the forbearance of heaven in his heart, content as a god, to set his exasperating feminine world to rights. For Stan.

But he didn't come down the hill. He came back with Mary in the car. She was at the wheel and he was beside her, his cap pulled over his eyes. They stopped and he got out and went toward the beach.

"I picked him up on the road coming back," Mary said. "When he found out I'd left her at the station, he wanted to drive back and stop her. I went right to the mat with him. I told him among other things that he'd had two real breaks in his life, one when she married Garth and one when you married him, and he'd never had the sense to appreciate either of them."

Louise turned suddenly and started for the door.

"Now don't you spoil things," Mary called after her.

SHE sat down beside him. "Hello," she said gaily.

He was silent for a moment. Then, "Look here, Lou, have I been a rotten husband to you?"

"Don't be silly. Of course you have."

"You know how things were," he said. "It wasn't as if I'd—why, I'd just as soon think of hurting Petie as hurting you. You—well—"

He couldn't express what she was.

"Oh, well," said Lou, "I wouldn't worry about it."

He spoke bitterly. "It was Hughie who spoiled things." His clouded, angry look met hers. "There's no sense in acting like that. You've got Petie and it doesn't spoil you for everybody else." There was some forlorn comfort in that. "Gosh, Lou, I don't know what I'd do if you were the maternal type."

She didn't answer. But tenderly, consolingly, she put her hand in his.

ON THE STAGE

[Continued from page 21]

Although the idol of the intellectuals, Mr. O'Neill is among the most popular of living playwrights. It may be that posterity will hail him as one of the great of our age. Bets on posterity are always ticklish business. But I cannot restrain myself from an irritation about the current belief that O'Neill has broken new ground for the drama. It is new in the sense that he has returned to modes which have been abandoned.

In drawing-rooms his name is often coupled with that of Shaw and Ibsen. Waiving the question as to whether he measures up to these men, it ought to be obvious that he is not playing the same side of the street. Shaw endeavored to use the stage as a forum for political, social and economic ideas. They undertook to mirror even the most parochial incidents of life around him. In *The Hairy Ape*, to be sure, Eugene O'Neill did attack the social structure of his day and became "a proletarian playwright." But this movement was abandoned both in *Strange Interlude* and *Mourning Becomes Electra*. None of these plays has anything on earth to do with the capitalist system or the collective commonwealth. They are attempts to recapture those old concepts among which Aeschylus and Euripides fashioned the first melodrama of the theater.

In our own day melodrama has fallen under a reproach. It is held to be far for the unthinking. But at last it has returned to its own. I have always felt that the theater was by no means the best medium for the propagation of new ideas. It is my notion that it must always deal with emotion rather than with argumentation. Certainly O'Neill has returned to this concept, and very possibly he can and

does take place in the fact that he has become a box-office sensation and that over the marquee of any theater where one of his plays is performed there can truthfully be emblazoned the slogan, "This is a good show."

But I might as well admit that, for my personal taste, I am more interested in the researches of Elmer Rice. His *Street Scene* was a hugely successful experiment in proving that the details of a single New York tenement may reveal, without distortion, the same fundamental conflicts which occur in robed and Grecian tragedy. Less eloquent and persuasive in his new comedy called *Connelor-at-Law*. But here again he has gone into his own backyard. He served his clerkship and apparently found no great opening for himself in the legal profession.

But it was not time wasted. For now he has taken that drama which flows in and out of the glass doors and put it almost literally into the theater. There is nothing in *Connelor-at-Law* which might not have conceivably happened. To my mind, very little of the who attends a play at five in the afternoon and remains until eleven at night is under a certain obligation to like it. He does not want to feel that he has wasted an evening's end. Even the most journeyman playwright could slash and cut into *Mourning Becomes Electra* and keep it within the conventional time limit. It is not all effective. Not every word is precious.



FREE—the recipe SHE USED!—together with over 90 other Brer Rabbit recipes.

Pestich & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Dept. MC-2, New Orleans, La. Please send me my free copy of "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies."

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Address _____

Gingerbread makes a grand slam at Bridge Club



SOMETHING had to be done! The bridge club was spending entirely too much money on refreshments. Every week they became more elaborate . . . every member trying to outshine every other member.

Frankly, Mrs. Martin couldn't afford it. But she knew if she served less expensive refreshments, they would have to be different.

Desperately, she decided to take a chance, and planned a menu of delicate salad, Brer Rabbit gingerbread with whipped cream, steaming coffee . . .

The entire club went into rhapsodies about the flaky lusciousness, the spicy

goodness of Mrs. Martin's gingerbread . . . "So glad that someone had the courage to cut out our silly, over-elaborate refreshments" . . . "If watered you put in your gingerbread that makes it so different" . . .

Try some screaming Brer Rabbit gingerbread with whipped cream at your next bridge party! Your guests will find it tangy spiciness irresistible.

Be sure you make your gingerbread with Brer Rabbit Molasses. Gingerbread made this way is so different from ordinary gingerbread at Brer Rabbit (it's) is from ordinary molasses.

For Brer Rabbit is old New Orleans molasses, made from the very cream of freshly-crushed sugar cane juice. Its flavor is distinctive. Rich in iron and lime.

THERE ARE TWO GRADES—Gold Label—the highest quality light molasses for fancy cooking, fine on pancakes; Green Label—a rich, full-flavored dark molasses.

BRER RABBIT
Molasses
IN TWO GRADES

Olympic Games

make this the
summer to vacation in
Southern California



THE Olympic Games in Southern California this summer! The world's greatest sport spectacle added to the myriad thrilling vacation adventures already to be found in this playground-of-the-world. Never before such a glorious vacation opportunity!

Come for the finals if you can—July 30 to August 14. But come this summer, anyway. Southern California is in holiday mood, promising you this big vacation you need this year...rainless days...nights under blankets...and every kind of vacation plays.

The blue Pacific. Mighty mountains, mile-high lakes. The foreign glamour of ancient Spanish Missions, palms, orange groves, and nearby Old Mexico. The modern gaiety of Hollywood's night life.

From Los Angeles scenic highways lead you to Pasadena, Long Beach, Beverly Hills, Glendale, Pomona, Santa Monica...dozens of storied cities and resorts.

Come for a vacation you'll always remember. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment lest he be disappointed, but for the tourist the attractions are unlimited.

By rail (reduced summer rates) from most points in the country, even a two-weeks vacation gives you at least 11 days actually here. And costs while here need be no more than those of an ordinary vacation. We prove these statements in a remarkable new book which the coupon below brings you free.

FREE! New 64-page Vacation Book Olympic Games Information

The book outlines, day by day, a summer (also a winter) visit to Southern California, including nearly 100 interesting grave photographs, map, information about routes, *stamped daily cost figures*, etc., perhaps the most complete vacation book ever published.

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HEARTS & FLOWERS

By Vera Harrison



The coquettish spirit of St. Valentine's Day has lingered through the centuries, and modern youth, like the Romans of long ago, loves to wear its heart on its sleeve. In keeping with the tender traditions of the day, we offer ideas for a romantic Hearts and Flowers Party.

First, the quaint note paper for invitations. Then the nut-cup favor, a nosegay attached to its quivering heart. Next the playing cards—one set backed by a proud King and Queen of Hearts; the other by a quaint old-fashioned bouquet.



Our menu, too, carries out the theme: FASHION-FLOWER COCKTAIL (sections of grapefruit in petal fashion, strawberry center); TAUH-HEARTS CHICKEN (chicken à la King in heart timbales), served with WARM HEARTS (hot biscuits arranged in heart design) and FORGET-ME-NOTS (celery curls laid in flower pattern); LOVER'S BOUQUET (ice cream in flower molds with paper lace fill around edge of plate); HEART THROBS (heart-shaped cookies) and Cupid's NECTAR (coffee).

The heart centerpiece has gauze ribbons which trail to each place, to be pulled when the hostess gives the word. If you want more details about our Hearts and Flowers Party send for the February letter, enclosing an addressed stamped envelope to McCall's Entertainment Editor, 230 Park Ave. N. Y.





Why waste money gargling when colds get worse and worse?

3 out of 4 gargle uselessly while sore throats get worse and colds hang on

Don't waste dollars on antiseptics that can't kill germs unless used full strength. Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when diluted with 2 parts of water. It goes 3 times as far as other antiseptics. Thus \$1 worth does the work of \$3 spent for ordinary kinds.

STOP gargling for a minute. Please answer this question: Do you add water to your mouth wash? 3 out of 4 do. Adding water robs most mouth antiseptics of power to kill germs. That's how millions fool themselves—but not their colds—and not the germs . . . nor bad breath.

If you dilute your antiseptic choose one that kills germs even when diluted. Otherwise you haven't any right even to hope for quick relief.

SAFE—yet more powerful

Here is the startling news in this new discovery. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 1 or 2 parts of water, to suit your taste, and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. That's where most other leading mouth antiseptics fail. Yet in spite of all its power, Pepsodent Antiseptic is utterly safe when used full strength. What a weapon it is in your fight against colds!

New security against bad breath (Halitosis)
And remember—when you use Pepsodent Antiseptic for colds, you are doing double duty by also fighting bad breath. For Pepsodent Antiseptic checks bad breath due to unhygienic mouth conditions 1 to 2 hours longer! Immediately after use, 95% of germs on mouth surfaces are destroyed. Two hours later the number of germs is still reduced by 80%. That is far longer acting than other leading mouth antiseptics.

BAD BREATH (Halitosis)

Pepsodent Antiseptic does double duty when combating colds and throat irritations. For at the same time it checks bad breath. Remember P.A. in 20 seconds more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics. . . and it kills germs when diluted.

\$3 worth for \$1—regardless of size

To kill germs—most mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. So to mix them with water is a waste of money. Contrariwise, Pepsodent Antiseptic can be mixed with twice its own volume of water. Thus Pepsodent Antiseptic goes three times as far—saves you \$2 for every \$1 you spend. Pepsodent Antiseptic comes in 3 sizes:

3 ounces for 25c—7 ounces for 50c—16 ounces for \$1. The larger the size, the more for your money.

Learn to rely on Pepsodent Antiseptic whenever a safe, effective germ-killing agent is required. It has scores of uses.

Again we say: Quit being good to germs. They've laughed at you long enough. Play safe. Buy an antiseptic that really kills germs when diluted. Remember: You can fool yourself but you can't fool a cold.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Cold in Head
Throat Irritations
Voice Hoarseness
Bad Breath
Cold Sores
Canker Sores
Mouth Irritations
After Extractions

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Minor Cuts
Blisters
Loose Dandruff
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Perspiration
Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic

"YOUR *Milkweed Cream* helped me help my Husband!"



Awake your Sleeping Beauty. Care for your skin at the 3 starred place with my Milkweed Cream method.

As told to Frances Ingram

TREATMENT

These few stars show where a woman's skin beauty first fades. To guard against their problems, cleanse your skin thoroughly, stimulate it, and protect it with my Milkweed Cream, and follow faithfully my treatments faced with every jar.

★ **THE FOREHEAD** often shows premature signs of age in the early appearance of wrinkles and blemishes.

★ **THE EYES** and special attention with Milkweed Cream to various dryness, wrinkles and puffiness.

★ **THE NOSE** is the vulnerable spot for blackheads and large pores. Follow my treatments to prevent and overcome them.

★ **THE CHIN** is a true index of skin condition. Here the first blemish usually appears; skin texture becomes coarser and rough.

★ **THE NECK**, too often neglected, develops sagging muscles, coarse skin, acromiomas. You must keep it stimulated with Milkweed Cream and my treatment.

"When we first moved to Springfield," writes a young wife, "another couple arrived about the same time. For months I tried to figure out why this other man got along so much faster in business than my husband did. Finally I realized it was because she was so attractive-looking and self-confident. She got along famously with strangers—while I didn't.

"It was then that I started using your Milkweed Cream," the letter goes on. "My skin became fresh and clear and the worry-lines disappeared. I got back the self-confidence I'd had as a young girl—and I began to be of some help to my husband in his business progress. I am terribly grateful to you, Miss Ingram."

Wake Up the Sleeping Beauty of Your Skin

Most creams can do only one thing, or at most, two, for your skin. But Milkweed Cream contains special ingredients which cleanse your skin, protect it, stimulate it, and correct unhealthy skin conditions. It gives your skin everything it needs.

Won't you send for a free copy of my booklet "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young?" Simply mail in the coupon below.

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. C-22
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.
Each Tuesday at 11:30 A.M. over WJZ and Associated Stations, Frances Ingram discusses every problem of skin care. Mail in this coupon for her free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young."

Name _____

Address _____

FINISHING TOUCHES

Femininity is staging a revival. Frocks show puffs and ruffles; wind-blown bows turn into tender curls; and decoration, too, takes a lighter turn. Most welcome are the long-neglected curtain fringes, holdbacks, and other finishing touches. They give the simplest curtains a piquant air.



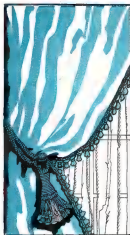
This straight chintz valance (left) is printed to look draped. Yellow organdy curtains aren't unique, but combine them with purple glass-grape shade pulls (below); or, loop foamy net curtains back with blue cords held by blue glass button buttons, and you've achieved something.



Two or three edge-finishes on one curtain? Yes! Bull fringe may be used inside self ruffles or (above) chintz points with pleating. Three-toned cording was used below.



Now ball and tassel fringes in crystal, wood, cotton or silk are first in popularity. Matching fringe and cord holdbacks (left below) are preferred for the more formal draperies.



INGRAM'S



Milkweed Cream



HALVED, sliced, or segmented, Sunkist Oranges are a truly delicious way of bringing healthy appetites to the breakfast table. And so quickly prepared! They have firm, but tender and luscious meat—and are *easier* to peel, slice and segment.

ORANGE AND CRANBERRY SALAD—SEE RECIPE BOOK



Rouse healthy breakfast appetites with the flavor that is always *new*

COLD days put extra demands on the energies of young and old. Substantial breakfasts should be made welcome. And can be—by sharpening appetites with the bracing tang of oranges.

No chance for tastes to tire of them. Each morning there is an appetizing "newness" in their flavor. Also, there are so many *healthful* ways to serve them.

For instance, try California Sunkist Oranges *sliced*. Their dainty, sparkling *thinness* is a breakfast-time delight you should not miss. Or cut them up in smaller bits and mix with other fruits in season. Oranges will even freshen up canned fruits this way.

Then try fresh orange juice with the juice of half a lemon in each glass. You will find added zest in the combined flavors. And some authorities now recommend two full-sized (8 oz.) glasses of lemon-orange juice each day. This amount, they say, provides an ample daily supply of vitamin C.

In fact, every orange you serve—whether as juice, sliced, or in salads, fruit cocktails or desserts—gives valuable nutritive benefits.

An Aid to Proper Nutrition

In planning any meal, bear in mind that nutritional research has established these facts about oranges and lemons: They contain large amounts of vitamins A and C, aid digestion by stimulating appetite, and help to prevent acidosis of both the acid and acetone types. Also there is experimental evidence that citrus fruits tend to arrest tooth decay, gum troubles and pyorrhea and help increase resistance to other infections.

So serve oranges often to all of your family. To be sure of dependable quality ask for California Sunkist Oranges. Identify them by the trademark "Sunkist" stamped on the skin and on the tissue wrapper.

FREE—Recipe Booklet

As a useful gift to you, experts have revised the free booklet "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day." It tells of more than two hundred tried and tested ways to enjoy the healthfulness and flavor of California Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. Sunkist pays all costs. Just send the coupon.

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BAKED ORANGE MARSH—SEE RECIPE BOOK



"None so good as LUCKIES"

"I've tried all cigarettes and there's none so good as LUCKIES. And incidentally I'm careful in my choice of cigarettes. I have to be because of my throat. Put me down as one who always reaches for a LUCKY. It's a real delight to find a Cellophane wrapper that opens without an ice pick."

Jean Harlow

Jean Harlow first set the screen ablaze in "Hell's Angels," the great air film, and she almost stole the show from a fleet of fifty planes. See her "Goldie," a Fox film, and Columbia's "Platinum Blonde."

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

**And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps
that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh**

MOISTURE-
PROOF
CELLOPHANE
Sealed Tight
Ever Right
THE UNIQUE
HUMIDOR
PACKAGE
Zip—
and it's open!



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Thos. T. Eck,
Inc.

* Is Miss Harlow's Statement Paid For?
You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Harlow to make the above statement. Miss Harlow has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 2 years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to her and to Fox and Columbia, her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.

HEARTSTRINGS

[Continued from page 71]



"Oh, Beth,
I asked
Mrs. Dobbs
at the
beauty
shop what to do
about my rough
dishpan hands!"



"What did
she say?"



"You'll be
surprised!
Just to use
Lux instead
of ordinary

soap! She says it gives your
hands a regular beauty treat-
ment right in the dishpan!"

A HINT FROM

305 FAMOUS BEAUTY SHOPS

Here is a way to turn your dishwashing into beauty care! Experts in 305 famous beauty shops say — "We actually can't tell the difference between the hands of a woman who uses Lux in the dishpan and those of a woman with soaps to do all her work. Lux is so gentle it gives the hands a real beauty treatment."

And how little this precious care costs! Less than 1¢ a day—for the big box of Lux does 6 weeks' dishes!



Lux for dishes
Lovely hands for less
than 1¢ a day

He was not taken that night. Amy put a rug in the entry from the kitchen to the hall outside the service elevator, and there Yank tried to sleep. But there were too many strange sounds. They added to the great apprehension that made such a weight inside him.

In the morning Amy came from somewhere, dressed in a white coat and apron. He brought breakfast, but Yank couldn't eat. He sat beside the kitchen door, and when Amy went out again, he followed him.

AMY was carrying a large tray. He went through a bedroom door and the little dog pushed through after him. Mr. Rice, clad in a sulphur-colored satin dressing gown, was seated beside a table reading the morning paper. Amy laid the tray down on the table and Mr. Rice looked up. He saw the little dog and said, "Well, how are you? Come over here."

Amy said, "He didn't eat a thing, sir."

"Homesick."

Yank wagged his tail. Mr. Rice held out a bit of sausage. Yank gobbled it.

"There! He's all right." He held out a second bit of sausage.

Yank sniffed at it and turned away. "Homesick. Hand me that telephone."

Amy handed him the telephone.

"Old West Haven 6501," said Margaret. "Bob Rice. Well, how is he?"

"That so?" "No, I wouldn't worry. Natural." "No, I say natural."

"Now, don't worry. . . . He's sitting next here beside me, helping me eat breakfast. . . . Now, don't worry. Be a good girl. . . . Goodbye."

He hung up the receiver and said to the little dog, "Well, it's pretty bad with Freddy. It's so bad I'm not telling her anything, poor girl, and she's frantic."

In the afternoon Amy took him for a walk, and then came another period of waiting in the entry while Amy went downtown to fetch Mr. Rice.

That night when his dinner was put before him, Yank wagged his tail, but would not eat.

"Homesick," said Mr. Rice.

After dinner four or five men came to play cards with Mr. Rice. He let them in himself and didn't give the door the hard push it needed to close tight. The little dog discovered the crack and was able to widen it sufficiently to let himself into the outer hall. He found the stairway and went down to the ground floor. Three women were going out the front door. Yank scampered out ahead of them.

He shot into the street and began running south, not heeding direction, anxious only to be free. Once he turned east, and then he turned west, exchanging one avenue for the other until he found himself on Fifth just below St. Patrick's cathedral. Yank pushed in his head, rummaging and lifted his nose, searching out that distant place of trees, clapboard houses, hilly streets and sky, where he had learned to run so happily beside a pair of red zipper boots.

Without compass he located its direction, and without compass he started out, bearing north by east to find it, keeping, no matter how many hairpins lay across it, on one of those mysterious great circles of navigation that, once they have started on them, bring all dogs, big and little, back to their true homes.

He traveled by day and tested by night. Sometimes he had to go across

fields and under fences when the road led him astray, but he kept at it, always coming back to the right course.

On the late afternoon of the fifth day he arrived, appearing out of nowhere to run up behind Pooey, who was hurrying into the house with some very small pieces of clothing she had just taken from the line.

When Pooey saw him she began to shout, "Oh, oh, oh, he back! Oh, Miss Dramman, the dog, he come back." She opened the door and sent an excited shout through the house.

Fred came running from upstairs, and Yank became hysterical with joy; he had need of speech but he could only bark, and in trying to make his bark eloquent of all he felt and all he had experienced, he choked and squealed and struggled.

Fred picked him up and hugged him and began carrying him upstairs.

A white-capped nurse was leaning over the banister. "Mrs. Dramman wants to know if Yank?"

"Yes, it's Yank!"

"Oh, bring him up," called Margaret's voice.

The little dog struggled toward the sound of that voice, but Fred held him tight and carried him.

Margaret was lying in bed with her hair in two tight pigtails.

She said, "Oh, give him to me."

"He's pretty ragged."

"Put him down."

Fred put him down, a heap of tangled, dirty white hair, a mass of tangled gray about the white countenance. But now he didn't bark hysterically. He stretched himself out, exhausted yet contented, close against Margaret, within the peace of her arm.

"Oh, Fred, he's so thin!"

"Been getting here ever since Tuesday night."

"He'll be all right."

"It was cruel to send him away."

"Say, do you realize he had to come up out of the doghouse the Bronx and then clean across Westchester before he even struck Connecticut?"

"It was cruel to send him away."

"What about giving him something to eat?"

"Tell Pooey to heat some milk."

The nurse said, "I'll get it." She went out.

SOMETHING stirred at Margaret's

other side. The little dog lifted his head and sniffed and looked curiously across at it. It was a tiny thing, crumpled and helpless, with its eyes tucked in at the top of its cheeks and its nose hardly coming out between them.

Margaret said, "It's Freddy's sister."

At the mention of Freddy's name, Yank had lifted his head, and he was now trying to get up.

Margaret said, "I do believe he wants to go and look for Freddy."

"He's not here yet, old man. But he's getting better every day, and he'll be home soon."

That was good news. The tone of their voices reassured him, so he settled down again and put his nose under Margaret's arm.

Margaret said, "He must have had an awful time getting here by the look of him."

"I know he's safe."

"I think it was loving Freddy that pulled him through."

"You frighten me with your loving."

"Sometimes I frighten myself."

"Now there's the baby to help divide it."

"You can love us a little less."

"No—more. It grows."



"Mary had a
little hand"



"Mary had a little hand
As smooth and white as snow,
'Til winter made it rough and red,
Too horrible to show."

—Mother Goose

Foolish Mary! . . . A little Frostilla first would have saved her those moments of mortification. It's not too late. A little now . . . will drive away the chapping that winter weather brought!

Frostilla protects against weather's pranks. A few fragrant drops . . . massaged into your hands . . . patting on your face . . . keep your skin white, soft, smooth . . . or make it so if it isn't! Frostilla's a great powder-base, too . . . these windy, chilly days.



Buy direct from Mfr. Save \$250 to \$850. Price includes all labor, material, window, doors, interior woodwork, hardware, roofing, glass, nails, paint, varnish and all other necessities.

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THE SMOOTHNESS OF AN EIGHT

THE ECONOMY OF A FOUR . . .



FLOATING POWER

the most astonishing success
in all modern motor-car history

WHEN PLYMOUTH engineers gave the world Floating Power in the New Plymouth they were convinced that this new achievement was one of the greatest in modern motoring.

Exhaustive research and test in laboratory and on the road gave them every reason to believe that this engineering discovery had finally produced the ideal car for the lowest-priced field—a car that combined the Smoothness of an Eight and the Economy of a Four.

During the past half-year their highest expectations have been far exceeded.

Insistent demand has forced Plymouth during the past six months nearly to equal its previous best yearly output. Every sales record for any previous year was surpassed. In many important cities Plymouth outsold all other cars.

During this period the New Plymouth has been subjected to severest tests in the hands

of scores of thousands of owners and has come through with flying colors. Many of these owners have registered 10-, 15-, and 20,000 miles on their speedometers. Fleet users and taxicab operators have piled up even higher mileage records.

A New Plymouth sedan shattered all existing two-way transcontinental records, traveling 6287 miles in 132 hours and 9 minutes, an average of 1143 miles a day. No greater proof could be imagined of Plymouth's astounding performance and stamina.

Every experience has justified all that has been said or promised of the New Plymouth. It has given pick-up unlike any other car, second-gear speeds of 50 miles and more an hour, stopwatch speeds surpassing 65 to 70 miles an hour in high—all delivered with smoothness rivaling not that of a six, but of a fine eight.

Six months ago the New Plymouth with Floating Power was a remarkable engineering discovery. Today it stands proved by the acid tests of millions of miles of driving in the hands of owners who boast that it does things in action as no lowest-priced car has ever done them before.

The New Plymouth with Floating Power is the most astonishing success in all modern motor car history.

Know the New Plymouth with Floating Power before you buy any new car.

NEW LOW PRICES—Roadster \$535, Sport Roadster \$595, Sport Phaeton \$595, Coupe \$565, Coupe (with rumble seat) \$610, Convertible Coupe \$145, Sedan (4-door) \$572, Sedan (4-door 6-window) \$635, *i. e. b. factory. Low delivered prices. Convenient time-payments.*

Non-shatterable plate glass is available on all models at small extra cost. All enclosed models wired for Philco-Transitron radio without extra cost.

New

PLYMOUTH

FLOATING POWER
FREE WHEELING

(at no extra cost)

\$535
AND UP - F.O.B. FACTORY

WHY DOES EVERYBODY RELY ON LISTERINE WHEN AN EPIDEMIC HITS TOWN?...



they know

THEY CAN DEPEND ON ITS RESULTS... AND SO DOES THE DOCTOR

It takes a time of real danger to establish the value of a mouthwash, in the eyes of the public. And surveys show that when a town is hit by an epidemic, whether of cold, sore throat, or influenza, the sales of questionable mouthwashes go down, while those of Listerine go up.

In other words, people lose faith in new, untried mouthwashes when health is involved and real germ-killing action in an antiseptic is vital. They dare not gamble.

Tested by Experts

For your own protection, always use Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Behind it lie fifty years of use in the hands of bacteriologists, nurses, physicians, surgeons, dentists, and the public. Its action is known. Its results can be definitely predicted. There is no uncertainty about either its germicidal power or its safety.

Kills germs in fastest time

Listerine, used full strength, kills germs in the fastest time that can be measured. It reduces bacteria in the mouth 98%. Any claims of

faster killing time or greater reduction power are without fact.

Listerine's germicidal action as well as its safety are corroborated by The Lancet of London, foremost medical journal of the world. No higher compliment can be paid.

For Colds—certain results

In the prevention and treatment of the common cold, Listerine, under tests, shows results approached by no other mouthwash.

For example: When gargled twice a day, it showed power to reduce the number of colds at least 50%, often 66%.

Medical supervisors also found, in a series of tests, that when Listerine users *did* contract colds, the colds were one-fourth as severe and lasted one-third as long.

Safety is most important

Such results are made possible because Listerine is safe in action. That is, it does not injure the tissue while killing germs.

Mouthwashes so harsh they must be diluted

before they dare be used, may and often do irritate the tissue. Instead of driving germs out, they help them to gain entrance to the body through the irritation they set up.

Don't take a chance

For that reason we say to you—choose your mouthwash carefully. Unless you do you may encourage infection instead of fighting it. The evidence of the majority of world medical authorities is on the side of Listerine. Ask for Listerine at your drugist's—and see that you get it. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

**The highest compliment
ever paid a mouthwash
THE LANCET OF LONDON
greatest of medical journals, says:**

"The antiseptic (Listerine) has been proved to be perfectly safe for use in all the body cavities.
"The actual number of micro-organisms killed in 15 seconds by the undiluted antiseptic exceeds that claimed by the manufacturers; over 600 millions were found to be killed in the time limit compared with the 200 millions mentioned by the makers."

REDUCES NUMBER OF COLDS **66%** TESTS SHOW

No. 6822, The bodice drapes low over a vase of lace that makes the balloon puff on one of the mode's most fascinating sleeves.

No. 6823, Vertical tucks at the waistline give vertical lines to the skirt's contour and the cape-collar ties-fichu fashion.

No. 6800, "The bigger the sleeve, the smarter," is the successful dog-eared of this gracious gown with its newly square neckline.

For back views and yardage see page 106.



6800

6823

6822

Signs of Spring

One of the most dependable signs of Spring—outside the robin—is the resort wardrobe. So whether you are toasting your nose in the South or your toes in the North, here are some highlights worthy of serious consideration. The twilight-hour frock gains influence . . . with its whimsical sleeves and dignified length . . . in high-day-and-holiday fabrics . . . frequently combined with lace. The sports frock retains its simplicity no matter the mode's ups and downs . . . with an epaulet for a sleeve and buttons, pockets and scarfs giving new significance . . . with skirts that hide ample ease in their straighter folds and hemlines that measure eleven to twelve inches from the floor . . . in white . . . or pastels that have undergone a change for the smarter . . . contrasted conspicuously. The suit shows feminine touches on a terse foundation and a firmly buttoned jacket that very often ends just below the hipbone.

The afternoon costume has been "made" through the mode's concern for suiting the fashion to the occasion . . . with its wide-wide shoulders still running in opposition to a slim waist and that some slim waist frequently shaped through a sash starting at the side seams and ending in a bow in the back . . . with collars that never fail to pay compliments and sleeves that taper from large to small if they are long or flare in epaulet fashion if they are short . . . with the built-up skirt offering a new thrill in the formal suit fashion and ruffled sheers looking dressy but never overdressed . . . with beige making a strong play for leading part and contrast retaining the strong foothold that it has gained. The evening gown continues to insist on keeping its shoulders covered and its back uncovered . . . with a silhouette remaining true to figure lines no matter what is added by way of detail.

MAY PIPER SPEAR



6810

6824

6829

For back views and yardage see page 108.

No. 6810. This frock borrows a romantic sleeve from the past and dovetails it beautifully into an otherwise modern design. The lace falls are a vogue that bears some watching.

No. 6826. We might say that this frock is full of good points for the bride: it extends into the skirt in a V and the skirt with its angular cut resembles a problem in geometry.

No. 6810. A new printed fabric and a new French crease make a compelling combination in this frock whose bertha gives shoulder width along with the required suggestion of a sleeve.

No. 6824. One vanguard note is that of the raised waistline . . . expressed here in terms of a broad belt that disappears under the Eton. The skirt wears suspender straps.

No. 6829. There's a clever quirk to this caller that stands away from the face so becomingly and the peplum flounce on the skirt has a new way of hanging away from the hips.



6816

6826

from PARIS ATELIERS *to* PALM BEACH PATIOS

Fashions may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 110.



6817

6802

6808

PARIS imbues Afternoon Frocks

No. 6817. A low-lying shoulder line edged with a liberal puff sleeve cloth this frock on a long and successful career of smartness.

No. 6802. A ruffled feeling—especially when it frames the face and accents the elbow—is quite the thing in major Spring details.

No. 6808. A grand example of a cool-dress style turned formal. Ravers drape themselves softly and the built ends in a bow in the back.

For back views and yardage see page 108.



6814

6807

6811

With A Charming Personality

For back views and yardage see page 108.

No. 6814. A yielding fabric softly draped is no mean way of gaining that shapely look without revealing figure lines too frankly.

No. 6807. Simplicity remains the soul of smartness, so many a smart mode depends on its own rich fabric and nothing else for interest.

No. 6811. It seems as though contrast has come to stay for the vague of opposing colors is just as smart as ever this Spring.



6805

6815

6804

THE 1932 SPORTS FROCK

No. 6805. Pockets, buttons, apaiset sleeve effects and crochet-like cotton weaves represent something new under the Southern sun.

No. 6815. This smartly simple sports frock has an overhanging collar that covers the shoulder according to the new mode's modesty.

No. 6804. If anything, contrast is more significant than ever and so are scarfs. Combine the two and sports chic is inevitable.

For back view and yardage see page 105.



6828

6819

BLANCH
BETHSCHILD

ABBREVIATES ITS TRICKY SLEEVE

For back views and yardage see page 108.

No. 6828, A simple frock but one that will go South in the smartest luggage. Shown here in a new plaid-printed linen, with contrast.

No. 6819, Contrast is frank about expressing itself in this frock by edging the neckline with shades of varnished with each other.



6799

6800

6813

The Latest Frocks Show An

No. 6799. Nothing can compare with a French blouse and this one with its long-short detachable scarf is no exception to the rule.

No. 6800. The larger the armhole, the greater the dash is the slogan of this notable frock with its unexpected use of color contrast.

No. 6813. Flounces to the right and flounces to the left yet always a firm decisive silhouette as hard as that may be to believe.

For back views and yardage see page 108.



6806

6801

6823

Appreciation of Color Contrast

For back views and yardage see page 108.

No. 6806. Again the coat dress exerts its influence in an alert frock with basque-like bodice and a slim straight-line skirt.

No. 6801. The sleeve-cape style bears reiteration in the wardrobe . . . It is that important. A neckline drape is another feminine gesture.

No. 6823. Contrast again and very bold contrast at that, but a striking result. A basque-like bodice and a skirt with vertical tucks.



Tailormades Show Good Sportsmanship

No. 6821. In anticipation of a big suit Spring Paris turns out fascinating models . . . tailored in foundation but very feminine in detail. Green wool with black fur.

No. 6825. Another French designer applies the V principle to a suit and the outcome is smart without being too strictly tailored. A collarless and furless jacket.

No. 6809. This swagger coat can change its personality at the flick of a scarf . . . buffalo if down or fit it Ascot fashion as you wish. Is a new light-fine tweed.

For back views and yardage see page 108.

does the SOCIETY Woman wear nail tips that are TINTED or NATURAL...?



Wear Cardinal nail tips with black velvet—Natural with beaded lace—and Coral to accent white satin... These gowns from Bergdorf Goodman

TO TINT OR NOT TO TINT... any really smart society lady would sniff—smartly, of course—at such a narrow point of view.

The instant she saw the new nail shades she realized that the big idea was Variety. She decided that from now on one nail polish was just going to be the beginning!

She suited her actions to her words and now you can only guess what color nails she'll appear in if you know what color frock she's going to wear. Which she knows very well simply makes her more alluring and devastating both day and evening.

So if you want to keep up with "Smart Society," get out your wardrobe and decide now what nail tint you'll wear with which frock. See how much more interest the oldest rag has with new nails!

It's easy. Just think of them like jewels. You don't wear rubies with a green dress, but they'd be elegant

with white—if you had any rubies. Anyway, it's all worked out for you by an expert in the chart above.

BUT DON'T BE SO carried away with the new colors that you forget quality counts. Cutex Liquid Polish simply hasn't a flaw. The old coat never leaves behind the faintest stain of color. The new coat flows on in a smooth, even sheen, and dries practically instantly.

Every finger nail encased in Cutex is safe from all temptation to peel, crack, streak or fade. And is blessed with an ability to glitter and gleam for days on end if you're too lazy or too rushed to change it.

Pick your favorite shades today. Two shades are enough to start with, a light one and a deep one. When you see how fascinating it is to suit your polish to each gown, you'll keep all five Cutex shades in use!

NORTHEAST WARREN • New York • London • Paris

Both! She varies her polish with her gown, using all colors, from palest to deepest... says world's authority on the manicure

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. It does with every one of your costumes but is best with bright colors—bright red, bright blue, bright green, the new purples, orange and yellow. It is the most popular tint today.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade that you can wear with any color dress, pale or vivid. Rhinoceros often prefer it to all other shades. It is subtle and charming, with pastel pinks, blues, lavender... with blazer dress, black and brown.

Coral nails are breathtakingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, black and dark brown—other cool daytime dresses or suits evening frocks. Scent also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

Cardinal is deep and exotic. It contrasts excitedly with black, white, or any of the very pale shades. Good with gray or beige; very smart with the new Empire blue. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods and be sure your lipstick matches!

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for very bright or difficult colors.



Follow this easy Cutex Manicure...

First, scrub the nails. Then remove the old lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath the nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Now remove the old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Finally, brush on one of the lovely shades of Cutex Liquid Polish—the shade that best suits your costume, your personality. You can choose from Natural, Colorless, Rose, Coral and Cardinal. End with a touch of Cutex Nail White—Pencil or Cream—under nail tips for accent. Before retreating, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish and 5 other manicure essentials for 12¢



NORTHEAST WARREN, Dept. 272
151 Madison Street... New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, 15100 Port Office Drive, Montreal)
I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked... ☐ Rose ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal

CUTEX Liquid Polish... ONLY 35¢

PROLOGUE TO LOVE

[Continued from page 15]



Such a SIMPLE SEWING SECRET

—the Right Size of Thread

THINK how many of today's fabrics are finer, daintier, lighter in weight. You simply must stitch them with finer threads. Threads too coarse lie up on the surface and make heavy seams. Threads just right in size blend with the weave and give each seam the strength of the fabric itself.

Next time you sew with black or white thread, use size 70 for medium light-weight materials; size 80 or 100 for still finer weaves. Buy these sizes by the box and have them always on hand—for children's clothes, lingerie, home dresses, aprons, smocks, glass curtains, fine quilting and mending. J. & P. Coats & Clark's O. N. T. black and white six-cord threads are accurate in size, famous for quality. Ask for them always by number and brand name.

For a copy of "Sewing Secrets," a new book of modern sewing methods, send 5c to The Spool Cotton Co., Box 551, 112-P, Newark, N. J.



THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

Muttering to himself, Belfort sprang up and seized the chair. Before he could swing it, Bruce's hand had shot out and the man staggered backward and fell. The onlookers rushed forward to intervene, old Sandy among them. Before they could prevent it, however, Belfort was on his feet and was rushing at Bruce.

"Stop this, now!" old Sandy ordered. But even as he spoke, Bruce struck again and Belfort crumpled to the floor.

Sandy flung his arms about Bruce. "Stop it, lad!" he cried excitedly. "Stop it, or we'll have the law on us!"

Bruce shook him coolly off. "Better not step into this, Sandy," he advised. "Belfort has something to say to me, or one of us has to take a licking, law or no law!"

Belfort had pulled himself together painfully. Bruce strode over to him, but old Sandy stepped between them and faced Belfort.

"Here, now," he demanded, "what's all this about, Carley?"

"Ask him," Belfort snarled. "What's it about?" Sandy begged of Bruce, maintaining his position between them.

"Belfort knows," Bruce replied. "He has been talking about a young lady whose name—"

"There's another woman with her!" Belfort screamed. "And another man! The car was broken down!"

"What you said was a lie, then, wasn't it?" Bruce prompted.

"I told nothing but what I saw with my own eyes," Belfort retorted.

"What you implied was a lie!" Bruce challenged, stepping toward him.

Belfort's head began wagging to and fro as he watched Bruce in a sort of stupid fascination. Presently he nodded.

"If you want to look at it that way," he admitted, "I was only talking."

"Think twice before you talk like that again," Bruce advised him. A half dozen of Belfort's friends had gathered about him and were urging him toward the door.

"I'll talk to you again," said Belfort, over his shoulder.

"Any time, Carley," Bruce replied. Sandy scratched his head in relief as Belfort disappeared through the doorway. Then he shook his head at Bruce. "You're a bad actor, lad," he said quietly. "I'd be looking out for him if I was you."

"I intend to," said Bruce, and turned again to take the seat beside Myers.

THE Laird had asked old Hector Carlgan to dinner. It was rarely these days that Hector was invited to dine alone with Jarvis Dean. There had never been anything but the most cordial relationship between the two men, but Jarvis had lived too much to himself during the years since his wife's death.

The dinner had been the very best that poor old Hannah was capable of producing. There had even been a touch of elegance to it. When Jarvis Dean desired to make dinner an occasion, he had saddle of lamb for the main course. As soon as Hector had seen Hannah by a saddle of lamb before the Laird, he knew his presence at the table was something of an event in the life of Jarvis.

It was not until they had retired to the drawing-room that Dean gave any inkling of what was on his mind.

"Have you heard about this fracas in old Sandy's back room a night or two ago?" he asked abruptly.

"I was told about it," Hector admitted cautiously.

"The whole country knows about it. It's a dirty business."

"But one over which we have little control," he said.

Jarvis gave him a keen look. "We have something to say about what brought it about," he said. "In my day, a young woman's name—if she was a lady—wasn't mentioned in such a place."

"I have no doubt young Laird feels much the same about it—even in these days."

That's not the point, sir. In my day, a young woman gave no reason for having her name bandied about over a poker table."

The times have changed, it seems," Hector murmured.

"It's our own fault, then. We've let these youngsters get out of hand. Where's it going to end, now?"

"They'll probably all marry and settle down and have children of their own to plague them in their turn," Hector said lightly.

JARVIS leaned forward and looked fixedly at his guest. "I want your opinion about that girl of mine," he said frankly. "What's she like?"

Hector smiled. "She's your own daughter, sir. You ought to know her better than I."

"I don't. Since she came back, she's been a stranger in the house. More than half the time she's not here at all. She'll be back here tonight from the Parr lodge, either."

"I warrant—and the place will be like bedlam until she goes again."

Hector got up and walked to the French windows and looked out upon the garden that seemed palely under the summer starlight.

"I have been wondering about the girl," he said at last. "I have talked with her long and often. She is happy."

"Happy?" Jarvis granted. "What does she want that she cannot have?" But his eyes were half closed in self-concealment.

"She hasn't told me that," Hector replied. "I can only guess, at best."

"What's your guess, then?"

"It is my opinion, Jarvis, that the girl has been in love—ever since she came back here."

The Laird frowned. "You mean—this young Laird?"

"Certainly," said Hector. Jarvis shrugged impatiently. "Puppy love!" he exclaimed. "She'll get over that—if she isn't already over it."

Hector looked steadily at the Laird for a moment without speaking. "What you see," he said at last, his voice very low, "is probably the process by which she hopes to get over it. And it would not surprise me to learn that she finds it as painful as you do."

"Tammy-rot!" the Laird exploded. "You have asked for my opinion," Hector said. "And I am giving it."

"If I thought there was anything to that," the Laird replied. "I'd sell and get out—out take her with me."

"I know you would," Hector observed, "and accomplish nothing."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" Hector smiled patiently. "You ought to know the breed better than to ask that," he said. "If Millicent's daughter is in love, there's very little that either you or I can do about it."

There followed a long silence, and then the Laird turned abruptly to talking of things that left no room for differences of opinion.

It was almost midnight when Autumn came home, bringing Linda Parr with her to stay for a few days at the

Castle. The girls found the two old men seated before the fireplace.

"Why, Da—wasn't he old idea you'd be waiting for us at this hour?" Autumn exclaimed, after greetings had gone around. "You should have been in bed hours ago."

The hour is no later for me than it is for you, my girl," Jarvis replied, his voice betraying a little impatience. "But we're used to it, Mr. Dean," Linda offered, with a smile.

"So I have been informed," said the Laird. "Are you young ladies aware that your conduct is creating talk in the district?"

Autumn smiled. "You're not bothering your head with Da, over what the gossips say about—"

"I'm bothering my head about you, my girl," he interrupted her. "Do you know that your name was the center of a scandalous brawl in the back room of a dive in Klamooks the other night?"

"We've heard all about it, Da," Autumn replied. "Belfort is a beast."

A girl with any respect for herself doesn't give a beast any excuse for talking," her father observed.

Autumn checked her rising anger. "There were four of us in the party—Lin and I, and Florian and a friend of his," she explained. "We were coming home along the highway from Ashgrove. We started later than we had intended and when we got as far as Belfort's ranch, the car broke down. While the boys worked on the car, Lin and I went to sleep in a hay-stack. Belfort towed us to a garage about seven o'clock in the morning."

"Or we'd have been there still," Linda added.

"That's all that all there is to the story," Autumn concluded.

"I accept your account on its merits," Jarvis Dean said, "but it explains nothing. The whole episode was a scandal and an outrage, whether Belfort had anything to do with it or not."

Linda Parr had turned wondering eyes upon the Laird. "It's probably not my place to speak, Mr. Dean," she ventured, "but the whole affair is quite accidental, and we regret it quite as much as you do. We probably regret it more, since it was we who had to sleep out. On the other hand, young people are quite capable of taking care of themselves nowadays."

Autumn was amazed at Linda's sudden gallantry. At the quick glance from the old man, however, the girl ceased abruptly, and looked rather hopelessly toward Autumn.

"I'll not have my daughter's name bandied about the country," the Laird roared.

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[Continued on page 88]

Do you drink half-flavored coffee... because of OXYGEN, the Racketeer?



What Oxygen does to coffee flavor
Read these amazing facts, proved by scientists in the laboratories of a leading Eastern University:

- (1) Loose or bag coffee loses 65% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting.
- (2) Coffee in old-fashioned cans, or cardboard cartons loses 45% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting.

All due to the attack of Oxygen—always in the air.
IT'S THE AIR INSIDE THE PACKAGE THAT RUINS THE FLAVOR.

*With the VITA-FRESH Process,
Maxwell House brings you the first
completely full-flavored coffee*

If you want the full flavor you pay for, there is just one question to bear in mind, whether you buy coffee in paper bags, cartons, moisture-proof wrappings, old-type cans or vacuum. The question: Is there air *inside* the package?

If there is—coffee deteriorates, loses flavor.

If there isn't, coffee keeps its full flavor indefinitely.

Only one coffee is packed by the method that completely removes and excludes all trace of air (Oxygen) from the sealed can. That coffee is Maxwell House—packed by the new Vita-Fresh Process.

*No wonder Maxwell
House is rising to
new popularity!*

This protection plus the famous Maxwell House blend is winning thousands of new friends each week. Sales prove it. Whether you have known this coffee in past years or not, you will find in Maxwell House today such flavor, such rich and satisfying smoothness as you have never enjoyed in any coffee before.

Ask your grocer for a pound today—in the sealed and locked can marked with the words "Vita-Fresh." Your first taste will tell you that here indeed is coffee perfection.



THE
FLAVOR
YOU
PAY FOR

THE
FLAVOR
YOU GET



"WHAT MARVELOUS
COFFEE—IS IT
MAXWELL HOUSE?"

"YES, AND HOW
ECONOMICAL IT IS! YOU
GET MORE FLAVOR FROM
EACH SPOONFUL YOU USE"

*Don't forget to tune in on Lanny Ross and the
famous Maxwell House Orchestra—broadcast
over WJZ—N.B.C. chain every Thursday
evening, 9:30 P.M., Eastern Standard Time*



**Full
FLAVOR
Full
VALUE**

MAXWELL HOUSE Coffee

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GOOD TO THE LAST DROP



You will be
admired for the
Smartness
of your frocks

and . . . no one will ever
dream that you have cut
your dress budget in HALF!

It is really a very simple matter
you know about the economy of the
"Fifth-Avenue" Plan.

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brimful of the latest styles of Paris and
Fifth Avenue . . . is yours, free for the asking.
Learn from it how you may always
have the last word in style . . . individual
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a saving in price that will enable you to
have no stylish dresses for the price you
have been paying for one.

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The garment you order comes to you "all-but-finished," with all the difficult sewing
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you are in a frock, suit or coat that really
fits you, as you have never been fitted in
ready-made clothes.

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of matching thread. You can easily follow
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PROLOGUE TO LOVE

[Continued from page 86]

Autumn's eyes narrowed. She glanced sharply at Hector, who was slumped in his chair. "What do you propose to do, Father?" she asked. "Keep me under lock and key?"

A dull flush lay like a sultry shadow on the old man's cheek bones. Autumn knew that her words had started the ripples of an old and cruel memory in the depths of his consciousness, and, for a moment, she was sorry for what she had said.

For some moments Jarvis did not reply to her question. Then his mouth grimly set, he gave his ultimatum. "You will conduct yourself from now on like a lady—or back you go to where you came from! I'll not have the Dean name made the cause of drunken brawls in public dives!"

Autumn got angrily to her feet. In that moment all the wretchedness of those long summer weeks came back upon her, those weeks of striving to tear the love of Bruce Landor from her heart, and instantly her regret for the pain she was causing her father retreated.

"The Dean name," she said. "That's what's behind all this! It isn't of what will happen to me that you are thinking. You know I can look after myself. But the Dean name must be defended. It hurts your pride to see it defended by Bruce Landor. You have been living in the past so long that it's more real and more important to you than your own daughter. Well, let me tell you, Dad—I've suffered what you will never know—ever since I came back—defending the Dean name. I can't go on—I won't go on! Let the name of Dean—"

The Laird was on his feet instantly, his huge frame trembling with emotion. "Stop it!" he cried. "Stop it! You've got—enough!"

Autumn stood staring at him. He seemed to have become suddenly feeble, defeated. In that moment her compassion for him rose again, and her impulse was to throw her arms about him in an effort to make peace with him. But Hector was already beside him, waving her away. She turned silently and left the room.

LONG after Linda was asleep in the room next her own, and the house stood in its dark silence, Autumn lay awake, turning over and over in her mind the restive thoughts that had had their beginning in that disconcerting clash with her father. At last, unable to bear any longer the confining darkness of her own room, she got up and put on a dressing gown and slippers.

Noisefully, she went out into the hall. Her father's house, said the Laird, rose from a mat outside the Laird's door, but she cared him reassuringly, and he flung himself down again as she continued on down the stairs and out of the house.

She stole quietly to a secluded nook in the garden where, within the circle of flowering mock-orange trees, her mother's bronze statue still stood on its low pedestal. Here the smell of roses lay in a still, dark pool of heavy sweetness; in the purple field of the sky overhead the stars leaned down, a white blur stooping to the fainter nimbus of the white and yellow roses.

Autumn seated herself on a bench beside the sundial and gathered her robe closely about her. A curious blankness seemed to possess her mind

now, a receptivity to some strange reassurance, to some strong and calming influence that drifted in upon her from the sweet cloistered glow of the flower-crypt that had been her mother's. Millicent Odell was living again, rising above her own tragedy and that of Jarvis Dean and Geoffrey Landor, and the poor unhappy Jane—Autumn closed her eyes in the buoyancy of her spirit, where the knowledge had dawned that her love for Bruce was an inevitable and incurable predestination of life that Jarvis Dean's opposition could neither change nor destroy.

She was startled suddenly from her absorption by a sound behind her. Turning quickly, she saw Hector Odell standing within the dimness of the crypt.

"Hector!" she said softly. "What brings you out at this time of night?" "It isn't the first time I've prowled around here," he said, in a low, oddly strained voice, "but it's the first time I've been caught at it."

She did not have to ask why he had come. Millicent lived for him here, as she was living for Autumn herself. "I couldn't sleep," he told him, "—after that scene with Father."

Hector seated himself on the bench beside her. "It was rather bad, wasn't it?" he said heavily. "But I think I warned you that your father would be difficult, though I had not foreseen—quite this, I confess."

Autumn plucked a blossom from a low-hanging branch and held it to her lips. "I love Father," she said simply. "And I love everything I have come home to. I don't want to leave it."

Hector was silent for a moment. Then, as though he were talking to some third person beside them, he said, "Autumn is in love with Geoffrey's son."

She braced herself involuntarily against the weird sensation that had come over her. "Is it so evident as that, Hector?"

"The past is repeating itself," he said. "My eyes are not too old to see that."

"It is the past that has come between us, Hector—between Bruce and me," she said.

Hector leaned forward and touched her hand. "I shall have something to say about that, my dear, when the time comes."

Autumn stared at the ghostly blur of a hoarsely-flowered white rosebush. "If you had told me all you knew—when I first came home," she said, "we might have been spared much of what happened tonight."

Hector drew a deep and unhappy breath. "You forget that there is such a thing as loyalty still left in some of us," he said. "If I did not tell you everything I knew, it was because I could not."

"It doesn't matter, after all," she said. "It is too late now."

"On the contrary," he replied, "it is still too soon. You forget that the branches of the tree above them, and a shower of white petals fell on the grass at their feet."

ON The following morning, when Linda telephoned to the Laird place with the intention of paying Bruce a visit during the day, the foreman,

[Continued on page 94]



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aroma of delicate spices, artfully
applied—that makes the creations of
a master chef so delicious.

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Ketchup brings to the plainest home
cooking this delectable, savory touch.

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prize Heinz-grown, and seasoned
with select Oriental spices, Heinz
Ketchup seeks out the hidden flavors
of the simplest dishes and makes
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it, and you'll know why it outsells all
other ketchups regardless of price.

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No more blind shopping for rugs . . . *here's a guide-mark for your dollars*



*The sign of
the weaver's knot, at the rug edge, means
steadfast colors, authentic designs, woven
by the Bigelow Weavers. *13 to *160*

FOR RUGS 9' BY 12' SIZE

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At last you can *know* that when you take your rug dollars shopping they'll bring back honest rug values.

The Bigelow Weavers now mark *all* their rugs where you can identify them at a glance. This signet of the weaver's knot will pick out for you those rugs which have beauty that will *last*. For it is the craft sign of men who, for 106 years, have held an enviable reputation for

fashioning rugs which know the art of aging gracefully.

Bigelow colors and designs, created by a staff of experienced stylists and decorators, are woven in our own blends of wool noted for resiliency—*Lively Wool*. That is why every Bigelow rug is springier under foot . . . wears better . . . is easier to clean . . . holds its beauty longer.

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The BIGELOW WEAVERS
Rugs and Carpets made of **LIVELY WOOL**



YOUTHFUL SPRING FASHIONS DISPLAY HANDWORK

by Elisabeth May Blondel



1959 1961

1958

1960

1956

1957



No. 1959, A deep smocked yoke that circles the neck and sleeves is an adorable fashion for small young ladies. Dainty rainbow rose sprays add interest to the center front of the yoke. Such frocks are charming if dotted with or organza with the smocking in a solid color or a combination of two colors.

No. 1961, Hand-done motifs are even found on little brother's manly suits. Noah's Ark and the animals form a very decorative design across the front of the blouse. Several little applied suits of this type in jersey, linen or broadcloth are found in the wardrobe of almost every well-dressed young man.

No. 1958, For show occasions, she must have an outfit really worthy of her babyish beauty. A matching dress and hat of pastel crepe de Chine embroidered in delicate "rosebud" sprays are certain to evoke exclamations of delight from her audience. The embroidery in a deeper shade is adorable.

No. 1955, A "ginger bread" boy, prancing steed, "old dog Tray," and a "cat and mouse" are only a few of the clever little motifs that are being applied on small boy's suits. Often they repeat the dark color of the trousers or a lighter blouse, or they contrast vividly to the solid color of the suit. And, do you wonder that little brother adores them? They have been painted especially with a boy's adventurous spirit and imagination in mind.

No. 1960, Inverted scallops dipping in points over a deep band of crocheting distinguish this little frock. It's one of those dresses that is suitable for school, practical for play and adorable for "dinner-up"—according to the material used. You see them in crepe de Chine, cotton prints, sheer voiles and in dainties.

No. 1956, Such a simple frock—but such a smart one—this little V-yoked dress with merely a narrow rill for sleeves. Yellow and brown flower sprays on the white yoke harmonize with the yellow of the frock. The matching hat tucks quaintly up in front. Such outfits play the most exclusive park.

No. 1957, The dainty frock of rose elated silk is charming with its deep scalloped collar bound in rose and embroidered in rose sprays that fit cleverly on the sides. The trim of the matching hat is scalloped on the sides. Dress and hat ensembles are fashions decreed for smart young ladies this new season.



1955



1955



Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is delivered by the same "fresh food" service which daily delivers Fleischmann's Yeast.

Rushed to you like a "FRESH FOOD"

Coffee insured against staleness . . . an actual aid to digestion

GOOD NEWS for coffee lovers! Now there is a coffee that is delivered by a daily "fresh food" delivery system! A coffee delivered like the "fresh food" that coffee really is!

Scientists have discovered that coffee, like milk or butter, is a food subject to rancidity. In each pound of coffee there is about half a cup of oil.

Fresh, this oil carries the delicate flavor and aroma you love. Stale, it is rancid—toxic—often the cause of indigestion, headaches, sleeplessness.

So Chase & Sanborn, to protect the superlative flavor of their coffee, now rush it to your grocer

by the same nation-wide delivery system that brings him Fleischmann's Yeast fresh daily.

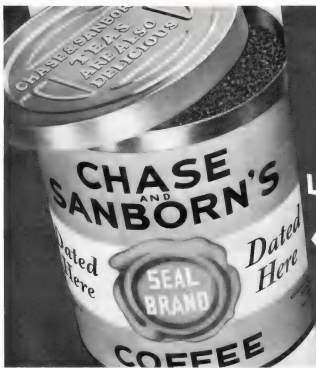
Every can of Chase & Sanborn's is dated with the day of delivery. Every can brings you this fine coffee at the peak of its marvelous flavor and aroma.

You can't buy a can of dated Chase & Sanborn's Coffee which has been on your grocer's shelves more than ten days.

Here is your guarantee against loss of flavor and dangerous staleness. Buy a can of Chase & Sanborn's—DATED—today, and enjoy the flavor and aroma famous among coffee lovers for 65 years.



ALL COFFEE contains a delicate oil, which makes it palatable—like milk or butter. And it is this oil which carries, when fresh, the delicious flavor and aroma we love. Fresh, coffee also is an actual aid to digestion.



LOOK FOR THE
← **DATE**
ON THE CAN

TO GUARANTEE FRESHNESS, EVERY CAN OF CHASE & SANBORN'S COFFEE IS DATED THE DAY YOUR GROCER RECEIVES IT

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GOOD CLOTHES ARE
WASTED ON ELSE-
WITH THAT STRINGY,
OILY HAIR SHE HAS!

JUST SO MANY MORE
PARTNERS FOR US, OLD
DEAR! I'VE NOTICED MEN
LIKE NICE HAIR.

POOR ELSE! - SOME-
BODY OUGHT TO TELL
HER ABOUT PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO!



IF YOU HAVE OILY HAIR, the reason is that the muscles controlling thousands of oil glands all over your scalp are "slabby." Instead of controlling the oil supply and feeding it regularly to your hair, they just fill up and spill over—starving your hair one minute, flooding it the next.

An ordinary shampoo merely washes out the last flood. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—made especially for oily hair—does more. It is mildly astringent. It tends to tighten the relaxed oil glands.

Wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar

Shampoo as often as it gets oily—every two or three days at first, if necessary. Every shampoo is a scientific home treatment that works away at the oil glands to restore their healthy, normal action.

FOR HAIR THAT IS TOO DRY, use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. This shampoo, made especially for dry hair, contains glycerine and other soothing ingredients which help to keep dry, fly-away hair silky-soft and manageable. The Packer Company (makers, too, of Packer's Tar Soap) have had 61 years of scientific experience in the care of hair and scalp.

- 1 OILY HAIR—Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo
- 2 DRY HAIR—Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo



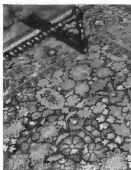
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PROBLEMS

By Mary Davis Gillies



A domestic Wilton turns Oriental

SELECTING the right floor covering is a worrisome business. It needn't perplex us too much though, because there are a number of definite guides to follow. The first questions have to do with quality, color, and design.

The five principle rug weaves—listed according to their price and quality—are chenille, Wilton, Axminster, velvet, and tapestry. There are, of course, overlappings in quality so that a good velvet rug may be better than a poor Axminster.

In chenille rugs a yarn that looks like a fluffy caterpillar is used. The result is a high soft pile which gives a luxurious feel underfoot. Wilton rugs have a lower pile and are standard in wearing qualities. The best use worned yarns. Because of the type of looms, Wilton designs usually have small repeats and a limited number of colors.

Axminster rugs are medium-priced and usually give good service. They are made of woolen yarns rather than worsted. Any type of design or any number of colors can be used on Axminster looms. During the first two or three weeks of use, Axminster rugs shed a great many short, uncaught fibers and should not be swept too hard. After a little use the yarns will felt or mat and the shedding will stop.

Velvet and tapestry rugs are lower-priced. Velvet rugs are tufted, and the designs and colors used are printed on the yarns before the rug is woven. In other rugs, of course, the designs are woven in. Tapestry rugs are like the old-fashioned Brussels carpets. The surface is made of looped ends.

To judge the quality of all five types look at the height of the pile, and count the number of rows to the inch. By turning the rug to the back. Nine rows per inch in worsted Wilton indicate medium quality, and thirteen and a half rows indicate high grade. The better grades of Axminster rugs have seven or eight rows per inch.

If we choose the type of rug that is in our price class, and know it is made by a reputable manufacturer, we can feel content about quality. But color requires individual analysis. The floor like the walls and ceiling, is part of the background of the room and as such should be fairly unobtrusive. The



Modern hooked rugs copy the old designs

color, or colors, should repeat those used elsewhere in the room. Usually there should be a special linking up with the walls and draperies. However, almost without exception the rug should be darker and duller.

Plain or Figured?

The next pressing question is: Shall the rug be plain or figured? There are very distinct claims on both sides. For instance, solid color rugs have a tendency to show dust, foot marks, and spots more than figured ones. Therefore, in the average household figured rugs should be used in halls, and very likely in the dining room. Furthermore, if there are several young children, a figured rug should be used in the living room.

If your furniture happens to be bulky and uninteresting, figured rugs are wiser as they distract the attention. With plain walls and draperies, figured rugs are often advisable. Moreover, a figured rug will knit together a room that seems a little bare and cold.

Plain rugs give repose and peace to a room. Decoratively speaking, it is easier to harmonize them with the walls, draperies, and upholstery. They add to the apparent size of a room and show the furniture off to advantage. With highly figured upholstery they are imperative, and they are more pleasing with figured walls. For years rose tulle has been the most popular tone for plain rugs. Now such colors as soft green, henna, copper, apricot, marine-blue, mulberry, and autumn brown are replacing it. These colors contribute a great deal more sparkle and interest to the room.

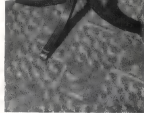
A figured rug in the average-sized room should have a small all-over de-

UNDERFOOT

Housefurnishings Editor



Hair cushions add years of wear



A design of tightly twisted yarns

sign. Large, sprawling patterns have a way of making a room shrink. There should also be harmony of design between the rug and the rest of the furnishings.

There is a fascination about Oriental rugs because of their associations. The glamour of the Orient is coupled with the thought of painstaking craftsmanship. However, a cheap Oriental rug is seldom really beautiful. It is usually loosely woven and will give poor service. If Oriental motifs are wanted, a domestic Oriental will solve the problem nicely.

The term "Domestic Oriental" refers to rugs which are made in this country in Oriental designs. Most "washed" or "sheen" rugs fall into this class. Such rugs are treated with chemicals to develop a luster and soften the colors, as is done with modern Oriental rugs before they are put on the American market.

Reducing Shocks

The use of a felt padding under the rug is rapidly becoming a matter of course. With low-pile inexpensive rugs, they add a luxurious feel that rivals a chenille carpet, and under fine rugs they act as a shock absorber to pound heels, thus adding years of service. A felted hair cushion is by far the most satisfactory type. Use only pads that carry a guarantee against moths.

Adjoining rooms, particularly those connected by open doorways or by large double doors, are usually more satisfying if they are decorated in the same or a similar color scheme. If the floor coverings are identical, a feeling of greater spaciousness results.

When a new rug is being purchased for only one room, the old ones will

look dingy, unless a dull, soft-colored rug is selected. This is also true of the "sheen" or "washed" rugs. They have a tendency to make used furniture look shabby.

Baseboard-to-baseboard carpeting is undergoing a revival. Vacuum cleaners make its care simple, and it gives a room a luxurious air. In irregular-shaped rooms, carpeting is almost essential if angularity is to be avoided. In remodeled rooms, wall-to-wall coverings are easier to lay than new floors. This treatment makes small rooms look more spacious, and in rooms already rather over-crowded with small objects, carpeting affords a wide simple foundation. In a library or bedroom, carpeting will deaden sound.

That Corner-Corner Question

Among the secondary problems is the placing of small rugs. With but three apparent exceptions they should be laid straight with the sides of the room—never diagonally—in the line of most travel, and in front of large pieces of furniture. It is correct to put a small rug parallel with the front of corner cupboards and before fireplaces or doorways that cut off corners of rooms. In all these cases, however, the rug may still be considered as following the line of the wall.

Quite often small patterned rugs are used over plain carpeting. They are effective when placed at the entrance of the room, before the fireplace, and possibly in front of the sofa. Small rugs are frequently used in bedrooms and halls.

Hall and stairway fashions have changed in recent years. Both are being made narrower, a fact which favors unbordered carpeting from wall to wall. A stair covering then becomes imperative; when there is a border of bare floor, stair carpeting is optional. Choose a close weave for stair carpets so that there can be no splitting of the rows over the edge of the tread. A short pile is preferable, and a small design is generally the most practical. Select designs which have a repeat that will come in the same position on each step. Usually a half yard repeat for a small design and a yard repeat for the larger designs will accomplish this end.



HOW JEAN CRIED WHEN "MILK TIME" CAME!



BUT SEE HOW SHE BEGS FOR IT NOW

Jean's weight has gone up a pound a week

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"I tried it, and it's wonderful to see the way she *begs* for milk now. She's gained five pounds already, and is much stronger and sturdier."

Just one of many hundreds of cases reported to us. Even the fussiest children love the creamy, chocolate flavor of Cocomalt. And how they thrive on it!

Almost doubles value of milk

Cocomalt actually adds 70% more nourishment to milk. Practically doubles the health-building elements of every glass. That is why thousands of doctors endorse and prescribe it.

If children fail to fill out and gain weight it is almost a sure sign their systems are begging for more tissue-

building proteins, more carbohydrates, more minerals that Cocomalt gives them.

Cocomalt supplies these three essentials in concentrated form. Yet it is not a medicine, but a highly nutritious food. Easily digested by the weakest stomach.

Contains Vitamin D

Cocomalt contains Vitamin D—the sunshine vitamin so essential for children. Vitamin D helps build strong bones and bodies. Aids in preventing rickets, the cause of soft bones and unsound teeth.

Furthermore, Cocomalt actually helps digest other foods and turn them more quickly into strength and energy. Thus your children derive greater benefits from everything they eat when you give them Cocomalt regularly.

Special trial offer

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk. 5½ lb., 1 lb., and the economical 5 lb. family size. High in food value, low in cost. At grocery and drug stores. Or mail coupon and 10¢ (to cover cost of packing and mailing), for trial can.



ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

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Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt. I am enclosing 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

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TIRE MACHINE GETS PEP QUICKLY

Sewing machine
"draggy"? It needs some
3-in-One! Oil every part
liberally—then run the
machine a few seconds.
Watch how 3-in-One
works-out sticky gum, dirt
and lint! Wipe away excess
oil, and you are ready to
sew on a machine that
runs like new again.

Three-in-One is blended
from three oils to do
three things at one time.
As it oils it cleans and
prevents rust and tarnish.
Handy cans and bottles
sold everywhere.

Three-in-One Oil Company
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3-IN-ONE OIL

CLEANS - OILS - PROTECTS

PROLOGUE TO LOVE

[Continued from page 88]

Andrew Gilly, informed her that Bruce had gone to Vancouver on business and would not be back until the end of the week.

"So that will be that!" Linda observed, stretching herself on the couch in the sunlit drawing-room.

The announcement that Bruce had gone to Vancouver filled Autumn with an uncomfortable loneliness. She went over to the window and stood looking out into the garden, where she had experienced so strange an exaltation the night before. Now, in the spread of the midsummer morning, she knew that that almost supernatural assurance of the night in the garden had been a delusion. There was nothing for her to do but carry on, for her father's sake as well as for Bruce Landor's.

"How can you be anything but head over heels in love with him, Autumn?" Linda asked.

"With whom?"

"With whom? You know very well whom."

Autumn did not turn from the window. "You're getting positively tedious, Lin," she said mechanically.

Linda looked narrowly at Autumn's straight back. "Do you know what?" she said at last. "I honestly believe you've been in love with him from the very first."

"You must have your own reasons for thinking so, Lin," Autumn evaded. "I have my own. In the first place, your cutting up doesn't ring true to me. I cut up because I like it. But you—you don't like it."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Autumn said indifferently.

Linda reflected for a moment. "My dear," she said at last, "you're in love—or I'm a mental defunct."

Autumn smiled wryly. "You're a dear imbecile, then, Lin."

"I'm a fool in no way more than you," the girl replied. "But there's one particular kind of idiot that I am not—and never intend to be. I am not the kind that goes on forever when I know there's no hope for me."

"Let's take our ride before it gets too warm," Autumn suggested.

Linda stretched and rose from the couch. "Which—being interpreted—means, for heaven's sake lay off!" she said, and went with Autumn to prepare for the ride.

ON THE following morning, Bruce Landor's foreman drove his car in at the gates of the Castle. Linda Parr had left for home only an hour before, and Autumn was cutting roses in the garden. It was no unusual thing for Bruce Landor's foreman to visit the Dean ranch, and a swift shock of apprehensiveness for Bruce passed through her. She gulpered up her flowers at once and went to the house.

In the dooryard Bruce's foreman was talking with Tom Willmar. Andrew Gilly turned his cap awkwardly in his hands as Autumn came up.

"Good morning, Miss Dean," he greeted her. Autumn sensed something vaguely resentful in his attitude.

"Good morning, Mr. Gilly," she returned. "Has Bruce come back from Vancouver yet?"

"No," Gilly replied, "he hasn't. And I'm in no hurry to see him, either. I'll have very bad news for him when he comes."

"Bad news? What has happened?" Tom Willmar cleared his throat.

"Gilly found over thirty of his sheep dead in the pasture this morning."

Autumn clutched her flowers tightly in hands that had gone suddenly cold.

"Not his prize sheep—the Merinos he was experimenting with?"

"The same," said Tom Willmar. "Poisoned, they were. Poisoned with strychnine in the salt trough. I came over to see if you folks had had any trouble." Andrew Gilly went on, "but Tom tells me there's been none here."

"No," said Tom quietly. "There's been a bit of vetch about that—"

"Nature had no hand in this!" Andrew interrupted. "I was a sneak that did it—and he must've crawled on his stomach during the night to get to the trough, or the dogs would've been him."

"Have you any idea who did it?" Autumn asked faintly.

The man avoided her gaze, but the expression that came to his weathered face was one of bitter fun.

"I have my own opinion," he said significantly, "and I think I'm not far wrong. Though there's no proof—but a what!"

Autumn knew what he was thinking. "You suspect Belfort, don't you, Mr. Gilly?" she asked bluntly.

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a man Thrills to the spell of sweet soft fingers



Are your hands white and smooth, as you want them to be? Lovely to look at, thrilling to touch?

But hands become unattractive if dry skin and roughness give them a grating touch, a reddened, darkened look

HANDS age so soon. Long before 30, roughness, tiny lines, increasing redness, make them seem a decade older than the face.

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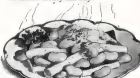


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PROLOGUE TO LOVE

[Continued from page 94]

The Laird leaned forward and tapped the ash from his cigar. "I admit the man would do it—he's the kind that would, if he had any reason for it. But even a bad man doesn't act without a motive."

"I supplied him with a motive, I'm afraid," Bruce replied directly.

"I was coming to that. You had a rumup with him last week, I'm told."

"I had," Bruce admitted. "It was over something that Belfort said about—my daughter, wasn't it?" the Laird asked.

"I should have done precisely what I did, sir, whether it had been your daughter or any other woman."

Jarvis dismissed the suggestion with a wave of his hand. "Certainly, my boy, certainly. But that has nothing to do with the business." He drew a deep breath, then relaxed into his chair. "You are still a very young man, Landor," he went on, "and I am an old man. My opinion may count very little to a man of your years. But if a young woman chooses to make a troll of herself, I don't see how it improves matters to make it the cause of a public brawl."

"Your daughter has not made a troll of herself, sir," Bruce protested. "Besides, I did what I did because I had little choice in the matter."

"Would it not have been better to have left well-enough alone, instead of making both my daughter and yourself the laughing stock of the countryside?"

"I'm afraid we can't agree on that, sir," Bruce replied. "I am, of course, sorry for any unpleasantness it may have caused either you or Autumn."

Jarvis Dean's face darkened. "Be that as it may, Landor," he said, "I'd prefer to look after such things myself, when they concern me or one of my own house."

"Very good, sir," Bruce returned, his lips tightening.

"In fact, my boy, I mean to do whatever I can to wipe out the unfortunate results of this affair. How much do you figure, those Merinos were worth to you?"

Bruce flushed. "I haven't figured that out, Mr. Dean," he replied.

"Put your own price on them, then, and let me know what it is. I want to make it good to you."

Bruce was silent for a moment.

There were times when a man might pertinaciously give way to anger, but this was not such a time. He told himself in a resolute effort at self-control. After all, the Laird was making what he undoubtedly felt to be a generous gesture.

"I understand what you mean, Mr. Dean," he said at last, "but my loss is my own. I brought it on myself, and I'll foot the bill."

"You don't mean—you are not refusing my offer?" Jarvis Dean demanded harshly.

Bruce laughed outright. "You surely didn't expect me to accept it?"

A livid vein stood out upon Jarvis' forehead. He got to his feet with astonishing swiftness. "That, Landor, is sheer impudence!" he gasped.

Bruce, who had risen promptly, looked steadily into the older man's eyes. "Are you not being a bit unreasonable, Mr. Dean?" he asked.

The Laird snorted. "That's enough, sir—and more than enough!" he replied. "I have made you a gentleman's offer, and you have refused it. Do I understand you aright, sir?"

"I couldn't think of accepting it, Mr. Dean," Bruce said evenly.

"Very well, Landor—very well! You may have it your own way, then. But from this day forward there will be no dealings between us, do you understand? You are a stranger to us—to me and to my daughter—for the rest of our days." He stepped toward Bruce and thrust his great head forward. "Do you understand that?" he demanded.

"Perfectly, I think," Bruce replied, and fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette. The hand that struck the match was not altogether steady, but he knew now that he had his feelings under control. When he turned toward Jarvis Dean again, the old man was leaning heavily with one hand on the back of his chair, his head bowed, his other hand passing uncertainly across his eyes, as though to brush from them something that obscured his vision. Bruce took an apprehensive step toward him, but immediately Jarvis drew himself erect. Although his face was drawn and white, he made a curt bow.

"Good day, Landor!" he said, and stood awaiting Bruce's withdrawal.

Bruce looked at him in frowning perplexity, and with a feeling of some unfathomable uneasiness. Then he said a quiet goodbye and turned away. As he left the room, Jarvis Dean slumped heavily into his chair and sat listening to the sound of Bruce's footsteps descending the stairs.

THE Laird was still in his library an hour or so later, when Autumn returned from town. When he heard her mounting the stairs, he closed the large leather-bound journal in which he was writing and laid it away in the drawer of his table. He locked the drawer and returned the key to its place above the desk. He turned as Autumn came into the room.

"You're back," he said. "I didn't take you long."

"I've been gone three hours," she remarked. "There wasn't much to do."

"Did you see Snyder?"

"Yes. He'll be out to see you tomorrow afternoon."

Jarvis got up from his table. "I had young Landor out to see me," he said abruptly.

"Hannah told me," Autumn replied. "Was there some—some trouble between you? Hannah says—"

"Hannah talks too much," the Laird interrupted. "Whatever trouble there was was of Landor's own making. He's turned out to be an impudent young fellow."

"Are you sure you are being quite fair to him?"

"He doesn't need you to defend him," Jarvis replied.

"I know that," Autumn replied, "and I don't mean to defend him, either. After all, I know nothing of what passed between you."

"He offered to pay him for the Merinos he lost."

"Did he mean to accept it, did he?"

"Why shouldn't he accept it?" the Laird demanded. "Whose fault was it that he lost them?"

Autumn regarded her father silently for a moment. "I was my fault, Da," she said at last. "I admit it. But the score between us could not be settled like that."

"You are right, you can suggest the proper form of settlement, then," Jarvis said scornfully.

"I'm not sure that it can ever be settled," she said.

"It's settled now, then," Jarvis replied. "From this day forth there will

[Continued on page 98]



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PROLOGUE TO LOVE

[Continued from page 96]

be nothing more between young Lander and the Dean.

Autumn looked quickly at her father. "Did he accept that?" she asked him quietly.

"I didn't ask him," the Laird said. "I told him it would be so—and I have a right to demand compliance with my wishes."

Autumn smiled patiently. "You have always had it, Dad," she observed, then turned away and went up the stairs to her room.

FOR the remainder of the day, Bruce was unable to shake from his mind the oppressive thought of the violent and altogether disproportionate assault that the old Laird bore him. He realized, too, that until now he had never really given up the hope that Autumn might some time give him a fair explanation of her conduct. That hope was dead within him now. Henceforth, they would take their separate ways through life and the past would be forgotten. Forgotten, especially, would be the love and memory in which he had held her in his arms, and in the spring night outside—the rain falling through darkness.

At the end of the day he hurried through his supper with scarcely a word to Gilly, who sat opposite him, and then left the house.

Half an hour later, he tied his horse to a latch tree near his herder's cabin in the ravine, rubbed the animal's muzzle affectionately, and gave him a lump of sugar in response to a peremptory whinny.

Within the cabin, Bruce undressed quickly, threw about himself the old bathrobe, and then walked slowly down into the ravine and up the creek to where the mountain stream narrowed and deepened.

After a dip in the cool water, he stood for a moment listening to the mountain voices that drew from the steep above him, plaintive, spaced in piquant intervals, sometimes all but unheard; a boot-soft's reproachful inquiry, the sleepy, list note of a bird dropped like a soft jewel into the twilight, the scurry of some small animal into the underbrush, the sigh of a dying wind in the tall pines. But the beauty and significance of the night conspired against him, tore down the defensive structure he had erected about his being. It had all converged suddenly into an intense desire for Autumn Dean.

In a rage at himself, he turned brusquely and made his way back to the cabin, where he dressed hurriedly in the half-darkness. Suddenly he heard his horse whinny, and a moment later a sound at the doorway caused him to glance up quickly.

Softly outlined against the deepening dusk, Autumn Dean stood, as he had stood one other night, in her black riding clothes, her manner half-diffident, half-assertive.

Bruce walked with slow deliberateness to the door and stood looking down at her, waiting for her to speak. "Bruce," she began, knowing how desolately her voice faltered—"Mr. Gilly thought you might be here. I've been waiting to talk to you."

"You, too?" Bruce remarked. "The Dean family has suddenly developed a great interest in me, it seems."

She fumbled with her gloves. "I should like to come in, if you please," she ventured.

Bruce laughed caustically. "You are quite welcome," he said. "But it happens I have no kerseene in the lamp. I wasn't expecting a guest."

Autumn seated herself near the door, while Bruce leaned against the table's edge.

"You were over to see Father this morning," she began.

"At his invitation," Bruce replied. "He wished to reimburse me for some sheep I lost."

"He told me so."

"He should have told you, then, that we were to have nothing to say, that other in the future."

"He told me that, too."

"Is this visit, then, just another little gesture on your part?"

"A gesture of what kind?"

"Disobedience to the Laird—and contempt for me," Bruce supplemented.

Father has no suspicion that I have come to see you," Autumn explained. "And if I wanted to show contempt for you, I should have stayed away."

"As you have done all summer," he observed.

Autumn dug her nails into her palms. She had not come here to have him bait her. "I should hardly expect you to understand that," she said.

Bruce's smile was sadistic. "It isn't so difficult to understand," he replied.

"You found people of your own kind. I am not blaming you for that. It was just my misfortune that you should have called on me here that night—before you found the others."

"That was a misfortune?" she asked him.

"Not a serious one," he admitted, with a smile. "It was rather good, while it lasted."

She was on her feet at once, confronting him with eyes that burned in a face gone suddenly white. "Bruce Lander," she cried, "I came over here tonight to ask you whether we couldn't be friends, in spite of what my father said to you this morning!"

"Your pride must have suffered before you came to that decision," he returned coldly.

"That is my own affair," she retorted. "Why don't you tell me at once that I'm wasting my time?"

"I could have done so," Bruce said quietly, "if you had told me at once what had brought you over. I decided, long ago, that you and I cannot be friends, Autumn."

"I won't ask you the reason," she said, and turned toward the door.

He seized her wrist and turned her about so that she stood facing him. "It should like you to know, just this same," he said.

AS HE spoke, he drew her violently to his side. For an electrifying instant she knew that all her previous life had vanished and that she was responding to his kiss with a fierce and overwhelming joy. Then, with all her strength, she strove to tear herself from his crushing embrace.

Suddenly Bruce grasped her shoulders and flung her from him so that she reeled backward against the wall of the cabin. She stood, gasping in rage and terror, unable to speak, while he looked at her caustically.

"Newswoman have the reason," he said. "You had better not come here again."

She looked across at him, unable at first to accept the terrifying conviction that had come suddenly upon her. She had done more than cure him of his love for her—she had destroyed even his respect for her. In a moment she was out of the door, into the blindness of a dying sky, a dying world, into a formless space that was hollow with the moan of death.

[Continued in MARCH McCall's]

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won't my child eat?



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If your child refuses to eat, he has a good reason. Perhaps he believes he will gain something by refusing, or it may be a matter of physical condition.

The amount of food a child will take is often largely determined by his ability to handle it—to digest, assimilate, eliminate.

You cannot expect a child to have a healthy appetite for food if his body is clogged with accumulated food wastes. Elimination must not lag.

The important thing is to get lazy little bowels into regular action.

But there's one important thing to remember here. Children's organs are delicate and cannot stand harsh treatment. They must be gently urged into activity.

That is just what Castoria does. It was formulated, you know, for the special needs of babies and children.

A simple dose of Castoria opens up clogged bowels and rids the system of its excess load of waste. Its gentle regulation brings prompt comfort to a colicky baby. Yet this same regulation is just as effective for older children.

And another help—children never refuse Castoria! They like its taste—which explains why "Children Cry For It."

When your child has no appetite, when little ailments like colds and digestive upsets develop, use Castoria's kind, regulative help. Don't forget—genuine Castoria always has the name, Chas. H. Fletcher, on the package.



A pure vegetable preparation. NO NARCOTICS, no harsh drugs . . .

Mothers are and should be cautious about the medicine they give their children. Castoria is perfectly harmless, as any physician will tell you or as you can see for yourself by reading the formula on the carton. It contains no harsh, harmful drugs, is not narcotic or habit-forming.



It's So Surprisingly Simple . . .

by
MILDRED NOKES
(Home Economics Lecturer)



OFTTIMES, when I am conducting a Better Baking School, women will come to the platform and say: "I've always had an idea that it was a lot of bother to bake unusual things for my table but after watching how easily you do it, I am off to a fresh start."

Here's An Example

Take cookies for instance. They add a taste touch to any meal—but they can be made in a jiffy—with little bother. Here's our recipe for one of many varieties:

SUGAR COOKIES

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup *soft* butter $\frac{1}{2}$ cup *soft* butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup *soft* butter $\frac{1}{2}$ cup *soft* butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup *soft* butter $\frac{1}{2}$ cup *soft* butter

Method—Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream well. Add well beaten eggs and sweet milk. Sift dry ingredients. Mix soft—using a sugar bag as possible. Chill—roll thin, sprinkle granulated sugar, and roll lightly. Bake—in hot oven (425-500° F.).

Be sure to use Occident Special Patent Flour. It's guaranteed, you know, to give better baking results than any other flour you have ever used or your dealer is authorized to refund the full purchase price. I'd like to send you one complete set of recipes covering all kinds of baking. Won't you mail the coupon below?

Yours for better baking,

Mildred Nokes

P.S. The best commercial bakers use Occident. Look for the Occident baker near you if you don't bake at home!

Mildred Nokes, Home Economics Dept.,
Russell-Miller Milling Co., 12 Mc
Security Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me the book of recipes described and suited to your Home Economics kitchen.

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THE TRAIL DRIVER

[Continued from page 4]

Brite had an inspiration. "Chief," he burst out, "we do good by you. We give heaps, but no more. If you want fight, we fight. . . . Two trail heads tomorrow." Here Brite held up two fingers and, indicating his cattle, made signs that more were coming up the trail. "White men with herds come all time. Two moons."

"Ugh!" ejaculated Nigger Horse, He understood, and that tactical presence of Brite's was the deciding factor. Nigger Horse let out sharp, guttural sentences. Then, burdened with his possessions, he rode away without another word, followed by his band.

BRITE'S men drove on, and their difficulties multiplied. Stampedes became frequent; streams and swollen creeks further impeded their progress; the chuck-wagon, springing leaks in its boatlike bottom, had almost to be carried across the North Fork of the Red. But they kept on doggedly, their foreman cool and resourceful, all bound to this seemingly impossible drive.

When they neared Sand Creek, Texas Joe signed the news of buffalo. Day after day this had been expected. Somewhere north of the Canadian the great herd would swing across the Canadian. That night, what little conversation prevailed around the campfire, centered on the buffalo.

"Nothin' to fear drivin' along with the bulls," vouchsafed Bender.

"That's all you know, Missouri. We could be swallowed up by buffalo—cattle, horses, chuck-wagon, riders an' all."

"Boss, did you ever hear of that?" "Sure. That happens often. Stuck grazin' right along with the buffalo."

"Abuh. Wal, what'd happen if the buffalo stampeded? . . . Thirty million bulls, all movin' across?"

"It ain't conceivable, cowboy." "I'll bet my last cigarette it happens." So they talked, some of them pessimistically, but all reckless, unafraid and unchangeable.

Next day the trail followed Sand Creek. A long, thick line of buffalo crossed behind Brite and turned northward, crept along parallel with it. This line had no break. Behind and to the west it slowly advanced and encroached upon the cattle herd. But the west and north remained open, at least as far as eye could see.

Sand Creek merged into Buffalo Creek, a deep, cool, willow-bordered stream. Texas made camp at the point where the creeks met.

Morning broke to light fewer buffalo and wider space, yet to east and south and west the black lines encroached upon the green. Only the north was clear.

"Point the herd!" ordered Brite, driven by fears and hopes.

"I was goin' to do that anyhow," drawled Texas Joe. "We can only die once an' if we have to die, let's get it over."

So they drove on and the buffalo closed in around them. Herd, remuda and riders occupied the center of a green island surrounded by rugged, unbroken waves.

About noon something quickened the buffalo. Brite felt it, saw it, but could find no solution.

"Oh, Dad! I hear something behind!" called Reddick, fearfully.

"What?" "I don't know. It's like the wind in the pines."

Brite strained his ears to hear. In vain. The moonlight was silent, aggressive, warm with the breath of midsummer. But he could see, low

down over the horizon, a peculiar, bilious smoke rising. Dust clouds!

"Look! Dust risin'!" cried Reddick. "Maybe it's nothin' to worry about."

"Brite, avertin' his eyes. "Heah comes Tex!"

"The remuda swung in round the rear of the herd and reined in before Brite and Reddick.

"Heah anythin', boss?" he queried.

"Nep. But Reddick does. I see some chasin' rollin' up behind us."

"Stampede!" flashed the cowboy, confirming Brite's suspicion.

"We're trapped in a circle," burst out Reddick. "What we do do?"

"It's been comin' to us all this drive," replied Texas. "If that stampede spreads through the whole herd we've got about one chance in a thousand. An' the chance is ride our cattle to run bunched as they are now, square an' broad across the rear. Ride behind that, Mr. Brite, an' good luck to you. . . . Reddick, if the bull close in on you, take the wagon. A big, white, heavy wagon like ours might split a herd that'd trample over horses."

Brite and Reddick drove the remuda to the rear of the herd, just back of the riders. Soon More came lumbering up. They accommodated their axes to the movement of the cattle.

From behind, the low rear gradually increased. Brite's mustang snorted and balked. All the horses betrayed a will to bolt.

Brite noticed that the buffalo on each flank had broken into a lops. An instant later the low rear perished in an engulfing smoke that would have struck terror to the stoutest heart. The gap between the rear of the herd and the oncoming buffalo began rapidly to close. On each side of the cattle, far ahead, the buffalo closed in.

Brite realized the terrible instant when the stampede split claimed the whole mass. He felt the ground shake, and his ears cracked in an awful rumbling. It ceased as suddenly. He could no longer hear. And, as if of one accord, the longhorns and the horses broke into a run.

BRITE looked back. A thousand hideously horned heads formed the advance line, fifty yards or less behind him. Texas Joe on one side of the chuck-wagon, Pan Handle on the other, rode with guns belching fire and smoke into the faces of bulls that charged preciously close. More's team was running away, the six thousand cattle were running away. But where? They were lost in that horde of bison. They were as a few grains of sand on the seashore.

Except for Pan Handle, Texas and Reddick, all the riders were surrounded by buffalo. Brite's stirrups rubbed the hump-backed monsters; they bumped his mounting on one side, then on the other.

Bender, on his white horse, was a conspicuous mark. Brite saw him forced to one side, saw the white horse go down and black bodies cover the place. Brite could feel no more. He closed his eyes.

The stampede went on—a catastrophe which perhaps a gopher had started. Sick and dizzy. Brite clung to his saddle horn, but that his end was near. He had lived long. Cattle had been his Nemesis. If it had not been for Reddick—

Suddenly his clugged ears appeared to open—to fill again with sound. His mustang broke its gait to allow for down grade. Ahead he caught a gleam

[Continued on page 104]

CORNS AND SORE TOES



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Instantly every trace of pain leaves corns and sore toes when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! They wonderfully soothing, healing medication gives you this quick relief, and the cushioned pad removes the cause—shoe friction and pressure. These thin, dainty, protective pads prevent corns and blisters, giving you permanent relief.

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As Keen at 18

AS MANY WOMEN OF 40 IN THE WAYS OF BEAUTY CARE



BARBARA WEEKS . . . photographed in Hollywood, especially for Woodbury's by Will Cassell

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To these promising "buds", like Barbara Weeks, on her way to fame, and watchful of every step, Hollywood's leading dermatologist gives this advice . . . "Guard your skin for the future by using Woodbury's Creams. Complexions fade and wrinkle more from dryness than from age. Poor circulation and diet deficiencies reduce the natural oils of the skin. Sun, wind and our dry-heated houses exhaust them still further. The skin *shrivels* into lines and wrinkles, unless you regularly replenish those vital oils.

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You want to keep YOUR skin fresh and smooth through the years, too, don't you? Then follow this advice from the physicians who guard the most precious complexions in the world! Begin today to use Woodbury's Cold Cream (for softening) and Woodbury's FACIAL Cream (for powder base). You can buy them . . . with other Woodbury Scientific Aids to Loveliness . . . at any drug store or toilet goods counter.



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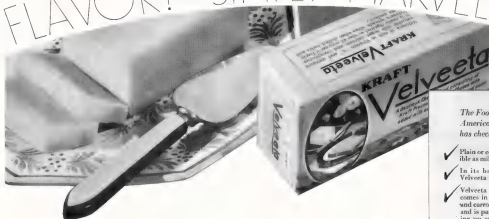
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and its nutritional rating is + + +

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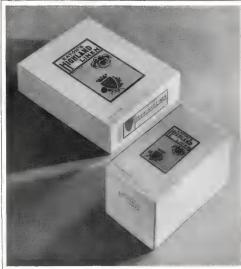


A L O N G T H E H I G H R O A D O F L I F E

THE MORNING OF THE YEAR

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Have gained youthful
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Would you know the secret of lovely color treasured by millions of women? A simple way, entirely SAFE! Coupon brings you FREE OFFER.

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You will find Mary T. Goldman's practically everywhere that aids to beauty are sold. Every bottle carries a money-back guarantee of satisfaction. Just ask for "Mary T. Goldman's"... Get a bottle today—but insist on the genuine.

FREE TEST

Or, if you prefer, test Free first. We send Complete Test Package. You snip off a lock of hair and make test on this. See results this way before you use. Just mail the coupon.

THE TRAIL DRIVER

[Continued from page 104]

to purchase an outfit for himself. They had a merry and tollsome job packing their purchases back to the hotel. Reddie barred herself in with her precious possessions. Some time later a tap on Britie's door interrupted the finishing touches of his dressing.

"Come in," he answered.

TEXAS JOE entered, his handsome face shining. "Mornin', boss," he drawled. "My, but you're spruced up." "Yes, an' you'll be feelin' like me pronto. How're the boys?" "I don't know. Aolop, I reckon."

"Tex if I asked you as a particular favor, would you give up goin' on a debauch an' take the first stage with me an' Reddie?"

"Boss, you're askin' too much. Something terrible, or maybe wonderful, has got to come between me an' that death-drive."

"I understand. But do this for me. Go with me to Hall's office, then to the bank. An' I'll take you to the store where I bought this outfit."

"That's easy. I'll stick to you till I get my money. Clean broke, boss."

They went out into the street.

"Boss, would you mind walkin' on my left side. I might have to clear for action. If we meet Hite—well, Pan is goin' to be left!"

But nothing happened on their several errands. Upon returning to the hotel, Texas engaged a room and proceeded to get rid of the stains and rags of the Chisholm Trail. Britie went to Blackwell, where he sold the remnant for twenty dollars a head. He was treading the clouds when he got back to the hotel. Men and women, some of them freshly dressed, passed through the lobby to the dining room. Britie noted a very pretty young lady in colorful attire pass to and fro as if on parade. He observed that she had attracted the attention of a truck-cotton gambler. When the man accosted her, Britie decided he had better make sure the girl wanted this kind of attention. To his amazement and consternation he heard the girl say, in a familiar voice: "Mr. Flowery Vest, if I was pockin' my gun I'd shoot you!"

"Reddie!" burst out Britie.

"Hello, Dad. An' you didn't know me! Lend me a gun."

The gambler fled. Britie gazed at his adopted daughter, unable to believe his own eyes.

"Reddie, darlin', is it you?"

"Yes, it's me. That is, I think an' feel it is, 'cept when I look in that mirror..."

"No! No! Reddie, you are the sweetest thing I ever saw."

"Dad, will he like me—this way?"

"Like you? He'll fall on his knees."

"Oh, Sir! She started, her bright eyes widening.

"There's Texas now. Oh, I hardly knew him... Dad, stand by me. I wouldn't say my happiness is at stake—or all of it—but my love is."

"Remember Wallen, honey, an' that day of the stampede." was all Britie had time to say before Texas joined them.

"Boss! Who—who?"

"Jack, don't you know me?" Reddie asked roughly.

"For heaven's sake!" gasped Texas.

"Come, Jack," she cried, clasping his arm and then Britie's. "We'll go up to Dad's room. I've somethin' to say—to you."

When they were in Britie's room with the door shut, Reddie tossed her dainty bonnet on the bed.

"Jack, do you like me?" she asked, facing him with her eyes aglow.

"You're staggerin' lovely, Reddie," he replied.

"Jack, will you give up goin' on a drunk?"

"Sorry, Miss Rayne, but I can't. That's a trail driver's privilege. An' any human being wouldn't ask him not to drown it all."

"Not even for me?"

"I reckon—not even for you."

She slowly drew close to him. "Shore somethin' will coax you out of this idea... What? I'll do anythin'—anythin'."

He seized her in his arms and lifted her off her feet. "You'd marry me?"

"Oh, yes—yes—yes!"

But why, girl? Why? he demanded in a frenzy of doubt.

Reddie flung her arms around his neck and kissed his quivering cheek.

"Cause I love you, Jack—terribly!"

"He kissed her hair, her brow, her cheek and at last the uplifted mouth.

"Aw, Reddie! It was worth goin' through everything—for this..."

When will you marry me?"

"Today—I'll take you away," she whispered, faintly. "But I—d rather wait—till we get back to Santone."

"Then we'll wait. But we must leave today, darlin'." This Dodge tone is brewin' blood for me."

"Oh let's hurry," she cried. Slipping out of his arms she turned appealingly to Britie. "Dad, we've made up. When can you take us away?"

"Today, an' pronto," replied Britie, heartily. "Pack your duds an' go to the state office at the east end of the town, till you pay off an' rustle to meet you there."

Britie spent a fruitless hour trying to locate the cowboys. Upon returning to the hotel, with the intention of leaving their wages as well as their share of the money found on the stampeder Wallen, he encountered Pan Blackwell instantly changed in garb, though not in demeanor.

"Hello, Pan. Lookin' for you, Hesh's yore wages an' yore share—"

"Britie, you don't owe me anythin'," returned the gunman, smiling.

"None of that or we're not friends," retorted Britie, forcing the money upon him. "I'm leavin' in an hour by stage with Tex an' Reddie. They made up, an' we're all happy."

"Fine! I'm shore glad. I'll go to the stage to see you off."

Pan, hadn't you better go with us, far as Abilene, anyway?"

"Wal, no, much as I'd like to, I've somebody to see heah yet."

"Wal, I'm sorry. Will you take this wed Reddie an' pay off those fire-eaters of mine."

"Shore will. But they're heah, just around on the side porch."

HOLDEN sat on the porch steps, while Ackerman and Little leaned on the rail. They still wore their ragged trail garb, minus the chaps, but their faces were clean and bright from recent contact with razor and soap.

"Howdy, boss. Got any money?" asked Rolly, with a grin.

"Shore. I have it here wainin' for you—wages an' bonus, too."

"Boss, I'm goin' to take ten to blow in an' want you to put the rest in somethin' as handy to keep for me."

said Ackerman, keenly. "You know I'm not trailin' back to Texas. I'm wainin' here to join the Hardys."

"We'll miss you, Dodge."

Britie gave the boys their wages, and then bidding them goodbye and good luck, left the hotel with Pan. Britie noticed that Pan Handle walked on

[Continued on page 108]

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THE TRAIL DRIVER

[Continued from page 106]

the inside and quite apart. He spoke briefly when addressed. As they passed Beatty and Kelly's store, a dark-garbed man strode out of the barber shop next door.

"Jump!" hissed Pan Handle.

EVEN as Britie acted upon that trenchant word, his swift eye swept to the man in front of the door. Salome, pale, hunched, crawling from the door.

As Britie reached for the sidewalk two shots boomed, and, almost together, then Britie saw Pan Handle standing erect, his smoking gun high, while Hite stretched across the threshold of the barber shop door.

A rub of feet, excited cries, a loud laugh; then Pan Handle sheathed his gun and strode on to join Britie. His dad, the gathering crowd and hurried down the street.

Breathless with haste and agitation, Britie reached the stage office.

"Waitin' for you, boss," drawled Texas Joe from inside the stage coach. "Wal, you're all winded. You needn't have hustled so. I'd have kept this stage driver here."

"Dad! I was afraid," cried Reddie.

"Dug-one! Hesh! Pan too!" exclaimed Texas. "Shore was fine of you to come down to say goodbye."

Pan Handle coolly lighted a cigarette with fingers as steady as a rock. He smiled up at Reddie.

"Lass, I want to wish you all the joy an' happiness there is in this hard old west."

"Thank you, Pan," she replied, shyly. "I wish—"

"All aboard that's goin'," yelled the stage driver.

Britie threw his bag in and followed, tripping as he entered. The strong hand that assisted him belonged to Pan Handle, who stepped on him. Then the stage coach lurched and rolled away.

"Wal now, Pan, where's yore baggage?" drawled Texas Joe.

"Tex, I reckon all I've got is on my hip," replied Pan Handle, his glance meeting that of Texas.

"Abuh, . . . Wal, I'm darn glad you're travelin' with us."

"Oh, Dad, you didn't forget to say goodbye to the boys for me, especially to Deuce, who'll never come back to Texas."

"No, Reddie, I didn't forget," replied Britie.

"I hope Ann can coax Deuce never again to be a trail driver," concluded Reddie, happily, as she smiled up at Texas Joe. "I'd like to tell her how."

[THE END]

READING AND WRITING

[Continued from page 30]

delightful that they fan in me the embers of an old and still smoldering indignation. For no one in this country has quite the graceful touch, quite the stippling, the winning humor of this fellow from St. Paul. And yet this little book, which is called *Logistics*, represents all the work he has seen fit to do in the past twenty years.

It is a good deal longer ago than twenty years that I first encountered the name and art of Charles Flandrau. It must have been back in 1900 or thereabouts, when I was a cross between a cat and a youth. At that time, my father had begun bringing home with him, from his office in Philadelphia, a newly resurrected weekly called "The Saturday Evening Post." One of the first serials that the new editor brought to put the "Post" on its feet was a story called *The Diary of a Freshman*, by Charles Macomber Flandrau. Each week I read it avidly, and decided then and there, for the first time that it would be a pleasant thing to go to college. And if I am now a L. H. D. and an old grad of the most valuable type, it is due more to the influence of the aforesaid Flandrau than to that of any other man. I cannot truthfully say he has had a controlling influence on my literary style. I wish I could.

From time to time, I reread *The Diary of a Freshman* and find it still incomparably the best college story I know. Of late years, I would look for it only to discover that one of the moods reflecting on my high and my kin had gone off with my copy. I would then telephone the second-best bookseller in the world, only to learn that this masterpiece was out of print, and had been since 1920.

This would drive me to the necessity of taking the second-hand shops, a process made exasperating by my mood's reflecting on all the trash being poured each year from the very presses which had let *The Diary of a Freshman* go out of print. A few weeks ago, however, the publisher awakened from their stupor, and now it may be had

for the asking—plus, I believe, two dollars.

Then in 1903, Flandrau published *Five Men*. If you insist on classifying it, I suggest it may be called a travel book—the best, I think, ever written by an American; indeed, the most graceful introduction of one people to another that I can call to mind. But *Five Men* is an acknowledged classic. Next, in 1911, he put forth a little volume of extremely readable essays called *Prejudices* and then lapsed into silence for twenty years. And now, after all this time, here is another book called *Logistics*, a collection of irresponsible, unrelated and excruciatingly unimportant papers which I read at a sitting with sheer delight, and put down at last with a feeling that Charles Macomber Flandrau is the most civilian and reprehensible loafer in all the world of letters.

SO MUCH for *Logistics*. As to other new books, I think addicts of literary shakedown need an excellent one of Wellington written by Philip Guedalla, whose unfailing wit is so much valued, as it is not needed to mask a lack of scholarship. The late Duke lived fifty crowded years after Waterloo, lived so long a life, indeed, that the writing of it immersed Guedalla for three years, and when I last saw him in London, he was vowing next time to tackle some historical character cut off at an earlier age. I suggested Edward VI, but he was all for writing the lives of these princelings. The late Duke lived in the Tower by the wicked Richard. Then please note that under the repulsive title, *The Second Ombudsman of Greece*, you will find an anthropology of mystery and horror stories, and that, also in the fiction field, *The Diary of a Provincial Lady* is an engaging work, which will both delight and annoy every woman who reads it—annoy her because she will put it down with a mistaken feeling that, if she had had the presence of mind and the subtle industry, she might have written it herself.



Now is the time to watch their diet

There are no safer, more wholesome, more economical foods on the tables of America today than canned foods . . . The best of field, orchard, and ocean are quickly packed at the points of origin and cooked immediately in sealed containers. The vitamin values are conserved. There is no waste, no loss of essential and nourishing qualities through deterioration during shipment, through exposure to dirt, or through evaporation by cooking in open vessels . . . Growing children, our dearest possessions, can secure from the diversified diet provided by the large variety of canned foods the all-important vitamins so necessary to proper development . . . This is the season

when children require these precious nourishing qualities to fortify and strengthen their young bodies against the rigors and dangers of rough weather to which they are daily exposed . . . As any physician will testify, a carefully chosen diversified diet wards off many a childish ailment — builds up resistance against colds and even contagions — regulates weight and creates vigor and vitality. To these ends canned foods are ideally suited.

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455 out of 660 Toilet Tissues contain *Harmful Acids*

Laboratory Tests show many brands unsafe because of strong acidity—some actually found to contain poisonous chemicals . . . *chlorine—mercury—even arsenic*

These tests were made in a nationally known laboratory. 660 brands of toilet tissue were examined—brands purchased at retail in grocery stores in different sections of the country. 455 of these brands were found to contain harmful acids.



In countless households someone is suffering in silence from troubles caused or aggravated by inferior toilet tissue.



Many cases of serious illness attributed to widespread use of inferior tissues . . . Tests prove **ScotTissue** and **Waldorf** absolutely safe.

WHEN you buy toilet tissue without specifying the brand of a responsible manufacturer, you are taking a serious risk of endangering your family's health.

For actually two out of three of the so-called "brands" sold today are unsafe.

This was proved recently in a hospital laboratory. 660 brands were tested—chemically and microscopically.

The detailed report shows that 455 of these 660 toilet tissues are decidedly inferior and contain chemical impurities which are an actual menace to health.

Strong acid (hydrochloric and sulphurous), mercury, aluminum, sand, chlorine—and even

arsenic were found. In addition 270 of these toilet tissues contained unsafe quantities of abrasive wood splinters.

In every test, the two health tissues, **ScotTissue** and **Waldorf**, met the strictest medical standards.

No harmful acids or chemicals were found. No harsh irritants. Both **ScotTissue** and **Waldorf** were rated extremely soft and cloth-like, absolutely pure, with perfect degree of absorbency.

It doesn't pay to take chances. Rectal trouble is a serious, painful malady, often requiring an operation.

Be sure of safety. Always call for **ScotTissue** or **Waldorf** by name. Never say "some toilet tissue, please." Remember, two out of three brands may cause serious illness.

65 per cent of all men and women at middle age suffer from some form of rectal trouble, specialists say. Cases of this kind may frequently be traced to harsh or chemically impure toilet tissue.



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The above tests showed that **ScotTissue** and **Waldorf** are absolutely safe—entirely free from harsh irritants . . . and chemically pure. These extremely soft, absorbent health tissues have always been approved for safety by doctors, hospitals and health authorities.

Now being featured at the lowest prices in 14 years!



Now being featured at the lowest prices in 14 years!



SOUP TO THE RESCUE

Another Three Minute Talk about menus

By Beulah V. Gillaspie

IS SOUP just soup to you? Is it a first course, and nothing more? If it is, you are overlooking exciting possibilities for varying your menus, and we must certainly talk about it.

Soup "as is" is a heartening beginning to any meal. Generous servings of the heavier soups make splendid waste disks for lunch and supper. But the latest use for soup is as an ingredient. Prepared and semi-prepared soups are not only economical in time and money, but are an answer to prayer in emergencies. Your grocer carries the popular kinds which are:

Clear Soups—bouillon, consommé, clam; **Cream Vegetable and Condensed Soups**—asparagus, bean, celery, pea, tomato; **Thick Meat and Vegetable Soups**—beef, oxtail, mock turtle, chicken gumbo, clam chowder, vegetable; **Strained Vegetables and Vegetable Purée**—carrot, pea, spinach, tomato; **Extracts** (cube and paste)—beef, chicken, and vegetable.

Now get down to practical suggestions:

First Course—Make soup by following basic directions on can or container. The amount of milk, water, or seasonings may be varied to suit individual preferences. It is often a pleasant change to combine soups of different flavors as beef and tomato, celery and chicken, pea and bouillon. Consommé, bouillon, and diluted tomato soup may be served hot, cold, or jellied. Jellied soup should be broken lightly with forks, or cut into cubes, and then piled into cups. Another attractive

way to serve it is to place thinly-sliced layers of the jellied soup on fancy shaped, small pieces of buttered bread; garnish with olive slices or chopped hard-cooked egg, and serve as appetizers.

Change the personality of your soups occasionally by changing the seasonings. Do a little experimenting with Worcestershire sauce or other liquid seasoning, dried parsley, bay leaf, onion, celery, and meat extracts. The non-alcoholic flavorings, such as sherry and rum, give bouillon an epicurean flavor.

Attractive garnishes and accompaniments make soup twice as appealing. Among the possibilities are: minced green and red pepper, shredded carrot, chopped parsley, rings of hard-cooked egg white; cooked rice, tapioca, noodles, spaghetti; dry cereals and pop corn; slices of lemon and orange—especially good in lemon and lime mock turtle soup; whipped cream; grated cheese and chopped nuts; cheese straws and crisp crackers.

MAIN COURSE—Soups can be used as an ingredient or as an extender for left-over food. The extracts and soups with beef flavor are fine in all recipes which call for stock, such as beef and onions or pork chops in casserole; curried beef, jellied tongue or veal; as a

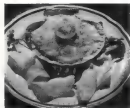
basis for gravy to be used with left-over meat; in left-over meat pie or stew; and with meat loaf and balls. Chicken extract or soup is excellent in such dishes as veal pie, curried chicken, minced veal on toast, curried eggs, and jellied chicken.

Tomato soup makes a splendid base for a spicy tomato sauce which is delicious served with rice and chopped meat, fish balls, meat croquettes, pork chops, baked eggs, stuffed peppers, and cheese on toast.

Vegetable soup (undiluted) can be combined with white sauce and served hot on toast; or combined with white sauce and used with chicken, sausage, or potatoes in scalloped dishes. Other popular combinations are: scalloped ham and potatoes with pea soup; thick bean soup with parboiled frankfurter cut in pieces; celery soup used as a sauce with salmon, tuna fish, or carrots; a ragout made with spaghetti and one of the meat soups.

Strained and puréed vegetables are especially nice in soufflés and timbales because they are ready to use. Substitute them in the same amount as the vegetable called for in your recipe.

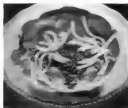
SALAD COURSE—Jellied bouillon and tomato soup make delightful molded salads. They can be used clear, or in combination with vegetables and meat. Some nice combinations are: asparagus tips and pimiento strips or tomato quarters and cucumber slices in jellied chicken bouillon; chicken, olives, and celery in tomato jelly; stuffed eggs and olives in jellied bouillon.



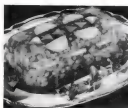
Shrimps baked in celery soup



Whence this rich brown sauce?



Tomato soup with spaghetti



Jellied bouillon and vegetables

"WOMEN ESPECIALLY are subject to this trouble"

Read what DR. VON HALBAN, the world-famous Vienna authority on diseases of women, says about *Intestinal Fatigue!*

SUBJECT to constipation? Troubled with irregular elimination of body waste?

If so, listen . . .

"There is one region of the body which demands regular daily care—which must be kept active and clean by natural means. I refer to the intestines."

That statement is by one of Europe's leading authorities on diseases of women, Dr. Josef von Halban, of Vienna. Dr. von Halban is the author of medical books used in practically all medical schools. He adds:—

"The person who is irritable, who has headaches, loss of energy, skin trouble, coated tongue and bad breath is usually constipated. Women are especially subject to this trouble."

"As a cure I recommend eating fresh yeast . . . Yeast restores the ability of the intestine to clear itself regularly . . . Poisons are prevented from forming and entering the blood."



(Left) "My system was sluggish, and I didn't seem to have any strength or vitality," writes Miss Thora Higgins, of East Longmeadow, Mass. "I felt miserable . . . I read about Fleischmann's Yeast . . . tried it. My strength came back as I lost my sluggishness . . . It cleared up my complexion beautifully, too."

EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, regularly—just plain or dissolved in water (a third of a glass).

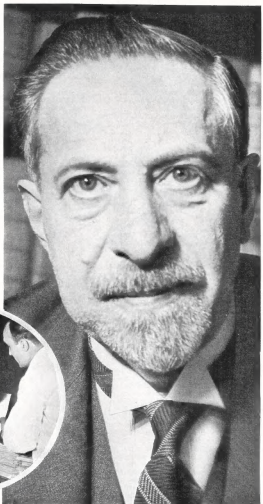
Dr. von Halban illustrates, by means of X-rays, how fresh yeast "tones up" sluggish intestines.



Eaten regularly, three cakes a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—Fleischmann's Yeast mingles with and softens the accumulated waste material in your intestines.

At the same time it actually "tones" and strengthens the muscles that clean these wastes away.

Thus, elimination becomes easy and regular. Energy reappears. You catch cold less easily, tire less quickly. You digest your food better than before.



Try Fleischmann's Yeast—in place of harsh medicines! Start eating it today.

Write for booklet on Yeast for Health, Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.

Read this actual Case Record!

Files of eminent physicians record hundreds of cases benefited by fresh yeast. DR. ALEXANDRE BRUNO, gynecologist (specialist in women's diseases), of the famous American Hospital, in Paris, cites this typical case:—

"A young wife," he writes, "who was to become a mother . . . was experiencing wholly unnecessary distress from constipation. It was inadvisable to prescribe cathartics and laxatives . . . I was gratified when by means of fresh yeast her intestinal sluggishness was relieved."

Important

Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend! At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Every cake is rich in three vitamins—B, G and D.



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important conference, luncheon must be changed to dinner at eight; if some declined, there was an admiral, a brigadier general, and a sporting millionaire who could be asked in their places.

"What's the idea?" asked Ducky, when the servants had gone.

"There isn't any. Only your uncle is ruining his life because of that pettifogger's persistence. Maybe you know that Britton has reached the top of his profession because of his iron will—a fighter to the last ditch. That's why everyone has such faith in him."

"They lean on Uncle Brick," sympathized Ducky.

Fuming herself with her sun-baked Aunt Laura resumed, "Four hundred and twenty-six dollars and seventy-two cents. The seventy-two cents sound so insulting. Child, do you realize the millions involved in your uncle's case? And last month he almost lost an enormous suit because he was called to a Brooklyn court and held a week by that detestable pest."

"What did the detestable pest do?" Then, seeing the man look, "Aw, Aunt Laura!" I don't know why I slip letters the wrong way. Maybe it comes from playing anagrams."

IF YOU care to listen, I'll tell you. It was a year ago last October—no, it was May. We were in our new car—I got it specially for Britton, to rest his nerves.

"Well, the road was slippery and Connors was at the wheel—quite a dependable man until he married. He was going carefully when a smallish car got in our way. Connors, quite properly, tried to pass it—then there was a horrid bump, broken glass and something blowing steam.

"A very common man got out of the small car. Your uncle's sense of justice was aroused, and he told the fat person that he was the sort of driver that makes motoring a menace; then the fellow asked your uncle if he wasn't rich enough to hire a safe chauffeur. Said that to your uncle!

"Britton was stunned by his impertinence when the man asked him if he was insured. 'None of your business,' said Britton. 'I'll not turn this over to my insurance company. Take this into court, and I'll make a realistic example of you. I happen to be a lawyer.'"

"The man used shocking language as he drove away. Connors only found a slight bend in our front fender; and Britton decided he'd tell the person go with a good cuffing dose. But in a week the annoyance began. First this pettifogging lawyer demanded damages. Britton sent a crushing letter, declaring he wouldn't pay a red cent. Then the pettifogger wrote the attorney to say that he was bringing suit, putting the damages low, as his client was too honest to extort money. That shouldn't have bothered Britton, but it did. Especially when that pettifogger began sending all sorts of summonses at the most inconvenient times.

"The first time it was at Mineola—just a trick of an unscrupulous lawyer of a small caliber. Britton had to drop two big industries he was merging and go to court. Then, some way, the case got adjourned for a month, while the silly swindler kept writing letters, asking Britton to settle out of court. That made Britton so furious he said he'd fight it the rest of his life. The next time the case opened, it was in Flatbush, in the dead of winter.

"Britton had a terrible cold, but his iron will wouldn't let him back out. That horrid lawyer managed to pack the jury, but Britton got a stay of execution, or something. Then he came home and went to bed. We thought it was pneumonia. He should have been in Washington, attending to a big land case. And the petty persecution's still going on."

"Poor Brick!" sighed Ducky.

"Poor me!" sighed Aunt Laura. "I'd made such preparations for his birthday. And you can't expect people—important people—to come to dinner like this at the last moment. Then, upon Ducky's offer to help, her aunt wheezed mournfully, 'What can you do? A girl who can't stay home nights.'"

Association of ideas came into Ducky to ask in an awed whisper, "What's his name?"

"Whose name?" Defiantly.

"The pettifogger who's stingy Uncle Brick?"

"Campbell," said Aunt Laura. "Samuel Hophre Campbell."

"Hopeless," groaned Ducky, and tottered into the house.

Although Uncle Brick's dinner party was like Hamlet without the ghost—he had telephoned at seven that

SAMUEL CAMUEL

[Continued from page 115]

he'd be a little late, and they'd better sit down without him—it was a tribute to the great lawyer's standing in the realm of art, finance, and war. The financier had cut out another party to be there, the judge had postponed a trip to Washington. The governor's place was taken by an admiral of the fleet. Ducky, who had moved in a dizzy stupor since her uncle's revelation, vaguely realized that the military person seated next to her was complaining about the fortifications of Manila Bay.

When Five Such Persons Live In A
Town The Size Of St. Vincent, Then

THE TOWN'S TOO SMALL



Kenneth "I know where I'd be if I married Nancy. How I'd stand with her—and the town!"



Mick "I give women all that's coming to them... sooner or later most of them go sour—"



Clare "You can make money in New York—do what you please. Why waste your life?"



And speaking thus, they will appear in a new novel by Margaret Culkin Banning

IN THE MARCH MCCALL'S

Pretending to listen, Ducky let her glance wander toward Aunt Laura; she was seated between the judge and the financier. With the characteristic animation of a hostess in agony, the good lady laughed a great deal, twinkling her eyelashes, challenging the leaden gallantries of the gentlemen who surrounded her. Inwardly, Ducky knew, Aunt Laura was mad as hops.

"Unless we expect to surrender the Island," the military person was saying, "Congress should act."

WE CERTAINLY should," agreed Ducky. Her quick ears heard a door slam, and a distant bass mumble.

Uncle Brick! Aunt Laura too must have heard, for she whispered to Mape, then turned her gaze girlishly toward the financier, who gestured to explain a drolery.

"When he comes in," the financier stroked his silvery mustache, "with me all rise and drink his health—with a few remarks."

"You make the remarks," said the judge.

"Very well, if you insist." The financier's strict front swelled a little. He was proud of his after-dinner accomplishments. "But how shall I begin? With something light? Something about his absent-mindedness? About how he started for Washington, got off at Philadelphia, and wired his office, 'Why am I here?'"

Many laughed, but Aunt Laura looked severe.

"I think this is an opportunity," prompted the judge, "to pay a tribute to him as a lawyer."

"I was leading up to that. Something like this: 'To quote from Horace, *Integer viri, scelerisq; purus*. An integrity of life, free from corruption. These have been mighty forces in the success of Britton Mayfeather. He is to be little like a warrior, he goes to court like a lawyer—'"

"Hem!"

A shadow, two shadows, fell across the doorway. The shorter one seemed to flame with Uncle Brick's golden smile. The taller—Samuel Campbell! His narrow jacket was a little short, his collar a little loose.

"Just in time for an acceptance speech," said Uncle Brick, and, as everybody arose with beaming glances, "Never mind the editor. I heard most of it. This is Mr. Campbell."

Samuel Campbell stood blushing, grinning, trying to look at ease. He was so pitiful that Ducky wanted to take him in her arms and let him cry it out. But Uncle Brick was pounding him on the back, as though he had swallowed a fishbone.

"Apologize for being late to my own birthday dinner," cooed Uncle Brick. "And this young man was the cause of it all. Excuse his dinner jacket. I had to lend him mine, and he's outgrown me. Gosh, I believe he's outgrown me three feet in the last eight hours."

IN SPITE of his ecstatic mood, Uncle Brick looked tired. Samuel Campbell threw out an elbow and knocked something over. What it was Ducky never knew, but he caught her gaze in sly apology.

"And right now, while I'm still able to stand," went on Uncle Brick, "I want to tell you about this young man. Once upon a time I hit somebody's car—yes, I did, Laura. Sam Campbell here has convinced me I did. The other fellow took it into court and retained Sam. Like an old fool, I decided to fight the case myself. Well, I did. For over a year Sam Campbell has managed to haul me out of my bed, out of my mind, out of my office. He's hauled me into courts as far north as Sikka and as far south as Miami. And always for perfectly sound legal reasons. The original bill was four hundred and twenty-six dollars—"

"And seventy-two cents," supplied Ducky. "Right, my dear," smiled Uncle Brick. "But the costs ran up into five figures when we settled it today—"

"Out of court!" broke in Aunt Laura sharply.

"You women are positively uncanny," twinkled Uncle Brick. "It took this young man exactly three hours of confidential monologue to prove to me that I'd never win the case and that he was practically on my payroll, since he'd been charging up costs against me for a couple of years. It was seven o'clock when he convinced me of this. So I laid down my shield like a vanquished Roman."

"How perfectly outlandish!" moaned Aunt Laura.

"I wanted to talk business with Mr. Campbell, so I brought him along. You see, I've had more experience with him than if he'd been working in my own firm. It's rather sad and thing to contemplate—Uncle Brick's wide smile denied his sadness—but I was forced to the conclusion that it would be a lot better if he were working for me than against me. I offered him a job in our office, but he declined with thanks. He was after something a little better than that, he said."

Ducky seemed to be looking at the end of her nose, seeing everything slantwise. Uncle Brick merrily thumped a tall young man who stood there, loose-jointed and blushing as a schoolboy.

"He wouldn't take anything less," spluttered Uncle Brick. "So I'll have to introduce him to you again. Mr. Samuel Hophre Campbell, our new junior partner. Mape, bring up a chair for Mr. Campbell."

Samuel Campbell had wandered aimlessly around to where Ducky was sitting.

"Mape," he commanded softly, "put his chair next to me, please."

For a while the two of them were silent. Camuel was making ungainly gestures, unfolding his napkin.

"Tell me something," he whispered, when conversation became general. "When did you first know that I was Britton Mayfeather's niece?"

"When I stepped through your racquet," he said artlessly.

She studied him with adoring eyes, then moved his water glass, so that he wouldn't spill it in her lap.

You are in a Beauty Contest every day of your Life



The girl above, like every other woman in the world, is in the Great Beauty Contest of Life! She has met a new man—his eyes rest upon her! In a tenth of a second his opinion will be formed. How wonderful to have a clean, natural loveliness that draws a sincere tribute from everyone you meet.



Every man, policeman or banker, likes clean, natural loveliness. Men jump to serve the woman who has it. They desire to do things for her. She has the love of her husband, the approval of the world, the admiration of other women, for these are the rewards in your every-day Beauty Contest.

Buy a dozen cakes of Camay—the world's finest soap. Use it—to the exclusion of all other soaps, on your face, your hands, your body. Long before the dozen is gone, you'll see a new texture to your skin, for your clean, natural beauty will shine as never before!



Natural loveliness begins with immaculate cleanliness. But to sure you use only the most delicate, the refines, of beauty soaps on your precious skin.



Delicate Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Resolve to begin its use to-day and open up a new era of beauty for yourself and your precious skin!

CAMAY

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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

A light lather of Camay on the cheek—one brief minute with a soft cloth and warm water—then a quick rinse with cold water—and your most important duty to your complexion is done! ☆ Your cheek glows because it is clean. It is soft and feathery to the touch because Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is so soft, so *delicate*. ☆ Your skin is freed from the invisible dirt that clogs pores and ruins beauty. ☆ Cherish your skin. Guard it only with Camay! . . . Camay, the one soap praised by 73 leading skin doctors . . . so delicately blended . . . so flower-like in its fragrance . . . so gentle to your skin. ☆ You are in a Beauty Contest, every day of your life. Get all the help that Camay can give you. Don't trust your skin to a lesser soap.

Every day more and more women are adopting Old Dutch Cleanser exclusively because they've found from experience that it cleans more things, safely and thoroughly, than anything else . . . cleans quicker . . . doesn't scratch . . . protects homes with Healthful Cleanliness . . . goes further and therefore costs less to use . . . and is kind to the hands.



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Mail 10c and window's panel from an Old Dutch label for each holder.
 OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, DEPT. 842, 111 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.
 Please find enclosed . . . cents and . . . labels for which send me . . . Old Dutch Holders.
 Colors: IVORY ☐ GREEN ☐ BLUE ☐

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

LISTEN to the Old Dutch Girl every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning over 36 stations associated with the Columbia Broadcasting System at 8:45 A.M. Eastern Time, 7:45 A.M. Central Time, 6:45 A.M. Mountain Time